

# THE



# SIGN

A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

## SEX *and* PROPERTY

By G. K. Chesterton

## ITALY'S RECONSTRUCTION

By Denis Gwynn

## WHITE ARMY LEADER

By Gabriel Francis Powers

## RED *versus* BLACK

By Charles Willis Thompson

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By Enid Dinnis

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By N. M. Law

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By Katherine Burton

## PASSIONISTS *in* CHINA

Our Missionaries' Letters

# Passionist Chinese Mission Society

*Long after you are forgotten even by your own, membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual helps you may need. \* \* \* As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?*

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|          |                                   |
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| Jan. —   | .....Holy Name of Jesus           |
| Feb. 2   | .....The Purification of Our Lady |
| Feb. 24  | .....St. Matthias                 |
| May 1    | .....Sts. Philip and James        |
| May 3    | .....Finding of the Holy Cross    |
| July 25  | .....St. James                    |
| Aug. 25  | .....St. Bartholomew              |
| Sept. 8  | .....Nativity of Mary             |
| Sept. 22 | .....St. Matthew                  |
| Oct. 28  | .....Sts. Simon and Jude          |
| Nov. 30  | .....St. Andrew                   |
| Dec. 21  | .....St. Thomas                   |
| Dec. 26  | .....St. Stephen                  |
| Dec. 27  | .....St. John, Evangelist         |

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# THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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# THIS MONTH'S MENU

**B**OLSHEVISM is essentially religious in character, demanding of its votaries complete subjection, spiritual as well as political, of the individual to what the State determines to be the welfare of the community. Further, Bolshevism professes to be international. In its struggle to develop the Communist State in a capitalist world it has inspired a fiercely enthusiastic nationalism in Russia. It is the religious aspect that gives this experiment a menacing importance. Over against this Red International is the Black International. The ultimate struggle will be between these two. Read *Red versus Black* by Charles Willis Thompson (pp. 339-342). For years he has been recognized as one of the foremost students of religious and political trends in America.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

**I**N spite of the professors, bankers and members of his own political family, who have joined in articulate opposition against him, President Roosevelt is still sticking manfully to his guns. Not only did he anticipate a great deal of hostility, he generously invited all manner of honest criticism. Under his administration some beginnings of a return to prosperity have been made. These are summarized by a distinguished economist, Gerhard Hirschfeld, in *Where Is Recovery?* on page 332.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

**S**T. JOHN ERVINE, one of the blatant paragraphers now running loose, recently made the statement that the typical converts to Catholicism are the lady novelist, the drunken poet, the sexual pervert, and the decadent old gentleman. That's too small a cur to whip. We mention it simply to draw attention to the kind of men and women who have told the stories of their conversion in *THE SIGN*. In this issue we have an exceptional conversion story by Arnold Lunn in *My Road to Rome* (pp. 363-366). His intellectual difficulties were set forth in books written *against* and *for* Catholicism prior to his reception into the Church last July.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

**I**N this number is concluded a new Life of St. Bernadette Soubirous. It appropriately ran through the seventy-fifth anniversary of Our Lady's appearances to her at Lourdes. The author, Aileen Mary Clegg, has been a resident of Lourdes for many years, and has made a detailed study of the Saint's life and Our Lady's most noted shrine. See *The Final Sacrifice* (pp. 367-369). Another biographical paper is *Leader of the White Army* (pp. 336-338) by our Roman correspondent, Gabriel Francis Powers. It is the story of Blessed Mary of St. Euphrasia Pelletier, the recently beatified Foundress of the Good Shepherds of Our Lady of the Refuge, Angiers.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

**T**HE two great powers that made the poetry of life—the Love of Woman and the Love of the Land—have been blasted by the same fashionable fallacy: "Man is to know as little as possible, or at least to think as little as possible, of the pleasure as anything else except a pleasure; to think or know nothing of where it comes from or where it will go to, when once the soiled object has passed through his own hands. He is not to trouble about its origin in the purposes of God or its sequel in the posterity of man." Thus G. K. Chesterton in an enlightening article on *Sex and Property* (pp. 329-330).

**I**N *Italy's Plan for Social Reconstruction* (pp. 333-335) Denis Gwynn describes Italian Fascism, often thought of as merely a system of political dictatorship, to be a business proposition introducing the corporative theory, the underlying thought of which is that the nation exists as the result of productive effort, and that all productive effort in every department must therefore be "disciplined" for the benefit of the whole people.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

**O**THER articles and stories are by Frank H. Spearman, whose latest novel is *Hell's Desert*; Enid Dinnis, who writes the unique short story; Rev. Dr. Hugh F. Blunt, distinguished for his volumes of prose and poetry; David Goldstein, a convert from Judaism; Katherine Burton, Associate Editor of the *Red Book*, and Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S. J., Editor of *The Queen's Work*. This month's verses are contributed by Sister M. Eulalia of College Misericordia, Dallas, Pa., and Earl Lawson Sydnor, our own Negro poet. In *The Passionists in China* we have letters of unusual interest from the Sisters of Charity, and Fathers Timothy McDermott, C. P., and Joachim Beckes, C. P. The contents of *Categorica* are selected and edited by N. M. Law.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

**I**T is a matter of much satisfaction to our Editorial Staff to note the continued interest of our Readers in *The Sign-Post*. Our questioners range, intellectually, from the devout soul enquiring about Saints' names to professional men and priests seeking information about the finer points of Theology and Canon Law. The questions printed are *bona fide*, not faked for the purpose of filling space or displaying our erudition. In this issue we are giving ten pages to Questions and Communications to catch up with the matter in hand. The restrictions of space necessitate asking our Correspondents to make their communications as brief as possible.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

**M**AY I take this occasion to remind our Readers that *THE SIGN* employs no agencies or canvassers, offers no premiums either for original subscriptions or renewals, and that any person representing himself or herself as authorized by us to solicit money for any cause whatever is a fraud. In spite of our repeated warnings, not only lay persons but also priests and nuns have allowed themselves to be robbed by giving their money to the oily gentry with the one way pockets. It is very unfortunate that some of our Catholic periodicals cannot see their way to get subscriptions without door-knockers and bell-ringers, many of whom betray the confidence of their employers and defraud the Catholic people. Against these "gyp" artists the Catholic Press, through its Vigilance Committee, has been working for years. Complete success shall not be won until all Catholic publishers present a united front against employment of subscription agents and agencies. Meanwhile, those publishers who are trying to build up their circulation by honorable methods are victimized by irresponsible and dishonest solicitors.

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*



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## CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

THE visit to Rome of Maxim Litvinoff, Russian Commissar of Foreign Affairs, has revived the rumors of some months past to the effect that there was to be an

### The Vatican Still Remains Anti-Soviet

"understanding" preparatory to the making of a Russo-Vatican Concordat. Apparent strength was lent to the rumors by the fact that M. Litvinoff had just come from Washington where he had won Recognition on the promise, among others, that American residents and visitors would have freedom of worship in Russia. At once and absolutely the Vatican denied that there was any foundation for the rumors. Its announcement was based not on any fear of losing prestige by going back on its former position but because it has ample reason for gravely doubting the value of the religious guarantees given to President Roosevelt. These guarantees are set forth by M. Litvinoff in quotations from existing Russian regulations which have been made to delude foreigners and have proven useful to the Soviets in carrying on their set program for repressing all freedom of religious worship. The Vatican is quite too clever to be taken in by the specious promises of a Government known for its treacheries, and it will hold true to its present position until the Soviets give substantial proof of an honest willingness to make radical changes in their policy towards religion.

THE driving force behind President Roosevelt in granting Recognition to Russia is commonly known to be a group of men who are convinced that Recognition will open a huge market for the profitable sale of American goods. Whatever may be thought of this disgraceful barter of principle for financial gain, we think, and with good reason, that ultimately America shall regret the bargain even from a material aspect. Walter Duranty, the pro-Soviet correspondent of the *New York Times*, was close to the truth in stating that Recognition will be a "boon" to Russia. Will it prove a curse to the United States?

The Soviets are more than satisfied with their bargain. To them the Kremlin has conquered the White House. In announcing that Recognition had been granted, the Russian journals screamed the news of "a great victory in America," and the official Communist paper, *Pravda*, blares out that the United States was compelled to "bow to the real facts" and that "the enormous growth of Soviet power has been proved by American Recognition." All the shouting would be harmless if it were not for the brutal fact that Recognition has put back the emancipation of the millions of Russian peasants and workers who, in their ignorance, may now be persuaded that the Utopia promised them is about to be reached.

M. Litvinoff, playing no mean second to that artful dodger in Muscovite strategy, M. Sokolnikov, has made elaborate promises to President Roosevelt that Russia will not interfere in the political life of the United States. Following the lead of his London comrade who so beautifully hoodwinked the British, M. Litvinoff made no specific repudiation of Soviet connection with the Comintern, the organization which does Moscow's dirty work in foreign countries. When Communist propaganda becomes more active and more widespread than it is even in England, Washington's protests, if any, will be blandly met with the reply that the Comintern is outside Soviet Control. In that day, let us hope our citizens will be a united body of genuine Americans.

THE recent elections in Spain have more than justified expectations. The extremists and rabid anti-clericals have been so badly beaten that the Right will have over two

### Spain Swings to the Right

hundred of the four hundred and seventy-two deputies in the new Cortes (Parliament). The defeat of the Left has extended even to Catalonia, where heretofore revolutionary tradition and nationalist aspirations have told strongly on the side of the Republic. In general, the victory may be ascribed to the lasting vigor of Catholic feeling in Spain focused by the *Accion Popular*, the leading Catholic organization, under the direction of young Gil Robles. Unquestionably the women's vote was a big factor in the final count. After thirty months of strikes, arson, bloodshed and religious persecution, the women were not fooled by the bait held out to them by the Leftists in the form of promises of better schools for their children and a higher standard of living. The verdict of the election is an emphatic decision in favor of religious liberty and justice for the Church, and is representative of Spain's traditional feelings for the sanctity of the family and the home—feelings that have been violently outraged by the bragging makers of the Republic's divorce and anti-Catholic legislation.

IN consequence of Spain's swing to the Right, it was to be expected that the defeated Socialists would raise the cry of "Fraud" and "Church Interference." But they did not resort

### Aftermath of the Spanish Elections

to violence. They left that part of the program to the Anarchists. But, according to the Catholic leader, Gil Robles, the Socialists were morally responsible for the troubles following the elections, though they lacked the courage to take an active part. It is the pur-

pose of the Anarchists to upset all Government by intimidation, the burning of churches, schools and other buildings, and by outright murder. Blood and fire are their weapons. At this writing, quiet has been restored, and the Government seems strong enough, by emergency tribunals, to deal with the thousands of prisoners safely held in jail. With a final crushing of the Anarchist movement, some measure of order and peace will be in store for Spain under the new Cortes.



**C**ONDUCTED on lines of palpable injustice to the helpless defendants, the verdict of the first trial of the Scottsboro Negroes was set aside by the United States Supreme Court.

### Judge Callahan's Brand of Justice

Judge Horton, who presided at the second trial, after only one of the defendants had been tried and found guilty, was convinced that there had been a miscarriage of justice and cancelled the verdict. The attitude of Judge Callahan, who presided at the third trial, in which two of the defendants were found guilty, is difficult to understand. He swept aside evidence showing that it was almost impossible to hold a fair trial under the circumstances, and refused to permit the introduction of vitally important evidence touching the questionable moral characters of the two young women who are alleged to have been attacked, though one of them has stated under oath that there had been no attack. The Judge's attitude towards the defense counsel was one of ill-concealed hostility, and his pronounced bias was patently revealed when, in charging the jury, he forgot (was it on purpose?) to instruct them how they might bring in any verdict except that of guilt. Already it has been decided to take appeals, to the United States Supreme Court if necessary. Meanwhile, the Scottsboro case must remain a matter of deep concern to every honest and intelligent Southerner. It is a blotch on the honor of Alabama.



**A**NOTHER feature of the "New Deal" is a fresh method of electing the President and Vice-President of the United States. At present we choose Presidential electors as our

### For Abolishing the Electoral College

agents to vote for us. It is a cumbersome and unsatisfactory agency which on three occasions has defeated the popular will by putting into our highest office candidates who received fewer popular votes. It is evident that a system which makes such a condition possible is against the very nature of popular government. The new plan would accomplish these beneficial results:

First. It would abolish the Electoral College system and substitute therefor a direct vote for the election of the President and Vice-President.

Second. Each State would retain electoral votes as at present equal to the whole number of its Senators and Representatives.

In this way the relative strength of the States would be preserved as at present. The electoral vote based primarily upon population would remain as the common unit for expressing popular will as between the States in the election of a President. This would prevent what would otherwise be a violent change in the relative strength of the States in the election of a President.

Third. Each candidate for President would receive such proportion of the electoral votes of the State as he received of the popular vote therein.

Fourth. The candidate having the greatest number of electoral votes would be elected.

In other words, the Presidential electors would be elimi-

nated, the people would vote directly for President, there would be no unit State vote, and the electoral vote of the State would be divided among the candidates in exact proportion to their popular vote in the State.

There would be no deadlocks. The resolution provides a certain method of election and of avoidance of deadlocks.

There would be no election in the House of Representatives. None would be necessary.

There would be no disfranchisement of minority votes. A vote cast any place in the Nation would count toward the election of the President and be given its relative weight for that purpose.

The contest, instead of being confined to a few "doubtful States," would be nation-wide.

No candidate would receive electoral votes beyond those earned by his popular vote.

The question of "carrying" any particular State would be of relative unimportance. A shift of several thousand votes in any one State would amount to a difference of no more than a fraction of one electoral vote. Fraud or pressure to carry a "doubtful State" would largely lose its temptation, because it would be without the unearned reward of votes that now go to the plurality candidate because of the disfranchisement of the minority.

The people would be given a separate vote for President and Vice-President.

The Hon. Clarence F. Lea of California is sponsor of the resolution in the House of Representatives looking to this amendment to the Constitution; and the Norris resolution embodying the same plan has been favorably reported to the Senate Judiciary Committee. Both resolutions will be ready for action in the forthcoming session of Congress.



**P**UBLIC attention has been centered on outbreaks of mob violence in three widely separated places in this country. In Maryland, the attempt to arrest leaders of a mob that lynched

### Mass Murders or Civilized Society?

a Negro was resisted by the citizens of the town in which the leaders lived, and after their arrest the officials made no effective effort to prevent their release. In Missouri, another Negro was lynched with the usual display of brutish sadism. Both Negroes were charged with rape. In California, two white men charged with having murdered their kidnaped victim were lynched, and Governor "Sunny Jim" Rolph not only condoned the action but also stated that if any of the mob leaders were imprisoned and convicted, he would pardon them. This statement might have been excused as arising from a momentary passion; but he coolly repeated it days later.

Regardless of the guilt or innocence of the unfortunate victims, these outbreaks of mob violence are especially discouraging to all law-abiding citizens who have been glorying in the rapid and steady decrease of mass murders from immediately after the Civil War until within the very recent past. The lynchers and those who try to justify them will bring forward the stale-stock arguments that the courts are slow, that the criminals escape punishment through legal technicalities, that the criminals would or should be put to death in any event, that the State is saved the huge expense of prolonged litigation, and that society, for its own protection, is compelled to take the law in its own hand. These arguments may sound well enough; the trouble with them is that, carried to their logical conclusion, they would eventually overthrow all administration of justice and replace civilized society with barbarism. It is for this reason that the conduct of Governor Rolph is deplorable; and the citizens of California, justifiably indignant with his appalling statement, are shamed before the whole country on having as their chief executive a man who is a lyncher at heart.

THERE has been in Germany a class of Jews against whom the wrath of the Nazi seems to be justified. These are the golden calf worshippers whose complete devotion to

### Jews Producers of Nazi Propaganda

money has made them forget the claims of fellow-religionists in persecution so long as their own peace and financial safety are secure. That they

have their counterpart in the Jewry of this country is pointed out by an apt illustration in *The Christian Century*:

"With the Jews of the world uniting to defend their brethren in Germany by resort to the boycott, it is revealing to find a Jewish-owned film company ready to reap the profits from distributing a Nazi propaganda film throughout this country. A recent picture ostensibly dealing with Tyrolean resistance to Napoleon a century ago, is unmistakable Nazi propaganda. It is aimed at keeping alive the German sense of past wrongs suffered at the hands of the French; at identifying the Tyrol (Austria) with the German patriotic tradition, and in the final scene, in which the ectoplasm of the executed patriot goes marching on toward a future triumph, it is really a glorification of the present Nazi threat against the peace of Europe. The film is not quite as bald a political tract as some of the movies which the Nazis have produced, but its propaganda character has been amply attested by the way in which it has been used in Germany. Yet a Jewish picture magnate has been quite ready to present it to American audiences! One difficulty that Mr. Untermyer and his associates will encounter in enlisting gentile support for their boycott against German goods will come out of the lack of unity among the Jews in supporting such an effort. Just as in Germany there have been Jews, especially among the big financiers, who have proved ready to accept with equanimity the bitter fate of their co-religionists so long as their own banks were left untouched, so elsewhere there will apparently be those who will refuse to allow their indignation at the Nazi treatment of Jews to interfere with their chances to make money."



ALMOST immediately after the Hitler revolution the leaders realized that the Nazi spirit could not last as a dominating influence unless it could be infused in the Catholic and

### Protestant Leadership Stages a Revolt

Protestant Churches of the country. Before the fall of the Kaiser the Lutheran Church was the established religion of Prussia, and was recognized as the traditional ally of the State. It was to be expected that under the new régime little difficulty would be found in persuading the majority of the Protestants to give at least a modified support to the Nazi cause. But the Hitlerites wanted something more than modified support, and this greater support more than three thousand Protestant pastors refused to give since they discovered the Nazi philosophy of the "Totalitarian" State to be essentially un-Christian. It finds much of the Bible intolerable, and in place of Our Lord as "the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" it would substitute a Christ of its own devising, built in the image of a Viking hero. The refusal by a large part of the Protestant clergy to accept this un-Christian Christianity is both resolute and widespread, and for the present has compelled the State authorities to postpone indefinitely the attempt to unify the Evangelical churches on the basis of a Nazi nationalist doctrine. But postponement does not mean abandonment of the idea of providing Germany with a new religion constructed according to its own plans and specifications. A system that is essentially exclusive in its implied suggestion that salvation is only for Aryans will not be easily divorced from its purpose.

THE Catholics form a large minority in the German Reich. One of the first maneuvers of the Hitler Government was to enter into a Concordat with the Holy See. At the time it was

### Germany and the Vatican: a Question of Morality

signed there were grave misgivings as to the goodwill of the Government in carrying out its provisions, and it was also feared that, sooner or later, there would be a serious conflict between the secular and the spiritual authorities, not on doctrinal, but on moral grounds. That clash has now come. At the beginning of 1934 more than a hundred thousand Germans are to be sterilized according to a new law which is intended to prevent the propagation of what the Nazi consider the "unfit." An outspoken condemnation of this law has appeared in the *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, in which it is declared that "Governments have not become zoological inspectors" and "nations have not been changed into national stud-farms." It proceeds to say that Catholic doctors are forbidden to perform the sterilizing operation, and Catholic nurses and hospital assistants have been forbidden to assist at such operations. It is to be noted that this first break between Germany and the Vatican is predicated on moral grounds. The Church is the guardian of morality as well as of doctrine. And anything that strikes at the Catholic idea of the natural and Christian dignity of man the Church will not only resent but emphatically condemn.



TO José Maria Gil Robles, 35-year-old Assistant Editor of *El Debate*, Madrid, and now Leader of more than 100 Catholic Deputies in the new Spanish Cortes, on his generalship in

### Toasts Within the Month

having elected 200 Deputies on the Right. ¶To the Most Rev. Francis Clement Kelly, Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, on the Fortieth Anniversary of his Priesthood. As author, lecturer, editor, founder of the Church Extension Society and *Extension* magazine, his career has been a glory to the Church in America. ¶To Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow, scholarly Editor of the *London Tablet*, on disproving the statement made in the *Strand Magazine* by Lady Violet Bonham Carter, daughter of the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith, that an unnamed priest broke the seal of confession, to save the ex-Premier mental anguish, by telling him that he was justified in not reprieving a man condemned for murder, and confirming the man's guilt. The impenitent lady has not retracted. ¶To the New York Chapter, Knights of Columbus, on their activities in stopping the sale of pornographic literature on the City's newsstands. ¶To Senator George W. Norris on being given the Cardinal Newman Award by the Newman Foundation of the University of Illinois for "his distinguished contributions to human welfare in the field of statesmanship for almost half a century." ¶To Rev. Luciano Rovelto on being sentenced to three months in prison and a fine of twenty pesos for having said Mass in the open air in the vicinity of Durango, Mexico. ¶To Rev. Andrew J. Kelly, of Hartford, Conn., on founding the Andrea Art Guild for reviving the traditional Catholic function of patronizing contemporary and national art. ¶To the *Catholic Union and Times*, Buffalo, on the dedication of its new printing plant. ¶To the Most Rev. Bernard Kevenhoester, O.S.B., Prefect Apostolic of the Bahama Islands, on his consecration as Titular Bishop of Camuliana. ¶To Sister Alphonse, of Brooklyn, on the Sixtieth Anniversary of her Profession as a member of the Little Sisters of the Poor. ¶To the Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell, Archdiocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith, on planning the Bishop Dunn Memorial Mission Exhibition to be held in the Hotel Commodore, New York, January 15-21.



# CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

## O HAPPY DAY

MARGARET FISHBACK, a young working woman of ability in business, has just published "Out of My Head," her second volume of verse. Here is a specimen:

Confetti and satin,  
A shower of rice—  
Oh, weddings can really  
Be ever so nice.

But brides mustn't worry  
Nor weddings be spoiled  
By thinking of years when  
The rice will be boiled.

## A SAINT IN CÆSAR'S HOUSEHOLD

WARWICK LODGE, late 1st Regiment of the French Foreign Legion, contributed this edifying paper to the Anglican "Church Times" of London:

One of the things which surprised me most, when I enlisted into the French Foreign Legion, was that a number of truly religious men were to be found in its ranks. One or two were genuine saints.

The atmosphere of the Legion either kills or intensifies one's spiritual life. There are no half-measures. It is "Cæsar's household." There is no "chaplain to the Forces" in the French Army, no "Church Parade"; there is nothing to give the insincere Christian a camouflage of smugness. A man may keep his religion and suffer for it, or he can cast it aside. He has to do one or the other. There is no compromise. The Legion makes great saints or great sinners.

This is not surprising if one gives a moment's thought to the matter. The atmosphere in the Foreign Legion is purely pagan. To many of the men, the Names of the Deity are only a number of expletives. The authorities do nothing whatsoever for the men's spiritual welfare. Consequently, a man, no matter what his creed, whose faith is built on rock, will grip all the tighter to his "foundation," whereas he whose religion is built on sand will not survive very long.

The greatest saint I ever met was a middle-aged German peasant, who had been brought up in the faith of the Russian Orthodox Church.

To my mind, it takes courage to make the Sign of the Cross and to say Grace at meals in a room full of Legionnaires. To my mind, it takes rather more than ordinary courage to kneel down in a barrack-room, if there is no other place available, and to say one's prayers, to a concert of vilification, and when the man in the next bed purposely breaks out into the most obscene of lewd songs, and sings it to a hymn-tune. It strikes me as being rather above the average for a man, whose total income amounts to something less than twenty shillings a month, to give up smoking in order to send twelve shillings each pay day to the work of a missionary brotherhood. And, on top of all that, to spend the very little leisure at a Legionnaire's disposal in finding some quiet spot in which to meditate.

Yet Fritz Ivo Hilde did all these things, and more besides. I have seen him abused, mocked, reviled, and even spat upon. And he never replied with an angry word or look. He did not know the meaning of fear, as the blaze of decorations on his tunic showed, and he was probably the most muscular man in the battalion. He was meek, in the true sense of the word.

I asked him, one day, why he joined the Legion instead of a monastery. He replied, "I like a soldier's life. Besides, I have not the necessary fervor and humility."

Cholera broke out in the village of Ain Ouarka. Doctors, nurses, and supplies were rushed by aeroplane, but the dreaded scourge had secured its grip, and four trained nurses were among the first to be swept away. Hilde volunteered for service in the native quarter, where the ravages were incredible.

Two of the doctors died in combatting the plague, but Hilde seemed to bear a charmed life and to be utterly tireless in the service of the sick. He seemed able to go without food or rest for days on end. Perhaps he had meat to eat that we know not of.

When the outbreak of cholera was over, by order of the Governor-General, Hilde was given the Legion of Honor—a distinction almost unheard of for a private soldier. The investiture was held in the square of the Main Dépôt of the regiment in Sidi bel Abbes, with all due pomp and ceremony, before over fifteen hundred troops.

Two days later, a lorry-driver, under the influence of drink, took a corner too widely, and the vehicle mounted the sidewalk, crushing Hilde against the wall. As the stretcher was carried through the gates of the military hospital, Hilde raised himself on the pillow, and smiled.

"My God . . . my Lord . . . Brother," he said in German.

Even in the twentieth century there are men fit to stand beside St. Stephen, St. Andrew, St. Polycarp, and Robert Dolling.

## HOT AIR ARTISTS

LITERARY and Professorial readers of *Categorica* may find food for thought in this communication to the Editor of "The Saturday Review of Literature," New York:

Sir: The advertisement in the October 21 issue of *The Saturday Review*, "Editor . . . wishes three unemployed authors to substitute for a hot-air furnace that has gone wrong," prompts me to write a letter of discouragement.

Now I am not an author, nor even a furnace expert. But I do happen to know a lot about hot air from actual experience in the drying rooms of a State university. Hot air got me into college; hot air took me through college; and now hot air has dropped me out of college. And I want to tell you right now, Mr. Editor, if it's hot air you want, you are wasting your time advertising for authors.

According to my figuring—and I am not given to over-estimation—one professor (average), if given the opportunity, will generate at least three times as much hot air as one author (average). On that basis, one professor will accomplish the work of three authors.

If you once stop to consider the mechanics of hot air you will see where it is far more practical to maintain one professor than three authors. In the first place, you eliminate static, an unpleasant noise which inevitably arises whenever several different kinds of hot air are mixed together. In the second place, the cost of upkeep is lower. One professor requires less stoking than three authors. You can feed a professor practically anything and get away with it. He'll be so busy talking that he won't know what he's eating. But authors, like young poodles, are more choosy. They won't eat this and they won't eat that, or if they do eat what you hand them, they're apt to up and die because it doesn't agree with them. The third point, and a very important one, is that the professor-furnace, generating heat from "superior intellect," a hard, dry element, shaped like a sponge but as unyielding as a casket, warms up quickly, forms its own damper, and maintains itself at a fairly even temperature. You never

have to worry about the lid blowing off or anything like that.

No, I have no professors to sell. I offer this "better way out" merely as a philanthropic suggestion. Go ahead and use authors if you want, but if they break down and go to pieces on you, don't say you weren't warned.

MILL VALLEY, CAL.

TORRID ZONE.

#### TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Paul Rayson in "The Sun," New York

WHEN Charlie Chaplin had his feet  
Insured the press men scored a beat.  
But here's an item which I think  
Should rate a bit of printer's ink.

Durante's nose is now, they say,  
Protected in the U. S. A.  
By copyrights that cover things  
Like watchfobs, puzzles, foods and rings.

The noblest Roman of them all  
Is quite determined to forestall  
Missue of what has doubtless come  
To represent a tidy sum.

Well, Art is long and Fame is short  
And news is something to report,  
While poets, given to strange surmise,  
Timidly editorialize.

O leaves of Vallombrosa, how  
Lightly you rest upon this brow!  
The Form Divine will soon be just  
A trade-mark, with archival dust.

Nature will have her jest, to make  
For better headlines. What a break!  
Speaking of profiles, there was Dante.  
How does he rank with Jim Durante?

#### ROMANTIC CITY OF THE GOLD RUSH

TO commemorate the glory that was once Central City's, the annual Play Festival was inaugurated there in 1932 in the historic Opera House. In "Travel" Edgar C. McMechen writes:

High in the Colorado Rockies, nestling in a tiny valley hideously scarred by the incredible activity of the early gold miners, lies Central City, dreaming of its romantic past. Once—with the twin city, Black Hawk, and the adjacent ghost town, Nevadaville—it sheltered 15,000 bustling, carousing souls; then its rich ore veins poured a golden flood into the channels of commerce. Today, less than 500 live there, like shadows.

There, in the old court house, the West's most brilliant lawyers developed the basic principles of the present mining code. There, remote and almost inaccessible, was born the first social order, the first culture of the territory—long before Denver, 40 miles away, attained to any importance. Its banks, stores and bars flourished—and, wonder to relate, a full-fledged theater, the Montana, which for many seasons played to the whole little kingdom of mining towns.

It was on May 6, 1859 that John H. Gregory, a Georgia miner, discovered the first lode mine in Colorado. News of the Gregory Discovery, flashing through a nation just recovering from the panic of 1857, brought thousands to the mountains at this time. Ten thousand sluiced the gulches around Central. One day's work in the placer diggings frequently yielded partners from \$100 to \$150 a day—hand work. Claims rapidly changed hands at fabulous prices. Gregory's Discovery claim, a rich 40-foot claim in Russell Gulch, brought \$1,000 a linear foot.

George M. Pullman was fourth purchaser of Gregory's Discovery. He lost money on it, but started his fortune by

buying gold dust on commission. The next Gregory Discovery purchaser cleaned up \$60,000 in three months. So went fortunes in Central. Pullman was a fastidious man, who kept the cleanest, neatest cabin in Central. It annoyed him to have visiting miners, fresh from their claims, track mud on his spotless floor and sit on his clean blankets. So he put hinges on his bunk and swung it against the wall when not in use. This was the origin of the folding, double-deck bed and Pullman made his first model, a tiny affair, in Central City.

Among the first visitors, come to confirm or blast the claims of the district, was Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune*. His favorable report was largely influenced by Gregory, who charmed Greeley with his simplicity and honesty. Greeley saw him take half-a-dozen tin cans filled with gold dust from the spruce-bough mattress in a cabin which was unlocked at all times; and for each trial of the open-faced cut on the Gregory claim, Greeley saw the miner pan \$5.00.

Upon returning to his hotel, Greeley ruefully observed the gobs of yellow mud on his new cowhide boots. He called for a boot-cleaner. A young lad appeared with a pail of water. Suddenly the editor, mindful of the \$5.00 shave given him the day before by Count Murat, Denver's titled barber, halted the boy.

"How much," demanded Greeley, "do you charge?"

"One dollar," said the lad.

Greeley sighed. "Isn't that a little high?"

The youngster took another squint at the boots. "Where did you get that mud?" he asked.

"Why—on the Gregory claim."

"I'll make you a proposition," grinned the youth. "Give me a dollar and keep the mud. Keep the dollar and give me the mud." Greeley's interest was intrigued. He took the mud, carried it back to New York, and had it washed out. The yield was \$1.50. Such was the extraordinary richness of grass root dirt in the first years at Central.

Central City, along with Nevadaville and Black Hawk, is a symbol of a fascinating epoch in American history. The Central City Play Festival has done much to revive the spirit of the exciting days of the '70's and '80's. There are ambitious plans for the future, plans to enlarge the season to six weeks of music and theater. Central City may yet become a Mecca of Americans, a symbol of the new theater.

#### ON HOW TO START THE DAY

THESE paragraphs are taken from "Let's Start Over Again" written by Vash Young and published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. The book is an inspirational tonic for gloomy souls:

When I set out to remake my own life, I decided that the most important part of every action is the start. And I kept working back and back in my thinking until I came to see that my first task, each day, was to begin that day intelligently.

For years I had been awaking each morning with a bad taste in my mouth, and with such disagreeable feelings that I actually could not tell, until 10 or 11 o'clock in the forenoon, whether or not I was sick. My body did not function well, my mind functioned worse and my disposition was awful. Why? The fault, surely, was my own. Nature never fashioned any such imperfect thing as my body was in those days.

"The first victory I must win each day," I said to myself, "is against the obstacles which I first meet. Those obstacles are of my own fashioning. I'll get rid of them."

It was then that I cut out tobacco, whisky, coffee, tea, late hours, over-eating, worrying, envy. It was a strenuous campaign, but I won it, and ever since I have felt in perfect form when I first wake up.

I have found that almost without exception people are below par when they get up. Some must have cigarettes, others coffee, others must get away from home before they begin to approach normal.

"If you felt as mean as I do in the mornings," said a friend, "you'd think you had won a victory when you refrained from hitting somebody."

"Why do you feel so mean?" I asked.

"I don't know. I guess it's natural."

There is no sense in that. The ante-breakfast grouch is positively *not* natural. It is the result of foolishness somewhere: of uncontrolled appetites or too little sleep; of too little philosophy, or too little thoughtfulness of others.

No man in his right mind should pay a hundred times more than a thing is worth. Overindulgence in midnight food, in smoking, in drinking, may bring a sort of temporary pleasure, but also it brings discontent that lasts a hundred times longer. In happiness I'm a bargain hunter. I want a whole lot at the least possible cost, and I have been able to get it too. The cost was no more than self-control. It demanded merely that I replace destructive habits and emotions with those that are constructive.

Now and then I ask people what are their first thoughts on awakening. One man told me he was too stupid, when he first awoke, to think of anything. Another said he wondered where he had left his cigarettes. A third confessed that the weather always seemed bad to him—it was going to be too hot, too cold, too wet or something. A fourth said it always struck him that his wife and children were trying deliberately to plague him. A salesman told me he awoke dreading the rounds he must make. A stockbroker said he could not eat breakfast until he had looked at the financial pages and learned the worst. . . .

All of these men are intelligent, or would be if they would give themselves half a chance. Their untrained emotions seem to me very unfortunate. I can find no excuse in physiology or in morality for bad temper in the mornings. But what do we see in the great American home? Mothers fretting because children will not dress, children demanding to know where somebody hid their clothes, husbands hurrying through shaving and breakfast.

It is a fine thing to form the habit of doing something for others before beginning the day's real work. Not many of us are so busy that we could not squeeze in a little thought of somebody else before breakfast—if it's only writing a note to a friend, as one woman whom I know does.

There are scores of other ways. An advertising man, for instance, told me he used his newsboy as his disposition trainer. The boy's stand was just outside this man's house. "If I'm feeling pretty good," said the advertising man, "and do not need much discipline, I give the boy a nickel and leave the change with him. If I'm not feeling so good, I give him a dime. If I'm really low in my mind, I give him a quarter, and when I have felt downright rotten I have given him as much as 50c. I really do it for my own good."

In the mornings the earth is clean, the air is pure. A new day is handed to you to do with as you will. Be thankful for it, and for the possibilities which it brings. Look at it any way you will, it pays to start that day right, and to continue it as you began.

#### THE COCKLES OF YOUR HEART

**A**N excerpt from Fra Juniper's Jottings—a regular and always interesting feature of the "Universe," London's great Catholic newspaper:

The veteran Bishop of London told the Church Assembly last week that though he had been a teetotaler for 50 years he was not a fanatic, and when he saw his friends take a glass of port, so far from hoping that it would choke them, he hoped it would warm the cockles of their hearts. Whereupon a member of the Assembly, a doctor, arose and pointed out that "the cockles of the heart are not warmed by alcohol. What happens is that certain muscles controlling the circulation of blood in the body are paralyzed. A sense of warmth, mistakenly at-

tributed to the cockles of the heart, is produced by the sending to the surface of the skin quantities of blood which return to the center of the body cooled down by having been sent to the surface. It is not the cockles of the heart at all." Dear, dear!

#### PROBLEMS OF THE PATENT

**A**LONDON Judge ruled that an invisible bacillus, discovered by Dr. Weitzmann, and used in the production of cordite, is his possession by right of patent. In the "Journal of the Patent Office Society" Edward H. Davis comments:

Can a man get a patent on a cow?  
Mebbe so! But I'm sure I don't know how;  
For its rich and fruity juice  
Has been in "public use"—  
Too long to get a patent on it now.

Can a man get a patent on a bee,  
Upon proper application, with a fee?  
I doubt it, for the features  
Of the busy little creatures  
Were known and used while men lived in a tree.

Can a man get a patent on a snail?  
Not unless he put a lawyer on its trail  
In that prehistoric time  
When the world was mostly slime;  
For now its basic principle is stale.

Can a man get a patent on a cod?  
Its liver has been useful, but it's odd  
That it too, is prehistoric,  
And in Boston—allegoric,  
And the man to get the patent's under sod.

Can a man get a patent on a yeast?  
It's a useful and prolific little beast;  
But it's been on sale for years  
In this dismal vale of tears,  
And the man to get the patent is deceased.

Can a man get a patent on a hen?  
He might have if he'd tried to do it when  
In the days of long ago  
The first rooster tried to crow,  
But the patent office wasn't open then.

#### DIVORCE—"TO HELL WITH THE KIDS"

**C**OMPOUNDING a felony in the natural order is set forth as a description of divorce in a letter to the Editor of the "Literary Digest" by one of his readers:

Sir: This spring our neighbors set out a bird-house and we shared in his pleasure when a pair of bluebirds set up housekeeping in it. In due time four eggs were hatched and the parents were kept very busy. About that time a boy with a BB gun killed one of the older birds and in spite of the frantic efforts of the remaining bird the entire brood died.

We show we realize the physical and moral handicap placed on parentless children by providing orphanages, widows' pensions and the like, nevertheless we permit divorces to parents of minor children and grant they remarry directly thereafter. In the natural order this is compounding a felony. In its devastating effect, the boy, the gun and the bird is merely a variation of the too frequent triangle.

The captains of our ship of state do not live up to the best tradition of the sea when they declare in effect, ladies and gentlemen first, to hell with the kids.

PONTIAC, MICH.

H. J. GESEN.



# SEX *and* PROPERTY

*The Notion of Narrowing Property to Merely Enjoying Money Is Exactly Like the Notion of Narrowing Love to Merely Enjoying Sex. In Both Cases an Incidental, Isolated, Servile and Even Secretive Pleasure Is Substituted for Participation in a Great Creative Process; Even in the Everlasting Creation of the World*

By G. K. Chesterton

IN the dull, dusty, stale, stiff-jointed and lumbering language, to which most modern discussion is limited, it is necessary to say that there is at this moment the same fashionable fallacy about Sex and about Property.

In the older and freer language, in which men could both speak and sing, it is truer to say that the same evil spirit has blasted the two great powers that make the poetry of life: the Love of Woman and the Love of the Land.

It is important to observe, to start with, that these two things were closely connected so long as humanity was human, even when it was heathen. Nay, they were still closely connected, even when it was a decadent heathenism.

But even the stink of decaying heathenism has not been so bad as the stink of decaying Christianity. *Corruptio optimi pessima*. ("The corruption of the best is the worst.")

For instance, there were throughout antiquity, both in its first stage and its last, modes of idolatry and imagery of which Christian men can hardly speak. "Let them not be so much as named among you." Men wallowed in the mere sexuality of a mythology of sex; they organized prostitution like priesthood, for the service of their temples; they made pornography their only poetry; they paraded emblems that turned even architecture into a sort of cold and colossal exhibitionism.

MANY learned books have been written of these phallic cults; and anybody can go to them for details, for all I care. But what interests me is this:

In one way all this ancient sin was infinitely superior, immeasurably superior, to the modern sin. All those who write of it at least agree on one fact; that it was the cult of Fruitfulness. It was unfortunately very often interwoven, very

closely, with the cult of fruitfulness of the land. It was at least on the side of Nature. It was at least on the side of Life.

It has been left to the last Christians, or rather to the first Christians fully committed to blaspheming and denying Christianity, to invent a new kind of worship of Sex, which is not even a worship of Life. It has been left to the very latest Modernists to proclaim an erotic religion which at once exalts lust and forbids fertility.

THE new Paganism literally merits the reproach of Swinburne, when mourning for the old Paganism: "and rears not the bountiful token and spreads not the fatherly feast." The new priests abolish the fatherhood and keep the feast—to themselves. They are worse than Swinburne's Pagans. The priests of Priapus and Cotyto go into the kingdom of Heaven before them.

Now it is not unnatural that this unnatural separation, between sex and fruitfulness, which even the Pagans would have thought a perversion, has been accompanied with a similar separation and perversion about the nature of the love of the land. In both departments there is precisely the same fallacy; which it is quite possible to state precisely.

The reason why our contemporary countrymen do not understand what we mean by Property is that they only think of it in the sense of Money; in the sense of salary; in the sense of something which is immediately consumed, enjoyed and expended; something which gives momentary pleasure and disappears. They do not understand that we mean by Property something that includes that pleasure incidentally; but begins and ends with something far more grand and worthy and creative.

The man who makes an orchard where there has been a field, who owns the

orchard and decides to whom it shall descend, does also enjoy the taste of apples; and let us hope, also, the taste of cider. But he is doing something very much grander, and ultimately more gratifying, than merely eating an apple.

He is imposing his will upon the world in the manner of the charter given him by the will of God; he is asserting that his soul is his own, and does not belong to the Orchard Survey Department, or the Chief Trust in the apple trade. But he is also doing something which was implicit in all the most ancient religions of the earth; in those great panoramas of pageantry and ritual that followed the order of the seasons in China or Babylonia; he is worshipping the fruitfulness of the world.

Now the notion of narrowing property to merely enjoying money is exactly like the notion of narrowing love to merely enjoying sex. In both cases an incidental, isolated, servile and even secretive pleasure is substituted for participation in a great creative process; even in the everlasting Creation of the world.

The two sinister things can be seen side by side in the system of Bolshevik Russia; for Communism is the only complete and logical working model of Capitalism. The sins which are there a system are everywhere else a sort of repeated blunder.

FROM the first, it is admitted, that the whole system was directed towards encouraging or driving the worker to spend his wages; to have nothing left on the next pay day; to enjoy everything and consume everything and efface everything; in short, to shudder at the thought of only one crime; the creative crime of thrift.

It was a tame extravagance; a sort of disciplined dissipation; a meek and submissive prodigality. For, the moment the

slave left off drinking all his wages, the moment he began to hoard or hide any property, he would be saving up something which might ultimately purchase his liberty. He might begin to count for something in the State; that is, he might become less of a slave and more of a citizen.

Morally considered, there has been nothing quite so unspeakably mean as this Bolshevik generosity. But it will be noted that exactly the same spirit and tone pervades the manner of dealing with the other matter. Sex also is to come to the slave merely as a pleasure; that it may never be a power.

Man is to know as little as possible, or at least to think as little as possible, of the pleasure as anything else except a pleasure; to think or know nothing of where it comes from or where it will go to, when once the soiled object has passed through his own hands. He is not to trouble about its origin in the purposes of God or its sequel in the posterity of man.

In every department he is not a possessor, but only a consumer; even if it be of the first elements of life and fire in so far as they are consumable; he is to have no notion of the sort of Burning Bush that burns and is not consumed. For that bush only grows on the soil, on the real land

where human beings can behold it; and the spot on which they stand is holy ground.

Thus there is an exact parallel between the two modern moral, or immoral, ideas of social reform. The world has forgotten simultaneously that the making of a Farm is something much larger than the making of a profit, or even a product, in the sense of liking the taste of beetroot sugar; and that the founding of a Family is something much larger than sex in the limited sense of current literature; which was anticipated in one bleak and blinding flash in a single line of George Meredith: "And eat our pot of honey on the grave."

## WHY WORRY?

By Frank H. Spearman

THE Hollywood bungalow—with the diminutive but pretty patio—of Julia Decker and her husband, Fred, was the favorite resort of her uncle, Sydney Harrison.

To a frank and healthy enthusiasm born of the Mid-West American outlook, Julia added the optimism bred of Hollywood sunshine.

This spirit, to Judge Harrison, was a constant stimulus; he liked to fight it. The contest refreshed him, at a time when, after an active and aggressive career, the legal veteran felt the need of fresh interest in life. He walked down to Julia's every afternoon to take the enthusiasm as another might take the waters or the baths; or drive to an electric institute to be shivered and shocked for at least a few minutes into a counterfeit of the fondly-remembered sprightliness of youth.

"How's Fred?" asked the Judge, settling himself in the grass rocker close to the patio fish-pond; and placing himself carefully in the December sun but out of the reach of draughts. Judge Harrison's conventional first question of the daily visit was about Fred.

"Why Uncle Sydney!" exclaimed Julia, showing indignation at the thought in her mind. "Can you imagine? That miserable Stadium contract hasn't been let yet. And Fred is worrying so over it! He just can't stand suspense."

"I had a client, once, who felt that way. But they hanged him just the same."

"I think it's terrible the way that board keeps postponing a decision," continued Julia, ignoring the flippancy. "But, anyway, Fred felt sure, when he left this morning, that he would know his fate today."

"And the baby?" continued Judge Harrison, not to be switched from his usual order of inquiry.

"Junior is bursting out of everything—and don't you remember how puny the poor little fellow was when we left Chicago?"

"Don't, call him Junior," protested Judge Harrison, as he always vainly protested. "I hate it."

JULIA kept right on with her sewing. These exchanges, from which either rarely deviated, were a part of the regular visiting program, and as such entitled to their place.

"It is difficult," suggested the Judge, deliberately and magisterially, "to prescribe for worry; or for that matter—what is just as bad—the neglect of it. My advice to people that worry has always been: don't worry; while to people that don't worry, I say: worry!"

"But, Uncle Sydney! Life is so full now, so rich—there is so much to live for!" exclaimed Julia, filled with the energy of youth, basking in the sunshine of a decent poverty and a devoted husband. "I read in the paper only this morning that the doctors have mastered the scourge of disease so far they will soon be able to extend the normal period of life twenty years. Isn't that perfectly grand?"

Judge Harrison received this bit of news with poise. "Unthinking people might so regard it," he observed with a slight but deprecating cough. "To my mind it only brings us nearer the point when this already suffering world will be turned completely topsyturvy."

"Reflecting on my own experience in life," continued the Judge, blinking

blandly into the sunshine, "I no longer hesitate to call death a laggard. Few, at least, among my legal associates ever died at the right time—in my opinion. Now, you say, death is further to be hamstrung. Do you realize what twenty years added to the average span of life means? It means courts, already worked to death, condemned to heavier burdens. It means penitentiaries, already overcrowded, turned into skyscrapers. It means poor-houses, so multiplied that the American taxpayer—strangled for generations to come—will be forced, if he can't quit at seventy, man's time-honored span of life, to seek refuge in the poorhouse himself. Believe me, the psalmist who fixed man's span of life knew his business."

Julia, beyond the whipping of her active needle, had no comeback.

"As for me," continued her pessimist, well past sixty himself, "all I need, that I know of, is enough of a rejuvenator to keep me from putting shaving cream on my toothbrush in the morning, and trying to get a lather out of my toothpaste immediately afterward. These are difficulties that a man seeking peace in old age is compelled to face as he nears seventy. Twenty years more of such annoyances? Insufferable!"

THE bungalow door, facing on the garden terrace, opened and closed. Julia started. "There's Fred." She hastened forward. "Fred!" she exclaimed, as he came toward them, "You must be worn out with the heat. Come, dear, sit down here in the shade."

"It's never hot in Hollywood," murmured Judge Harrison, feebly.

"Quite so," retorted Julia, "but he's been down town among those awful,

baking skyscrapers all day. I don't dare ask," she continued, as her husband seated himself with a smile, "whether you got a decision?"

Frederic Decker carried his anxieties well. He bore a cheerful aspect but, back of the expression of the clear eyes and under the reassuring smile, there might be detected the slightly tired look of the absorbed young business man.

"The chairman of the board," he remarked, resignedly, "left for Catalina this afternoon for the week-end. It's put over till Tuesday."

"Fred!"

The maid came from the house with a copy of the local evening paper. Julia took it in hand. Judge Harrison essayed an awkward attempt at consolation. "Friday never was very lucky for me. I always hated to start a lawsuit on Friday. If your chairman," he continued, "lands a swordfish Sunday, he will come back prepared to award you the contract."

"Oh, I'm not worried, at all," responded Frederic, promptly, "it's only Julia here, I'm thinking about. She's been waiting and waiting to see this deal closed, till she's losing sleep over it."

**J**ULIA disclaimed, becomingly. Judge Harrison attempted an anecdote. "One day over at Catalina, last summer, I went on the glass-bottom boat trip. The man that sat next to me was a New Yorker, a railroad man. We got to talking and he confided to me that this was his first vacation in thirty years; and that he was worrying for fear he might lose his job. I attempted to reassure him. His record was good, he told me. I said, if such were the case, there was nothing to worry about—and I reinforced my assertion with some trite remarks.

"I made little impression on the fellow. He looked at me in the nervous, quick manner of the keyed-up city man. 'Mister,' said he, 'you mean all right. I know it. But I want to tell you this; in New York, the men that don't worry are sitting in the parks.'"

Frederic always laughed politely at the story. Julia, to whom it was likewise familiar, had permitted her attention to wander over the headlines of the evening paper. Something attracted her attention. She made an exclamation. "Listen to this! Here's a Century club to meet for a dinner celebration tonight at the Ambassador. You must be over ninety years of age to be eligible for membership. They expect seventeen members to sit down. The president is ninety-nine years old—and one man is a hundred and three—isn't that wonderful, Uncle Sydney? Listen here:

"The birthday of the president of the club, Amos Ruddywether, will be celebrated. The dinner is given in his honor. Mr. Ruddywether was asked by the reporter to what he ascribed his vigor and his extraordinary span of life. 'I have

always lived a quiet life," he said, "—always taken all the sleep I wanted—and never worried. Most men could reach my years in as good condition as I am, if they would follow those two simple rules.""

Julia passed the paper to Frederic. "There! That is exactly what I've been preaching for years," she exclaimed. "Now, Frederic, dear boy, do take those simple words to heart; take all the sleep you want—and don't worry!" To confirm the text, she passed the paper to her husband.

Frederic, reading at the item himself, manifested a shade of impatience. For a moment he was silent. When he spoke he seemed, for some reason, nettled. "I know the editor of that paper," he remarked at length. "I'm going to call him up tomorrow morning and make a pertinent inquiry. I'd like to know *exactly* how a man can live to be ninety-nine years old; take all the sleep he wants; never worry—and keep out of the poorhouse."

"If you find out," interposed Judge Harrison, using the subdued nasal drawl with which he often softened his skepticism, "let me know. This would appear, Julia," he went on, "to make for your contention, rather than mine." He laughed again, artificially, as he had used to do in court, when stumped. "By the way, Fred," he added, still musing, "when you make your inquiries, find out just what line of business that comfortable centenarian was engaged in for the most of his ninety-nine years."

Despite Judge Harrison's professed indifference to all mundane things, he was keenly interested in Fred's fight to land the big Stadium contract. Tuesday evening, at the hour when the shadows were falling long across the Decker lawn, Judge Harrison took his seat in the patio corner near Julia.

Fred was late in getting home, but the

Judge patiently sat out his home-coming. As a battle-scarred veteran, Sydney Harrison concealed his eagerness for news better than Julia did. The two heard the terrace door close and heard Fred's quick footsteps on the earthen tiles, as he walked toward them. Julia was too tense to ask the question: she just looked as Fred approached. Words really were not needed. His flushed face told the story.

**I** GOT IT," he exclaimed, "the whole job—I mean the cement work and everything."

"Why, that's more than you expected!" cried Julia.

"A whole lot more. It's the biggest contract of the kind," he added, turning to his Uncle, "ever let in Los Angeles."

"The chairman," remarked Judge Harrison, "must have hooked a big one Sunday."

"He did. At least he claimed he hooked a four hundred and thirty pound broadbill," said Fred.

"You ought to have the fish mounted—or make a replica of it in artificial stone, and set it above the Stadium entrance. By the way," he continued, in his penetrating, nasal calm, "what about the Century club man—the old fellow that reached ninety-nine years and took all the sleep he wanted and never worried—what was his name?"

"Oh, yes," Fred exclaimed. "I called up the editor. He got a laugh out of it and said he would make further inquiries. This afternoon shortly after the contract was signed, the editor called me back at the office and said he thought I might be interested to know, and," Fred turned to his wife, "I think you, too, Julia, will be interested to know—that Mr. Ruddywether, president of the Century club, and his hundred and three year old buddy, came over from the poorhouse to attend the celebration."

## A Prayer

By Sister M. Eulalia

**I**F I can help someone today,  
If I can teach someone to pray,  
Help me, Lord!

If I can drive away a fear,  
If I can wipe away a tear,  
Help me, Lord!

If I can aid one with his load,  
On his long and difficult road,  
Help me, Lord!

If I can ease a heart that's broken,  
By some word that might be spoken,  
Help me speak it, Lord!



# WHERE IS RECOVERY?

By Gerhard Hirschfeld

**I**T is the privilege of human nature to doubt, as it is to hope and to fear. True, this is a rather general statement. But if we look around, talk to people, read the papers and listen to the radio, we can very clearly observe the working of this human privilege. The butcher around the corner complains that he can see no sign of recovery. The manufacturer and the banker are fearful of all the new regulations and restrictions.

Just where is that recovery?

Statistics are a drain on the reader's patience. But may we not, for argument's sake, cite a few instances where progress is not any longer a matter of doubt? It may clarify the question whether there is any real, tangible advance in our economic situation, and it may answer another question: If better times are, indeed, on their way, why is there such a wide and popular demand for changes; changes in the monetary policy of the Government; changes in the application of the N.R.A.; changes in many other branches of the Administration. People are saying that this is wrong, and that impossible; just why?

There are banks, for instance. In thousands of lamentable cases, people have lost their life savings through the closing of banks, especially in smaller towns and communities. That's a hard loss to take when you don't know why you are losing. It's like losing a trusted friend—just because you lent him money. President Roosevelt faced an urgent problem when he insisted on the quick reopening of the banks. What progress has been made to date? Of the more than 5,000 national banks, there are not even 200 left whose reopening is in doubt. All the others either are open, or are about to open. This ought to be remembered when people say "but just look at all the closed banks."

Another argument that is often heard and has carried, heretofore, a good deal of weight, refers to the building industry which occupies a key position in the economic prosperity of the country. For years, in fact, long before the Wall Street crash of 1929, it has been on the toboggan. Now, for the first time in months and even years we are told by the authorities that contracts in the 37 States east of the Rocky Mountains totaled \$162,000,000 in November. It is true that October was also a fairly good month, yet, its total was only \$145,000,000; and a year ago, in November 1932, contracts in the building industry aggregated scarcely \$105,-

000,000. If we ask the question, *Why*, don't forget the much-maligned public works program of the Administration which gave the builders and the contractors their initial impetus.

Newspapers are (for those who care) a reliable and steady source of information. However, it is characteristic of many a newspaper reader's interest, that he will remember *one* fact months after it has happened, when other facts have supplanted and, indeed, reversed it. Back in the early summer it was announced that the Government would rigidly adhere to an economy program and would, therefore, discharge thousands of its employees. And, like an echo, you hear this cry coming back a thousandfold from the fields of Iowa and the slums of Chicago and the mines of Pennsylvania: "Isn't it true that the Government has fired people right and left? Hasn't the Government lost a lot of confidence? Didn't it impose taxes which actually cry to heaven?"

It can be seen in the newspapers and it can be heard in the streets, this suspicion, this fear that the Government is not acting according to its own preachings. And yet an occasional glance at the facts as they occur from day to day would show the three answers to the three questions which have just been asked. The Government is by no means firing people but actually adding to the payroll. Since President Roosevelt took charge of affairs in and out of Washington, nearly 14,000 persons have been added to what is known as executive civil service. As to confidence, ask the insurance companies; they can tell the story which is, briefly, that life insurance companies in the United States are holding more than one-billion-and-a-half of Government securities as investments, the largest total in their history.

**T**HE insurance companies are leading all other investors in the country. Nobody has more and better right to search very carefully all the possibilities in connection with investments than these companies; because the savings and the funds of many millions of people depend upon the soundness of such investments. Now it is obvious that the Government securities must be above all doubt and suspicion if the insurance companies put their O.K. on them. If they put more money into such papers than they did in the boom times of the late War or even in 1929, few people have a right to walk

around and point suspicious fingers at the credit of the Federal Government.

**W**EEPING about taxes means to be as misinformed about taxation in this and other countries as the man was misinformed who carried owls to Athens. Per capita taxation in the United States is still the lowest by far among the leading countries of the world. Compare these figures (in British currency) and judge for yourself: England £14/10/6, France £13/3/3, Germany £7/14/7, United States £3/12/5. In other words, Germany's taxation per head of population is more than double that of Uncle Sam; England's nearly four times as much. It must be that taxes on the Continent are an old and established "nuisance." In the United States, they have the "kick of a novelty."

In the same way one could go with a fine comb over almost every field and branch of economic endeavor to show just where that recovery may be found. One could cite electric power production which is a hundred million kilowatt-hours over a year ago. Or the income of the railroads which is by more than 50 per cent higher than it was in November, 1932. Or steel which, in the period between January and November, almost doubled the record of last year. Or even Wall Street where the values of stocks are fully two-and-a-half billion over October. But then, what is the sense in giving a man a box of cigars if he smokes the pipe only. By the same token, what use is there giving complete facts if men prefer dreams. There is an abundance of encouraging facts to convince.

What, then, is to account for the fear and suspicion and doubt which one meets at every corner? If it is not based on facts, if it is not real enough to stand the searchlight of actual testing, then it must be founded on human nature and its peculiar reactions. And this human reaction is hard to follow. We know only that men and their hopes are always a step ahead of reality; that men and their fears are miles behind actual developments. But at no time, if experience and history are right, does the human mind, its fears and its hopes, keep step with the march of time. In 1929 we lived in the paradise though it was ages away; now we still insist to look hell in the face though we don't feel even the heat of depression. But notwithstanding hopes and fears, let us at least admit the truth—even if it's in Washington.

# Italy's Plan *for* Social Reconstruction

By Denis Gwynn

ONE of the most interesting aspects of Mr. Roosevelt's Recovery campaign, from the point of view of foreign observers, is his encouragement of the trade unions and his effort to restrict the freedom of capitalists to use their wealth in whatever direction they choose. Insofar as we can judge his policy through the fragmentary reports which reach the English Press, his administration is apparently adopting the bold attitude of threatening those who have money on deposit, for safety, that if they do not invest it in productive industry they may find that it melts away before they can decide what to do with it. Some of General Johnson's statements, as reported in the Press, seem to say that quite plainly. How far such a policy can be effective is not for us to judge. It is certainly a most interesting attitude; and there are extremely influential economists and social reformers who sympathize with it.

In Italy a somewhat similar claim has been made by the Fascist State, during the present year, as a logical outcome of the whole social system which has been built up under Mussolini's rule. The differences between Italian and American conditions are vast, but the principle involved might be applied to any country, and it may well be that Mussolini has set an example to the rest of the world. In Russia, of course, the State has for a long time claimed absolute control over the use of all capital and savings. But Italy is a country where private enterprise and private property are now treated as fundamental rights, and also as essential factors for all economic progress.

Mussolini and his Government, however, have taken the view that both property and private enterprise, while they must be encouraged and fostered by the State, must also be subject to that general discipline in the interests of the whole nation which pervades every aspect of life in the present régime. A most illuminating account of how social reconstruction is progressing in Italy has lately been published by the Stationery Office in London. It is the annual report by Mr. R. A. M. Turner, Commercial Counsellor to the British

Embassy in Rome, on "Economic Conditions in Italy." Such official publications are often suspect to some extent as being inspired by propagandist motives. But these economic reports prepared by the economic advisers of the principal embassies are always well informed and sometimes remarkably lucid.

## THE PROBLEM

SO far as can yet be judged, Mussolini appears to be gradually bringing back the system of the old trade Guilds which the nineteenth century destroyed. Before the Great War all "orthodox" economic doctrine ridiculed the Guilds because they had hampered enterprise and obstructed the industrial revolution which eventually overwhelmed and destroyed them. But the result has been chaos, and such unemployment as the world had never known before. The problem of the new age is to restore the security and the dignity of life which they ensured, while providing scope, subject to national control, for new developments and expansion with the aid of modern scientific discoveries.

Mr. Turner's report is chiefly a record of industrial, commercial and financial developments during the year ending July, 1933. The picture which he presents is certainly an impressive tribute to the energy and sound judgment with which the Fascist program has been carried out. The lira has continued to improve its position until it is almost independent of any other currency. This is largely because the sale of lire is

sternly discouraged, and very little Italian currency is held abroad. Although her external trade has been heavily curtailed, like that of all countries, Italy's adverse trade balance has steadily declined. Her gold holdings have increased and her "invisible exports," in the shape of the tourist industry and shipping and other services, have grown.

At the same time there has been a most remarkable progress in the execution of public works. The draining of marshes, and the settlement of thousands of families on reclaimed land, has been one of the most notable achievements of this century in any country. The roads and the railway, and motor transport have been improved to an extraordinary extent. Agriculture has been developed so efficiently that the whole face of some provinces in northern Italy has been changed by the general introduction of wheat growing with the aid of the Government. Industry also has made steady and undeniable progress; and unemployment has been lower than in most countries and is now rapidly decreasing.

ALL these encouraging signs of real and stable progress can be attributed in some degree to the general policy which Mussolini has enforced of subordinating both Capital and Labor to the necessities of national development. Both commerce and industry have been compelled to adapt themselves to the "Corporative" system, which has developed rapidly on skillfully organized lines, and is now about to enter upon a more ambitious phase. Mr. Turner explains, in the introduction to his general survey:

"The fundamental thought underlying the 'Corporative' idea is that the nation exists as the result of productive effort, and that all productive effort—and private initiative is admitted to be the most valuable form of such effort—must therefore be 'disciplined' for the benefit of the whole, that is to say, of the State. Great wisdom—and a wisdom not often found among those inspired by enthusiasm for a new ideal—has been shown in the gradual application of the theory,

and in the common-sense and sometimes, perforce, opportunist, compromise effected between theory and practice. Mistakes have been made, but Italian advocates of 'Corporative' organization of the economic life of the country claim, as a minimum, that Italy today is in a somewhat better position than her neighbors, and find therein additional ground for confidence in the future."

As evidence of the soundness of this policy, with its inevitable interference with private property and private enterprise, Italian reformers can show positive results. They can, as Mr. Turner says, "point to the series of measures culminating in the constitution of the *Istituto di Ricostruzione Industriale*, to support the contention that in Italy individual uneconomic undertakings are being eliminated and their gradual liquidation ensured; the remaining economically potential undertakings, or new ones, are being carefully organized, and all the national forces coördinated and disciplined with a view to increasing the trade of the country and developing export markets against the time when the hoped for economic revival commences. Strikes and lock-outs have been made illegal, and machinery set up for settling labor disputes and handling the unemployment question."

THERE is, of course, another side to the picture. All this machinery for controlling and directing industry and commerce in the national interest involves expense, and clogs enterprise to some extent. But the advocate of the Corporative system can claim that the actual cost of such expenses and such restrictions upon free enterprise is less than the waste and the direct losses which occur in other countries as a result of cut-throat competition, strikes and lockouts, and the enormous cost of unemployment relief. On the whole, the claim can scarcely be denied. The chief objection to the Corporative system in England and in the United States is that the tradition of free enterprise would be so outraged by any attempt to enforce it, that it would probably break down, even if it were accepted as a tolerable experiment.

One curious aspect of the question is that Mussolini began his reconstruction program by suppressing the trade unions, and they are still virtually abolished. They had become so much identified with Socialist policy that they were treated as enemies of the Fascist régime. But Mussolini is himself a man of the people; and the blacksmith's son has never lost his close associations with the laboring class. In destroying the trade unions he was far from intending to leave the employer class free to dictate its own terms to labor. Instead, he created a new system under which employers and workers were obliged to coöperate on

specially formed councils, to undertake the reorganization of their trades.

THE first step was to make both strikes and lockouts illegal, and to ensure that the law would be enforced. That involved obvious difficulties. The employers might close down their factories if they were making a loss. If the Government decreed that wages must be paid at a certain rate, the employers might prove that such rates were impossible without incurring losses. But Mussolini was in an immensely strong position as a dictator, and he has not hesitated to compel employers to incur losses in certain cases, just as he has compelled the laborers to work for wages which they regarded as too low. Meanwhile the Fascist State has been organizing the Corporative system with determined energy.

After years of experiment and of prudent progress the system is by this time in fair working order. Every important trade or industry has its own Council or Syndicate, which includes representatives of the workers and of the employers, with representatives of the State to arbitrate or make decisions if agreement cannot be reached. Every question affecting the industry is brought before these Councils, and an elaborate organization has been created. Local Councils deal with small or local matters, but they have to refer anything which raises larger questions to the Provincial Councils; and these in turn have to refer matters of general importance to the whole industry to the National Council, on which the Minister is directly represented.

This elaborate machinery has been found remarkably effective in most cases. It has avoided an immense amount of friction, and assisted to secure better relations between the workers and their employers everywhere. Many acutely controversial questions have arisen in the more important Councils, and the directors of the Reconstruction campaign have had a vast amount of work to get through. But, gradually, the system has become so far established as part of the economic life of Italy that the Government now announces that the next stage is about to begin.

Once that starts, each industry or trade will be organized under a national Council, probably of ten members, whose business it will be to direct its whole development and progress. This will apparently be no mere question of settling strikes or disputes over wages and working hours and such matters. It will involve controlling output and deciding how many factories may operate in the country, whether new factories or extensions of old factories may be built, what prices shall rule throughout the trade and how much labor shall be employed, and whether output must be re-

stricted from time to time for any reason.

Already this year there has been legislation which foreshadows these revolutionary developments. A decree has been issued which forbids the erection of new factories in most of the principal industries, or even the erection of extensions to existing plants, without official permission. Still more significant was the statement by the Finance Minister, Signor Jung, that, "in the conception of the Fascist State national savings could not be regarded as *res nullius*; they had not only to be safeguarded and controlled, but seeing that their direction towards certain investments rather than others could at certain times have grave repercussions on the life of the nations, their distribution must be guided and directed by the State."

Without unduly exaggerating the indications given in that remarkable statement, is it too much to expect that Mussolini, in announcing that the new phase of the Corporative system must shortly begin, proposes to impose definite control over the investment of capital in Italy? To the traditional economists of pre-War days such a notion would have seemed almost incredible. But the world has learned a great deal by bitter experience since the War. What Signor Jung suggests is, in fact, very little more than what many sober political and economic experts have been urging persistently in England as a course which capitalists ought adopt, in their own interest as well as that of the State. Some years ago there was a great effort made by propaganda and public speeches to induce industries to "rationalize" themselves by amalgamating firms which were competing uneconomically with each other.

IMMENSE progress in that direction has in fact been accomplished. There are now only five big banks in England, apart from a small number of strongly established local banks with special functions. There are only four railway systems, whereas there were at least forty a generation ago. In the biggest industries—like iron and steel, engineering and coal mining—there have been a great number of amalgamations, which have always produced large savings of overhead expense and more economical production. In commerce and the distributive trades the same policy has been adopted with similar results. But the outcome has been a more marked antagonism than formerly between the federations of employers and the trade unions, and there has been no machinery whatever for controlling either production or prices in the general interest.

In Mussolini's Corporative system the State is able to interfere, or even to assume control, in every direction when it sees fit. In England, if such a system were in force, it would nowadays be



fairly easy for the State to control production in most big industries because they are already so highly organized. It could also enforce uniformity of wages and other conditions of labor much more easily than before the War, because such a large proportion of the employed are now engaged in work for highly centralized businesses.

**B**UT the claim to control the investment of capital introduces vast new possibilities. In many countries, it has been a striking feature of economic development since the War that the luxury trades and the distributive trades have increased and have frequently prospered, while the productive industries have generally suffered a decline. In such conditions new capital has been constantly invested in the luxury trades which were likely to earn quick profits. Immense sums have been invested, for instance, in cinemas and in the film industry, in the production of private motor cars, in wireless manufacture and other industries which have earned large profits. But the main industries of the country like coal mining, shipping, engineering, the textile industries, and particularly agriculture, have suffered from continuous depression, and are unable to obtain the capital which they urgently need.

Month after month the inability of these staple industries to obtain the finance which they need has been deplored, not only by experts in social science but by responsible politicians. The steel industry, for instance, is constantly being criticized for its failure to install modern equipment and for the continuance of uneconomic competition between units which ought to combine. The industrialists can only answer that if they could get capital to do so, but that investors will not lend to an industry which has been unable to pay its full obligations to preference shareholders for years. Still more is this the plight of agriculture. It is taken for granted that capital is free to seek investment wherever it can obtain the highest yield, and nobody except the State is expected to lend money at less than market rates.

Is it inconceivable that common-sense and public spirit will sooner or later insist that the State is entitled to control the investment of capital? It has become generally realized that the employment of capital, in wrong directions, starves the main industries of a country, and creates temporary diversion of labor into industries and enterprises which cannot last. In Italy, where discipline has been successfully enforced throughout the economic as well as political life for a sufficient number of years, the time has apparently come when the State intends to undertake some control of investment. It claims, and quite rightly,

that savings are the direct outcome of ordered conditions which are the direct result of good government; and that those who have money to invest must remember that they have the State to thank for the preservation and the development of their private wealth.

There are only two alternatives, if the modern world is to survive in its existing development. One is the Socialist program, which treats all wealth as the property of the State. The other retains the conception of private property, but insists that private enterprise must be controlled in the interest of the public welfare. Before the Great War these theories were largely academic; but recent years have confronted every country with the problem of how it is to keep its people employed in face of over-production throughout the civilized world. Even in England, where a long tradition has made economic life more adaptable to changing needs than in any other country, the principle of State control has been quietly accepted and enforced in many directions. Are we in fact at the beginning of a new phase where the example of Italy will be quietly adopted by degrees?

Two years ago it was still taken for granted in England that the investor who lent his money to the State could count upon a dividend of 5% almost as a sacred right. The Government's Conversion scheme which gave this holder of £2,000 millions the option of accepting cash, or else a lower interest, has changed all that. Today War Loan holders receive only 3½%; and it may be that even that rate of interest will before long seem excessively high. Any industrial security which can now offer a safe 5% is eagerly bought; and there are, literally, thousands of millions of sterling waiting for safe investment without any willingness to share in the risks of productive enterprise. Those who are prepared to take risks still rush after investments in the luxury trades, where there is hope of earning dividends which will have repaid the whole capital within four or five years or less.

**C**ONTROL of investments sounds a formidable program. But there are very simple methods of enforcing it. For instance, any Government could, with public support, establish a list of industries or enterprises which were regarded as being of national importance, chiefly in view of their prospects of providing employment. It could tax investments in these industries at a lower rate than investments in cinemas or night clubs or the cheap jewelry trade. There would, of course, be fierce protests and deputations to prove that certain companies are engaged in such varied enterprises that it is impossible to discriminate between what is luxury and what is primary production. But in Italy they have

a way of dealing drastically with such objections, and under a dictatorship there is no appeal against what the Government decrees.

**C**AN democracy reform its own institutions with the same firmness and determination of purpose which a dictatorship can apply? That is perhaps the biggest question which remains to be solved in the coming years. On this side of the Atlantic the American experiment is being watched with the deepest interest. The general impression is that many mistakes are being made, but that the trend of Mr. Roosevelt's program is not only sound but an example to all democratic countries. His manipulation of the currency seems to us (with so much experience of the disastrous futility of playing with currencies) to be completely mistaken, and likely to paralyze recovery through creating uncertainty rather than to promote it by any introduction of a changed standard of monetary values. But America has resources and advantages which make comparison difficult.

But the example of Italy, as a country ruled by a former laborer who has never lost his sympathy and his concern for the common people, is well worth attention. His example has been followed stage by stage in Germany. Even before Hitler came into power there had been most drastic control of wages and prices; and employers were almost compelled to retain all their employees whether they were making a loss or not in their business. The resemblance between the dictatorship in Italy and in Russia has often led to false reasoning; and it should never be forgotten that Mussolini is vehemently opposed to the Socialist State. He is chiefly concerned with evolving some system of private enterprise based upon private property which will be free from the abuses of modern capitalism and will ensure security of employment and steady development of the primary industries. It remains to be seen whether Germany will adopt the Socialist or the Fascist policy in the next few years.

So far as can yet be judged, Mussolini appears to be gradually bringing back the system of the old trade Guilds which the nineteenth century destroyed. Before the Great War all "orthodox" economic doctrine ridiculed the Guilds because they had hampered enterprise and obstructed the industrial revolution which eventually overwhelmed and destroyed them. But the result has been chaos, and such unemployment as the world has never known before. The problem of the new age is to restore the security and the dignity of life which they ensured, while providing scope, subject to national control, for new developments and expansion with the aid of modern scientific discoveries.

# Leader of the White Army

By Gabriel Francis Powers

ON April 30, in this year of grace, 1933, which fell on Good Shepherd Sunday, the Beatification took place in St. Peter's, Rome, of a French nun who died in 1868. She had lived seventy-two years. It does not make much stir in the world, usually, when a nun comes to die; even a holy one, even one who has done much work. But, in the case of this one, thousands wept when she died; and many more thousands, upon five continents—all children of her own heart and Institute—were overwhelmed with joy when the fair day dawned which raised to the altars the Foundress of the Congregation of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, the General-in-Chief of a vast army of combatants, scattered all over the globe—Marie de Sainte Euphrasie Pelletier.

Somehow, in considering the figure of this woman, a cloistered religious, one almost loses the sense of her having been a religious, though she was an exemplary one, and certainly the sense of cloister; not because she was incessantly travelling in the interest of her foundations, but because—for her—walls seemed scarcely to exist. Her mind, her desires, her passionate and far-flung zeal, knew no restrictions. She was apostle, missionary, martyr in aspiration. The whole world lay before her, open, to be conquered, free of obstacles, like an aviator's chart of the sky. And what she planned to do, God, Who alone is fulfilment, gave her to do it.

Rose Virginie Pelletier was born in France on July 31, 1796. The frightful Revolution of 1793 was just over, or rather not completely over, for priests were still in hiding and the wrecked churches lay in ruins. In fact it was owing to the recent scarce-abated fury that the little girl was born upon the island of Noirmoutiers, which she subsequently loved so much, just off the loyal coast of La Vendée, for her parents had harbored priests, concealing them during the Terror, and for this they had become suspect themselves, and found it expedient to fly.

The infant was baptized privately at home and only a year later, when the pastor was able to return, were the cere-

monies of the solemn rite completed. In spite of the shadow over all France, and the frequent anxious conversation among her elders, Rose Virginie grew up happy and care-free, lively and somewhat mischievous, delighting in the sea and the shores of her island home; only, beneath the surface, was a seriousness of intent and judgment which bore witness to her appreciation of the tragedy in the midst of which she first lived; and her extraor-

upon it. Great was their joy when the work was done, but the crypt was restored to veneration and the Saint in Heaven must have been grateful to his little devotees.

There is a charming picture of Rose Virginie when she made her First Holy Communion. White veil and rather solid wreath, pure brow and virginal eyes extraordinarily full of life, and a determined little mouth and chin that somehow suggest remarkable tenacity. Rare modesty withal, almost shyness; a real child, of those amiable and quaint juveniles of a hundred years ago.

One of her companions testified later that Rose Virginie was always thinking of the salvation of souls. She was intensely interested in all that concerned the Missions afar, and already her soul burned with the desire to spend herself wholly that other hearts might be brought to know and love Christ. "Even when I am asleep," she confided to one of her close friends, "I cannot forget the little Indian girls. I dream about them. They seem to come to me and to put their arms around my neck. 'Come and help us,' they say to me; 'teach us that we may know Jesus!'"

There was much talk at the time about the frightful slave-traffic in Africa, and about the sufferings of the unfortunate natives forced to service in bondage and cruelly ill-treated. Rose Virginie took it so much to heart that she would have been willing to offer herself to buy off captives.

So Heaven seemed to be preparing her for her future work, filling her with an unquenchable thirst for the enfranchisement of human souls.

AT the same time her own spirit was travailed with the bitter pain which tempers like steel. Her father died, and the young mother was left alone with numerous children and in extremely reduced circumstances. With great courage she left Noirmoutiers and retired to her native Soullans, on the mainland, and from there, anxious only that her children should have the advantage of a good education, she sent the older ones away to boarding school. It was a terrible sorrow to Rose to be separated from her mother,



BLESSED MARY OF ST. EUPHRASIE PELLETIER

dinary attachment to the Church and to the Holy See was no doubt intensified by the remembrance of cruel persecution.

It was a grief to the child that the church which had been the gem of the famous Abbey of Noirmoutiers should have been devastated, and that the crypt of good St. Philibert, the Abbot and Founder, and patron Saint of the island (A.D. 696) was desecrated. She persuaded two of her playmates to come and help her, and the three children between them cleared the crypt, carrying out all the dirt and rubbish, a herculean task for small workers; then they swept and scrubbed it, finally covering the altar with a clean linen cloth and placing flowers



and the city of Tours was so far from Soullans that she was never able to go home even for the holidays. She never saw her mother again. Death snatched away the precious life, and the young girl endured so terrible a grief she thought that she must die of it.

She was not happy at school. The establishment was not well governed and the Ladies of the Christian Association, secular teachers bound together in a sort of semi-religious life, were not in harmony among themselves. The Directress, in ill-advised efforts to bend Rose Virginie's character, antagonized her painfully, and only one of the Ladies gave the lonely child affection and wise guidance. This Pauline de Lignac knew that Rose wished to consecrate her life to God and to the salvation of souls and encouraged her in her holy desire.

The young girl was not yet fifteen years old when a sort of rebellion broke out among the pupils. They were tired of the mismanagement of the school. In class some put their fingers in their ears not to hear what the teacher was saying. There was a deadlock and the authorities could not handle the situation. Rose felt that something must be done. She took two older girls into her confidence, and these three peace-makers went about, speaking quietly to the rebels, suggesting that the whole school should try to be extra good during the novena of Pentecost, and even big girls among the seniors were won over and behaved beautifully, just because little Pelletier had asked them.

Rose Virginie had understood that, under God, hearts became wax when she touched them, and that the delicate and generous spirit of young girls responded like the cords of a musical instrument to her inspiration. God had given her a rare power, His gift in her.

CLOSE to the school was a Convent of the Refuge, one of the foundations of St. John Eudes to shelter maidens who are in peril, or to receive penitent sinners. The pupils of the Christian Association often passed that door and Rose Virginie felt attracted toward this spot where an utterly Christ-like work was being done. Was this perhaps the place which Providence was preparing for her? Pauline de Lignac thought it might be and advised her to call on the Sisters.

This Rose was obliged to do secretly, but she was charmed with all she saw and heard, and realized at once that the work was precisely the kind of work she wished to do: work of mercy and redemption. Her absence of an hour had been noted and reported to the Directress, and the young girl, returning with her mind full of ardent dreams for the rescue of souls, was severely reprimanded and deprived of her dinner. Her companions could scarcely believe their eyes! Pelletier condemned to eat dry bread and drink water, a public humiliation, in the refectory!

Rose Virginie had left her heart with the Sisters of the Refuge and henceforth there was only one thing she wished to do: devote herself utterly to this special task of saving the weak who are in danger, or with a Divine pity and comforting strength, to lift up and redeem the fallen. It is a very special vocation, not given to all, arduous and yet of a singular grace.

THE aspirant met with the opposition of her family who deemed her too young. It was long before she was permitted to enter the convent; longer before she was permitted to take vows. Meanwhile she had spent her spare time in study and had acquired a culture which later stood her in good stead. She was well-versed in Christian doctrine, had read the Fathers of the Church, and could quote aptly from the Lives of the Saints. Her deep admiration for the great St. Teresa induced her to ask to bear her name in religion. But the superior, deeming this presumption, bid her go and hunt in the Martyrology for the name of some obscure martyr and assume this. Thus was Rose Virginie called Sister Mary of Saint Euphrasia.

No martyr is obscure, for he has shed his blood for Christ. But little Pelletier, perhaps unwittingly, had stumbled upon one who placed her, certainly not without appropriateness, under the patronage of the Saint of Beautiful Speech. The years passed quickly and happily for the young Sister in the work she loved. Her intelligence, her resourcefulness, her firmness, her kindness and, above all, her saintliness, made her conspicuous.

She was barely twenty-nine when she was unanimously elected superior. And she filled the office admirably, making many improvements and added more comfort and joy to the lives of the inmates of the house. The days were sometimes difficult; and characters were sometimes difficult; but nothing daunted *la bonne Mère*.

A typical story is told of her happy spirit. It was a scorching day in mid-summer; a wave of discontent had passed over the girls; and a brooding thunderstorm, dark at the sultry horizon, seemed to reflect the gloominess of these rebellious minds. The Mother tried in vain to arouse their interest and attention. They would not respond. Then, suddenly, she espied a grasshopper and picked it up. "Oh! A grasshopper! Such an interesting little creature! Really, children, you have no idea how marvelously it is constructed and what a unique being it is. Now look at this!" And she began, with such felicity and charm, to expatiate upon the *cicada* that the girls forgot their ill-temper and were soon laughing good-humoredly around her.

It was one of her characteristics that she could draw profit and advantage from all that surrounded her, like a tireless merchant trading for God and souls. Yet this woman, so admirably equipped and so

utterly self-sacrificing, a genius in all that concerned her vocation, was to drain the chalice of suffering to the dregs. She had been superior of this house of Tours, where she first entered religion, for about four years when an urgent request from the city of Angers drew her attention in that direction.

The Comtesse de Neuville, a noble and wealthy lady who, in the course of a long life of active charity had come in contact with many cases of young girls who had been seduced or who were in grave trouble, felt that it was urgently necessary to call upon some Sisterhood who would consent to accept the care of these unfortunates from whom their own frequently turned away. She implored Mother Pelletier to open a Refuge in Angers, and the Mother went, as she would have gone to the ends of the earth to rescue one soul. She had the approval of the Bishops of Tours and Angers, and of the Community Council; but it soon became evident that, beneath the official consent, the Bishop was displeased at Mother Pelletier's going outside his diocese, the Council was displeased because she had extended her interest to another centre, and she was made to feel that Tours and Tours alone was of consequence.

The great, ardent, free soul of Mother Pelletier tending with a missionary's passion to the confines of the earth, to even the most distant spot to which the Name of Christ and the fruits of His Redemption could be carried, was arrested and reminded that geographic limitations are to be the measure of zeal. She returned to Tours, leaving a superior to cope with the difficulties of Angers; but the affairs of Angers immediately began to go very badly and the face of Tours had changed. The Bishop was cold, the Community, in part distrustful, making a house divided against itself.

MOTHER PELLETIER'S long Purgatory on earth had begun. Angers, the Comtesse de Neuville, clamored for her return; that house was about to fall. And the opposition continued to say that each Refuge was to stand by itself, unconnected with others, and that Mother Pelletier was making innovations; in sending help to Angers she was untrue to her own institute. Mother Pelletier sought advice of holy and learned priests, and suffered in silent patience.

Then the crisis came. Angers would have to be closed if she did not take the perishing foundation in hand. And all the voices in Tours clamored that she must not go. Only the secret voices, those of her conscience and of her spiritual directors, insistently indicated Angers as the path of God. These battles are terrible and the soul of Mother Pelletier was torn and rent. There was no issue, no possibility of compromise. She must decide. And meanwhile she was suffering untold anguish. Then, humbly and



bravely, she decided. Tours would hold its own in any case, and Angers was tottering toward its last fall.

She went to Angers. She understood that she could no longer return to Tours, and the rending and separation from all her past were agonizing. She was obliged to obtain a letter of dismissal from the bishop, permitting her to leave his diocese (and he never forgave her leaving it), and after she reached Angers her heart kept crying out despairingly for the old place, the old surroundings, the old friends. Only a strong letter from the priest who had advised her, sustained her set purpose and comforted her in this extremity.

**T**HEN the new life at Angers began. Hunger was among the daily tasks; utter poverty and difficulties of all kinds. The Comtesse de Neuville had done so much already that the Sisters hesitated to expose their want. They gathered nettles and boiled them to eat with their dry bread. Only the enormous courage of Mother Pelletier and her tender kindness enabled her companions to endure these straits. They had been offered the choice of remaining or of returning to Tours. They remained. And young girls who were inmates of the house at the time were able to testify later: "We were frightfully poor; but if there was a shortage of food the Sisters went without it and gave it to us; and somehow we were all very happy in spite of many hardships."

Those words tell the whole story. The girls were being taught the religion in which they had been baptized but which they did not know; they were being taught to pray and to approach the Sacraments worthily; and they learned there, for the first time, the nobility of work. It was a complete reeducation unto good that would presently send them forth industrious, self-respecting, useful members of society.

There were some failures: there will always be some failures. One or two went out to repay with calumny and abuse all the patient care and charity they had received. But Mother Pelletier, if ingratitude grieved her, never considered it a deterrent. She went on with boundless enthusiasm, with overflowing love reaching out for erring human souls, feeling that she was able to carry out a great missionary enterprise at home and abroad, and that it was her special task to bring them to Christ's Redemption. Meanwhile her work was being observed from many points and its high importance realized.

Angers was barely established upon a moderately secure base when bishops and clergy began to send urgent requests to the Mother to open a "much-needed house of her Institute" in this and that city. She did not have Religious enough to send, and her poverty caused her to hesitate but the demands became so imperative she re-

solved to answer them as soon as it was in her power; and three, four, five convents were founded in quick succession in as many different cities. It was always said in successive years that it was possible to recognize, almost at sight, the Sisters who had been trained by Mother Pelletier. She set a stamp upon them that was at once simplicity and steadfast holiness. They had the deepest appreciation of the particular quality of their vocation, and they were utterly devoted to it.

One request that touched the Holy Foundress deeply came from the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, Cardinal Odescalchi. In response to that she went in person, bringing three Sisters with her. They were to take over an institution that had been in existence for many years but from which the Religious in charge had withdrawn, abandoning it to its fate, the Convent of Santa Croce. Mother Pelletier from childhood had thrilled at every mention of the Pope. Now she placed herself and her Institute beneath the feet of the Holy Father. Santa Croce was the seventh house that claimed her jurisdiction. And it may be that from Rome, great mistress, wide-armed, far seeing, came the inspiration to unite all the Houses of the Community under one general government.

A very campaign of opposition came from Tours and from various parts of France. The bishop forgot the letter of dismissal he had given and accused Mother Pelletier to the Roman Congregations as an innovator and a menace to her Institute. Battles royal waged around the humble, holy woman who remained silent, only plunged deep in prayer. Rome decided in her favor. The Generalate was established, and groups of Houses formed into a number of Provinces under one common head.

An extraordinary number of vocations immediately followed, and the Congregation of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd showed the first marks of universality. The Mother had gone to Rome in 1838; between the two years 1840-1841 foundations were made in London, Munich, Paris and Namur. In 1842 a small group of pioneer Sisters sailed for America, and it was no easy matter to go to America in those days. That same year they opened in Louisville, Kentucky, their first House in the United States. Then immediately, during the following year, 1843, foundations were made in such far spots as Algiers, Montreal, Cairo and Tripoli of Lybia. Mother Pelletier had not desired in vain to be an apostle and a missionary. Her daughters were everywhere, a white-robed army, in all the most strenuous fields of spiritual battle.

**I**N 1854 friends of the Institute, seeking to recall its victories since that dolorous 1829 when *la bonne Mère*, weeping bitterly, had left Tours for

Angers, were able to reckon that in those twenty-five years she had established sixty houses in which the one thought was God, and—for Him—the tireless, arduous work of redemption. Seven of these had been closed, owing to adverse circumstances or the suppressions consequent on the Revolution of 1848, but fifty-three remained in existence and in full efficiency; twenty-nine in France, and twenty-four in other countries.

Twenty years later the holy Foundress died at Angers, (where her body lies) in the odor of sanctity. Her last words, "Good-bye, Sisters. Good-bye Institute," marked the passionate love of her whole life. At the present writing the Institute numbers 282 Houses (13 of these in the United States), 9,000 Sisters and 60,000 inmates in their care—"A magnificent poetry of numbers," in the words of Pius XI. "Sixty thousand souls directed in the ways of regeneration and moral redemption."

**M**OTHER PELLETIER was beatified April 30, 1933, and her daughters flocked to the ceremony from all parts of the world, even India and China. They formed a spectacle themselves, hundreds strong, in their white habits and white mantles, a very chivalry of religious womanhood, and after the inspiring ceremony it was a beautiful sight to behold them flitting in groups about the magnificent basilica, which the majority were beholding for the first time.

They were speaking many tongues, and people would stop them and ask them who they were. Some, unable to reply but understanding, would turn and point to that other white-robed figure, wafted heavenward above the altar, amid the glittering coronal of lights, in the golden Glory of Bernini. On the morrow the Sisters were all received together in one of the great halls of the Vatican, and the Holy Father himself seemed suddenly troubled, and touched with a deep emotion, as he caught sight of the sea of white before him.—"What a vision you present to our eyes, beloved Sisters! What a vision of Heaven!"

He had himself chosen the day of the Beatification, Good Shepherd Sunday, and he mentioned in his allocution to the Sisters the special fitness of the date: "This year of the Holy Jubilee is specially your year, for it is the year in which we reverently recall the Redemption of the human race," and he congratulated them, speaking with lively satisfaction and appreciation of the nobility of their labors. White army to combat the efforts of the powers of darkness, white army fighting to increase the ranks of the shining legions of purity; angelic labors, seconding those of the heavenly hosts. "Your task is the task of Jesus Himself, the King of Charity; Jesus, the Shepherd of Souls."

# RED *versus* BLACK

*What is America, in a Religious Sense, Headed For? With Protestantism Rapidly Becoming Simply a Centre of Social Service, Will All Religion be Reduced to a Conflict Between the Red International and the Black International?*

By Charles Willis Thompson

THIS is a Protestant country—in name. In fact as well as in name it is most certainly not a Catholic country. The unexpected rapidity of Catholicism's numerical growth and positive strength, in a century and a half, sometimes leads to a blindness to these facts, in Catholics who live in strongly Catholic localities. The truth is that the United States is about one-fifth Catholic and about four-fifths non-Catholic, and that if the Catholic population has grown amazingly, so has the non-Catholic. The Catholic proportion is much greater than it was when the Republic was founded; in those days Catholics were relatively few, now they are relatively many. But that is no reason for not facing the facts and the implications.

Facing them, the question is not of the present of America, but of its future. What is the United States headed for, in a religious sense? And at the outset it must be understood that the question cannot be considered in terms of mere years, or even of decades, or even of a generation or two. No religious transition ever came about in any such moment of time. In the sight of God as in the history of man, a thousand years is as one day; though in the matter in hand now the evolution is going on so swiftly that its final shape is not a thing of a thousand years, but of a much shorter period. Its first phase, indeed, is already upon us, so presently and insistently that its general recognition probably cannot be delayed more than a generation or two. The recognition of ultimate phases will take longer, for reasons obvious as soon as stated. I shall state them further on.

I RETURN to my first sentence, that this is a Protestant country, at least in name. It was a Protestant country in hard fact so short a time ago as when the Republic was created at the Philadelphia Convention of 1787. Undoubtedly a great majority of the nominal Protestants were also Protestants in fact, thorough-going and sincere believers. This does not mean that they all believed the same things; that is not in the nature of Protes-

tantism, and never was, not even when Luther was both alive and potent.

Despite an apparently unconquerable superstition that New England, religiously the first stronghold and constantly the leader of American belief, was populated by dour "Puritans," she was nothing of the kind. On the contrary, she was from the very beginning the home and breeder of dissent from what we today call "Puritanism"—a word invariably used by those who do not know any-

THE idea of two such rival religions as a possibility was not born in 1917. I have heretofore mentioned in an article in THE SIGN a conversation in 1910 with Victor L. Berger, then the leader of the Socialist party in the United States and the ablest American Socialist of his time. Socialism then seemed on the upgrade. Berger, who was a member of Congress and a friend of mine, had no doubt of its ultimate triumph. In one of our many long talks he pictured the powerlessness of its political opponents and its Protestant opponents to stop its onward sweep. When they had all been converted or conquered, he told me, Socialism would confront its last and only dangerous adversary, the Catholic Church, and it would become a battle to the death, he said, between "the Red International and the Black International." The Red International was Socialism and the Black International was the Catholic Church, just as international, just as immovable—really standing for something, as Socialism did and as nothing else did.

thing about it to visualize a sour and gloomy Calvinism. There was much real Puritanism in Massachusetts, but it was never unchallenged even from the first settlement; and when dissent reached the proportions of heresy in the eyes of the governing Massachusetts theocracy, the dissenters left the colony and founded new colonies where they could worship in their own way and in comfort. That is the history of the foundation of Connecticut and Rhode Island.

Calvinism is, or rather was, Presbyterianism; but Presbyterianism never had any hold on any part of New England. The first settlers—aside from the Mayflower colony at Plymouth, which was small and speedily swallowed up by the ensuing immigration—were mainly what we now call Congregationalists, soon to be cut into by what we now call Baptists and other sects. What that meant can be seen from the fact that in Congregationalism each church, or parish as a Catholic would say, rules itself and gangs its ain gait; it owes no allegiance, spiritually or ecclesiastically, to any hierarchy, synod or assembly.

It therefore followed that the various pastorates began instantly to diverge from such Calvinism as they may have begun with, and that New England, though the spiritual leader of American thought, was from the first the home of variation in it. The consequences were first glaringly apparent in the nineteenth century, when nearly every radical intellectual movement was born in New England, and nearly every religious novelty except such grotesqueries as Mormonism. The names of such innovating religious teachers as Emerson and of such "broad" religious movements as Transcendentalism will instantly suggest others.

THE other colonies, except Quaker Pennsylvania—Maryland was Catholic, but not for very long—observed in general a conformity with the beliefs and practices of the Church of England—Virginia was the first colony, but the first settlers there were only formal religion-

ists. As later immigrants proved to be more interested in religion, the Protestant Church there and in other colonies became a positive force, though never the leader of thought in any such sense as New England was. Meanwhile, the increasing immigration of Scotch and "Scotch-Irish" tended more and more to the western part of the South. These immigrants brought with them Calvinism of the real sort, the hard and rigid Calvinism which men mean when they talk vaguely of "Puritanism" and mistakenly give it New England as a local habitation and a name. Such old-fashioned Protestantism as still remains has its strongest fortress among their descendants in the South and West. They are more Methodist and Baptist than Presbyterian; but what is of importance is not the kind of observance but the theology and mental set-up.

THIS was about the complexion of the United States when George Washington called to order the Constitutional Convention of 1787. It was to devise a republican government for a Protestant country. It was in membership a Protestant convention. The Catholics in the country were relatively few; scattered, and, as far as influence went, inconsiderable. Catholics should never forget, nor remember without gratitude and admiration, the broad and far-sighted way in which that convention and its immediate successors in the Congress, which it created, banned bigotry, as far as they could, and made this insignificant Catholic minority equal before the law with their fellow-citizens.

It was a fairness not usual among the nations of the world; in England itself, from which the fathers of these men mostly came, Catholics were still a subject and inferior class, and long remained so. To be sure, the colonial legislatures had already extended toleration to Catholics, but not in all cases without vigorous opposition, and there was no guaranty that they would all continue to do so. That guaranty was extended by the new nation, even to the extent of making Catholics eligible to all public offices from the Presidency down.

At that time Americans were, in general, not only Protestants in name, but believers. There were deists, such as Jefferson—though he characteristically refused to style himself so—and there were already Unitarians; but the early Unitarians, such as President John Quincy Adams, were really religious, and there was as yet no trace among them of the pantheism, deism, and agnosticism which were to find voices in Unitarian pulpits before the nineteenth century was half over, most eloquently of all in the Boston pulpit of Theodore Parker. But the centrifugal quality always inherent in Protestantism, almost from its opening years and to the dismay

of Luther, was now to grow, to multiply almost geometrically, and make electrical headway toward the destruction of Protestantism as an interpreter between God and the soul of man.

IT would be a mistake to search for the evidences of the decadence, or of the decadence itself, in the literature of the times, in the utterances of the intellectual leaders. It is a mistake made in the analyses of many historical tendencies and evolutions besides religious ones. The real secret is to be found (and not in religion only)—in the attitude of the voiceless—voiceless, so far as print is concerned—in short, of the rank and file. The intellectuals are only the vocal, comparatively a small proportion of the whole. They lead only those who are already disposed to be led. Professor Felix Adler's much trumpeted Society of Ethical Culture is an illustration. It was not anti-religious or irreligious; it merely ignored religion and proposed to lead man to the Delectable Mountains by diffusing right ethics. It made a great deal of noise for years, and was a sincerely meant effort to make men good without thinking about God one way or the other. It met no response except among the intellectuals, withered, and died and was forgotten. Again, it is not the intellectuals, the vocal, but the voiceless among whom we must look for the root of the matter.

It is needless to study here the various routes into which that once mighty force, Protestant belief, has strayed. The purpose of this article lies not there. So many authoritative writers, both Catholic and Protestant, have elucidated that subject that a mere summary here is enough. In summary, then, Protestant belief has wandered in such an infinite number of directions and with so little sustaining power in each that, as one listens to its spokesmen, one is reminded of nothing so much as voices in a fog, hallooing to each other to follow as each tries to find its way; the voices ever growing fainter and, one by one, becoming lost.

More and more does Protestantism tend toward the centre of social service, since any creed, religious or otherwise, must have some centre, some rallying point. Social service is an excellent ideal, and the Catholic Church, which enfolds all good ideals, includes it and always has. But in proportion as the emphasis on social service grows greater, the more does Protestantism come to resemble Professor Adler's forgotten Society of Ethical Culture. The more does the spiritual come to be subordinated; not in words but in fact. In the Protestant churches the forms are observed, generally but not invariably, and one hears in the sermons the name of God; but, at least in the cities, what "God" may be lies in the ear of each

hearer, not in the tongue of the preacher.

If this is more noticeable in the cities than in the villages, it loses no significance from that fact; for America is becoming urban at a tremendous rate. The cities will certainly overshadow the country regions long before the century is out; even now the rural country near the cities is as urban in thought and habit as the cities themselves. So too of the tiny cities near the big ones. In what, for instance, does little New Rochelle or Mount Vernon differ, mentally and characteristically, from swollen New York?

The Protestant rank and file, even in the rural districts, is coming, or has come, to think of God as an incident of life, remembered chiefly by a decorous church attendance on Sundays. It is no great matter if one omits even that weekly formality. He won't mind. A few years ago, in a Christmas season, a bright, estimable lady asked a man if he was not going to church. He was a Lutheran; I was the only Catholic in the party. He replied that he had not been to church for two or three years. She was scandalized. She said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I am very regular in my church attendance" (she was an Episcopalian). "I go twice a year, and never miss it—Christmas and Easter." It made him uneasy, and that Christmas he did go to church, and plumed himself considerably on having performed his whole religious duty for a year.

THE purpose of this article, which I am conscious of reaching by what must seem outrageously slow degrees, is not to discuss the progressive and rapid failure of Protestantism as a spiritual force, a subject much dealt with by far abler Catholic and Protestant pens. It is, on the contrary, the outlook, not the present. But to make the outlook evident it is impossible to avoid spending more words on present and past.

The Protestant church-goer, then, having the unspoken liberty to believe what he pleases, is in large part an agnostic. Not in words, of course; he uses the old words, and would be offended if he were told what he really is. But "God" with him is likely to be simply Herbert Spencer's "Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." As for immortality, his way of regarding it differs not much from Robert G. Ingersoll's earnest and sincere, "They tell me I take away the hope of immortality. I do not, I would not . . . In the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing." And Ingersoll was, when he said this, the most militant avowed agnostic America has ever seen.

This continuous and furiously fast progression went side by side with an equally furious progression in Protestant religion; and by religion I mean the



relation between the soul and God. But the progression toward decay continues, and continues more rapidly than ever; while the progression towards spirituality, in this sense, died. It found, throughout the nineteenth century, its great manifestation in revivals and triumphant evangelism, on a scale never approached before. Where now is revivalism, where is militant evangelism? Dead and gone, both; a lazy, tranquil quiet, the quiet of easy-going conformity, has succeeded them.

There had been revival movements before the nineteenth century, but they reached their climax then. Jonathan Edwards, despite his present reputation, was not essentially a revivalist; men like Whitefield were few. The revival was largely a Western and Southern product, in its flower, though it reached into the East. In the West and South it bloomed into the camp-meeting, but camp-meetings in the East, when they were attempted, did not take root. The last great evangelist was Dwight L. Moody. In the twentieth century Billy Sunday undertook to revive the revival. He used the machinery of the "drive," invented by commerce, attracted great crowds, and was supposed to have made many converts; but the crowds were mostly curiosity seekers, and the "hitting of the sawdust trail," stimulated by "drive" methods through Sunday's assistants, was a mere shadow of the great days of Moody. Sunday gave it up, and had no successors.

Let no one suppose that this is an indictment of rank and file Protestants, still less that I am absurdly supposing there is no yearning for God among them. The yearning for God is an immutable, unconquerable human instinct, and must have satisfaction. But even when the Catholic Church was supreme in Christendom there were great numbers who, though they conformed, were mentally and temperamentally skeptical in tendency. The point is that in the Middle Ages everything was against their fostering, much more their expressing, this tendency; now, under the relaxed rein of Protestantism, everything favors it. The soil was always there; now it is watered, and its growth encouraged, with results that were to be expected. Not only does it grow among the rank and file, but among the ministers themselves, even in such once staunch and rock-ribbed hosts as the Presbyterian Church and the Church of England, called in America the Episcopal Church.

**I**N a country four-fifths of which is non-Catholic, agnosticism is in the saddle. Again, it is not usually open and avowed agnosticism; the agnostic generally calls himself a Protestant and says he believes in God and the soul. He even thinks he does. But if you question him patiently, you will find that "God" and

"the soul" are figures of speech, and that at best he is a "theist," to use a word made popular by "liberal" Protestant preachers in the last decade of the nineteenth century. When I was a boy, which is long ago, there were still outward and visible signs of the old hardy belief. Before the family could eat, its head offered a prayer of thanks, and at nightfall paterfamilias summoned all of them, including the servants, to family prayers, which he offered as he and they all knelt. Not now—not now, when the reverent spirit with which the Puritans instituted Thanksgiving Day has been transmuted into cheery turkey-eating.

**A**ND now the outcome. Agnosticism, avowed or concealed even from one's self, can never be the permanent or dominating attitude of any country toward religion. It is impossible for the reason that, except for some abnormal cases, the soul of man longs for God, and must have Him. This is not guesswork, but is proved by all history, and by the archaeological discoveries that carry the life of man far back of written history. It is better proved by what each man knows goes on in his own mind, and of which he sees parallels, if only fragmentary ones, in the minds of others.

With this yearning for God, what is the destination of that four-fifths of America? Not agnosticism or "theism"; to fulfill that inward and all but universal impulse, it must be a substantial religion, a religion with bones and blood and flesh, or else all history since before Sumeria is to turn a complete somersault. Protestantism, not as a body or a conventional form but as an answer to that craving, is scattering, going further afield in all directions every day, and the centrifugal momentum is increasing. It is not increasing in the multiplication of sects, which has almost ceased, but in the various interpretations or non-interpretations of the individual members of the old sects. The time is visibly approaching when it will cease to satisfy the inner needs of all its sincere, earnest, and seeking members.

Bones and blood and flesh; in other words, vitality, virility, the obvious answer to the soul's demands. Aside from Catholicism, the attribute is not to be met with anywhere in the Western World, in what used to be called Christendom. It is not to be found, except in isolated outposts, in Protestantism, which is still strong in numbers, organization, and outward appearance, but from which the inner spark is fast going, with no sign of a future return. In only one place in the Western World is there the appearance of health, vigor, and vitality, of blood and bones, and that is Russia with her new religion.

At first it seems strange to speak of Russian Communism as a religion, but it is one, and a proselytizing one too.

Faith has come to Russia at last. She is spoken of as an atheistic republic, but she is only atheistical nor-nor-west. Her hatred of the Church is her hatred of a rival religion which is her only serious obstacle, as she sees it. It is for that reason, not because all those millions suddenly became atheists in 1917, that she has tried to stamp it out.

Communism in Russia, on examination, is a religion because it has tried to substitute the worship of man for the worship of God. Man, as a deity, is identified with the "proletariat"; there is no hymnology for man in the abstract. This substitute worship of man, or of proletarian man, is something no Russian Communist would admit to be a worship, but we are concerned not with words but with facts. The inevitable came quickly to pass; the idolatry of man, or of the proletariat, became worship of the State. The proletarian himself is not getting much out of it. Another inevitability is already beginning to be manifest before us; to the abstract State is succeeding a very concrete thing indeed, the individuals at the head of it. A faith like this may last a long while, so far as one man's lifetime counts, but many successive lifetimes are but a minute in the history of a religion, and this one is too false in conception to be permanent.

The idea of two such rival religions as a possibility was not born in 1917. I have heretofore mentioned in an article in *THE SIGN* a conversation in 1910 with Victor L. Berger, then the leader of the Socialist party in the United States and the ablest American Socialist of his time. Socialism then seemed on the up-grade. Berger, who was a member of Congress and a friend of mine, had no doubt of its ultimate triumph. In one of our many long talks he pictured the powerlessness of its political opponents and its Protestant opponents to stop its onward sweep. When they had all been converted or conquered, he told me, Socialism would confront its last and only dangerous adversary, the Catholic Church, and it would become a battle to the death, he said, between "the Red International and the Black International." The Red International was Socialism and the Black International was the Catholic Church, just as international, just as immovable—really standing for something, as Socialism did and as nothing else did.

**B**ERGER is dead and his dream has vanished. Socialism's apparent strength was illusory. It often cast large votes in elections, but in retrospect it is now seen that this vote was not a Socialist but a protest vote. The citizens who cast it did so only because they were dissatisfied and wanted to voice their discontent. The election of 1932, when the dissatisfied could vote for Franklin Roosevelt, proved it, and the New York City election of 1933, when they could vote for Mayor La

Guardia, reduced the Socialist vote to its lowest terms. In that city they had mustered over 251,000 votes for Mayor in 1932, but in 1933 they cast not much over 63,000. That, then, was the real Socialist maximum; all the rest was protest. In 1933 a Socialist Mayor was elected in Bridgeport, but that too was by a protest vote. Socialism, thus revealed, is at an end as a threat; it takes its place among the freak parties like the old Prohibition party, which, though it will surprise most people to hear it, is still in existence.

The Russian experiment began as a Socialist one, but the Communists captured it within a year and ousted the Socialists, stamping them out first and most remorselessly. Then, somewhat as Berger had predicted the victorious Socialists would do, they turned to assail their only permanent and dangerous adversaries. It was not the Russian Socialists, but the Russian Communists, who infused religious fervor into their revolution, and so assured it of long life; for there is nothing so enduring as religious feeling, and that is something the Socialists of Russia did not have.

How long the Communist religion will dominate Russia no one can foresee, but all its expensive policy of penetration cannot make a dent on this country. It is too foreign to the American spirit. It is noted here as the only force west of Asia that has militant faith and devotion. In this country there remain, and according to the American genius there will remain, no rivals but Catholicism, Protestantism, and that fast-growing scatteration of thought which tends to acknowledged or unavowed agnosticism. The last-named, however it may flourish for a time, has in it no seed of permanency, for it answers no question.

**I**N America, whatever may be the case elsewhere, the questions, or rather the one question, will in the long run be answered by that four-fifths of the population, or by so much of it as is Protestant. To that four-fifths the answer is as yet obscure. But to the God-seeking portion of it the question is not obscure. It ought not to be necessary, but perhaps it sometimes is, to assure Catholics that Protestants are as ardently desirous of the Holy Spirit as they themselves are.

Take a single evidence, since there is no space for more. It is the unexampled story of a book called *Stepping Heavenward*. It was by a Maine woman named Elizabeth Prentiss, then unknown, and was published somewhere in the late 1860s. It was fictional in form, rather thinly so, being the diary of an imaginary woman from her girlhood to late middle age. There was nothing in it of the sweetly sugary-sentimental sort of religious candy too often fed to truth-seekers in the guise of religious fiction. On the contrary, it was true to life; in the girlhood beginning the diarist was full

of faults and set them down relentlessly, as they manifested themselves in incidents of the day, but without any false pretenses of supernatural interventions to make her good. In short, as a Catholic confesses to a priest, so the diarist confessed to her diary. There was no sudden and miraculous reformation; though she kept gaining little by little in the love and understanding of Christ, she continued to err through her young womanhood, her middle age, and her married life. It was, though fiction, the true story of an imperfect human soul slowly attaining perfection because of a lifelong determination—though, being a Protestant, she would not have used those words—to follow the Stations of the Cross.

**T**HERE was nothing goody-goody about it, not a hint of that impossible perfectness that beslavered such writings as the Elsie books. But the appeal this book of Christian realism made was instant, widespread, profound, and lasting, both in individual lives and in subsequent generations. Though unknown to the literary critics, no book of the last seventy years had a deeper effect, and not many a wider public. It went into edition after edition. In this agnostic twentieth century, when Mrs. Prentiss had long been dead, I asked idly in an up-to-date bookstore if they had ever heard of it, and was instantly shown the latest edition, one of that year. Lives were based on it and formed by it. She was and remained an unknown woman, and yet her biography and letters were published when she was dust, in the assurance that the thousands in whose lives she had been so potent would want to know all they could of the person who had so fashioned them.

I have told this story to show the eager craving among Protestants for what the Negro spirituel calls "the way to go Home." Such souls can not, and do not pretend to be, satisfied with the dry husks of agnosticism, and they want more than "the Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." They do not want to be deists, theists, pantheists, or any other vague kind of half-believer. They want to be really religious, and Protestantism is the only religion they know; but in this century Protestantism is fading away into a pale wraith before their eyes, as it was before the eyes of more clear-visioned students, whether Catholic, atheist, or what not, in the nineteenth century. Its fading then was to them a small matter which could never affect them; now they are being brought face to face with the pervasion of the phenomenon everywhere.

When Protestantism has become unmistakably, even to them, the pale wraith, the unembodied shape, which to non-Protestants of all beliefs it is fast becoming now, they will be left confronting the

one Church which never changes, never has changed. All between will have fallen. It will be in a way like the final confrontation which Victor Berger imagined, that of the immutable Catholic Church and what he supposed to be the equally immutable "Red International." But the resemblance will be superficial; for while he imagined the outcome to be a duel to the death, the Protestant seekers for the Holy Spirit will be confronted with believers who seek the Holy Spirit too—and who claim to have found that Spirit.

Why they do not now seek the Spirit in the Catholic Church is a question many Catholics will ask; it seems so easy. But it is not. The first obstacle is ignorance of what the Church really is. The second is a repugnance to complying with its requirements when they do learn. Strange as it seems, this is more of a stumbling-block than the first, for ignorance can be overcome more easily than repugnance. Melancthon is reported to have said that the Catholic religion was a hard one to live by, but an easy one to die by; and he was a Protestant. That is the hurdle so hard to take; the requirements of the Church seem, to the outsider, to be so rigid. An old Protestant friend of mine, for instance, longs to enter the Church; goes regularly to Mass, consults continually with priests, and yet holds back. The reason he gave me was that he was not "good enough to be a Catholic," and no assurances of mine could convince him that he was. I am quite certain that when his end nears he will seek a priest and make his submission in time for his entrance into eternity. Mrs. Stowe, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, hit on a shrewd touch of human nature when she made the slave-dealer, conscience-stricken over his calling, resolve nevertheless to go on in it because he "calculated to repent on it in time."

**A**LL this may sound as if I were expecting a sudden and tumultuous rush of all really religious-minded Protestants into the Catholic Church. If it does, I ask the reader to remember my promise that the outcome is not a matter of months, years, or generations. True, I do think the generations will not be many, but that is a matter of opinion. I do not look for the conversion of four-fifths of the country in our lifetime or our children's, nor for any sudden movement at any time; only for a slow and gradual one. I do not, however, see how any other outcome is possible after Protestantism has ceased to be more than a form and when the religiously-minded have no choice but to examine the one virile repository of Christianity that they see before them. Years, decades, generations, centuries are only hours in the life of the Church. What Bryant said about truth is the historic fact about the Church: "The eternal years of God are hers."

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

# THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

## PRIVATE REPLIES

M. C., Wilmington, D. C.—If the first marriage was performed in violation of the Church law with regard to the proper form, it was invalid. This matter must have been settled before the second marriage was entered into.

A. M. S., Boston, Mass.—Tradition has always taught that St. Jude was martyred, but the manner of his martyrdom is uncertain. True, the Greeks held that he was shot to death by arrows, and that opinion is probable. But he might also have been beheaded as well.

V., Philadelphia, Pa.—The matter you ask about is a moral perversion which is gravely sinful. It is not treated in popular books, but in professional works. More pertinent advice should be sought in confession. Such a habit is grave but not hopeless, especially when prayer and the reception of the Sacraments are used.

M. M., Hanover, Pa.—A letter directed to you at the address given was returned here with the notation "cannot be found." What does this indicate?

M. F. B., Castaic, Cal.—The book you inquire about was not written by a Catholic.

M. C., Jersey City, N. J.—It would take too much space to answer your difficulties. Read *Helps to Purity* by Rev. Fulgence Meyer, O. F. M. Price 75 cents, plus 10 cents for postage.

N. N., St. Joseph, Minn.—(1) *The Following of Christ* and *The Imitation of Christ* are two titles of the same book by Thomas à Kempis. (2) We cannot gain indulgences for the living, but we may be instrumental in obtaining graces for them from God by intercessory prayer. (3) That form of prayer which asks for favors is called the prayer of petition. (4) We have no information relative to Don Bosco's dog. (5) Martyrdom of desire is simply the inclination of a person's will to suffer death for Christ. It is good and meritorious because it is an expression of charity, but it is not real martyrdom. (6) Pope Leo XIII commanded that at least a third part of the Rosary should be recited during the month of October in all parish churches, either during Mass or at some other time. If this disturbs you, try to compose yourself as well as possible, or go to another Mass. (7) The Ritual says nothing about a Mass to be celebrated for a dead child. If it died before attaining the use of reason the Mass of the Angels may be said; if after having attained the use of reason it is treated as an adult.

F. C., Roxbury, Mass.—It was a distinct pleasure to receive your letter of thanks. It is seldom that anyone returns thanks for the help The Sign-Post offers.

Sr. St. J. B., Manteno, Ill.—A biographical notice of Enid Dinnis was printed in the November, 1933, issue, page 213.

## MORE NEWSPAPER INACCURACY—WIDOWER MARRIES DIVORCEE

I am sending you a clipping from The Chicago Daily News of October 10. It says that "one of Poland's most touching romances occurred when the aging, grief-bowed

President Ignace today married Mary Dobrzanska, young divorcee, whose life has also been crossed by the shadow of tragedy. The marriage between the chief executive and the social secretary to his late wife required a special dispensation from the Catholic cardinal." Can you give the facts in the case?—S. T. R., OAK PARK, ILL.

We have no more facts than those supplied by the Associated Press. It would be rash for us to offer an opinion were we not convinced that Press dispatches are notoriously inaccurate when there is question of the matrimonial laws of the Church. The impression is created in the above article that the President of Poland, a widower, married a woman who received a divorce from an indissoluble marriage. Now, such things are contrary to the marriage laws of the Church, and likewise to the Divine law. Therefore, if a divorce had been granted it must have been a civil divorce from a marriage which was invalid before the Church. That this is likely the case is based on the same dispatch, which says that Mme. Dobrzanska, despite the pleadings of her father and mother, eloped to become the wife of the man she adored. Such a statement furnishes good ground for the presumption that her marriage was not contracted validly in the eyes of the Church. Since she was not already married, she was free to marry the President. Don't look for accuracy in such Press reports.

## VETO IN PAPAL ELECTIONS: ADMINISTRATION OF SACRAMENTS OUTSIDE CHURCH

(1) Has the Austrian government any right to object to the newly elected Pope? If so, why has it this privilege? (2) Have ministers of faiths other than the Catholic any power to administer the Sacraments? For example, can a minister of any other faith forgive sins in any case? This question relates to the powers of the bishops who broke away from the Church with Henry VIII in England.—E. F. B., Dorchester, Mass.

(1) The power of veto (*Jus Exclusivæ*—right of exclusion) was formerly claimed by some of the more important Catholic powers as France, Spain, and Austria, whereby they might indicate to the papal conclave the names of those candidates for the papacy who were unacceptable (*persona non grata*) to their respective governments, so that if there was a possibility of one of them being elected the authorized Cardinal would enter a veto in the name of the government against that candidate. This so-called right of exclusion was never admitted as valid by the Popes, though it was tolerated sometimes in order to avoid greater evils. The last time this so-called right was exercised was in the conclave of July, 1903, when Austria instructed its Cardinal to veto the name of Cardinal Rampolla, the leading candidate. The latter vigorously protested against this procedure, not because his chance of election was endangered, but because it was an usurpation. In this conclave Cardinal Joseph Sarto, the Patriarch of Venice, was chosen Pope. Immediately afterward he absolutely repudiated and abolished forever this so-called right, and threatened with excommunication any member of the Sacred College who would dare in any way to exercise a veto of this kind.

(2) In general the administration of the Sacraments has been committed by Christ to those validly ordained to Sacred Orders in the Catholic Church. Bishops and priests are the



ordinary ministers of the Sacraments, though the power of the former is greater than that of the latter. Bishops, for instance, can ordain others to Sacred Orders, but simple priests cannot.

Again, a distinction must be made between valid administration and lawful administration. A Sacrament is validly administered when all essentials are fulfilled; lawfully administered when in obedience to the laws of the Church. A Sacrament, therefore, may be validly but unlawfully administered. Thus, if a bishop loses his jurisdiction he does not at the same time lose his power of Orders. Valid ordination imprints an indelible mark on the soul. If such a bishop ordains others to Sacred Orders they are validly ordained, provided the necessary conditions with regard to matter, form, intention and subject are fulfilled. But such an ordination would be unlawful because he has lost his authority (not the power) to ordain. The validity of such ordinations follows on the principle that Sacraments work *ex opere operato* (from the very work performed).

But priests validly, but unlawfully ordained, could not validly administer the Sacrament of Penance because the *valid*, as well as lawful, administration of this Sacrament demands not only the power of Orders, but also the power of jurisdiction. The Sacrament of Penance is of a judicial nature, and a judge cannot validly pronounce sentence unless he has jurisdiction in the case. Nevertheless, in extraordinary cases, as in the hour of death, the Church supplies jurisdiction for the absolution of all sins and censures to all validly ordained priests.

Non-Catholic ministers who have received ordination according to Protestant forms only are not validly ordained, and consequently have neither the power of Orders nor the power of jurisdiction in the Catholic sense. In reality they are only laymen. Therefore they cannot administer the Sacrament of Penance. But they can validly administer the Sacrament of Baptism because Baptism can be administered by anyone who uses the proper matter, form and intention.

The validly ordained Catholic clergy who fell into heresy and schism with Henry VIII retained the power of Orders. Regarding their power of jurisdiction we are not prepared to venture an opinion.

#### MAY A LAYMAN BECOME POPE?

*Can a layman become Pope? Has this ever occurred? I was led to believe that it was possible, but lately I have been informed that one must be at least a priest in order to become Pope.*—R. C., SWISSVALE, PA.

Strictly speaking any baptized male Catholic who has come to the age of reason, even a married layman, may be chosen to the office of Pope. But there is no likelihood of this happening. For the last five hundred years the Popes have been chosen from the College of Cardinals. This is the present practice of the Church. We do not know whether or not a layman was ever elected Pope. If such a case should occur it would be necessary for him to receive Sacred Orders after his election.

#### THE PIERCED SIDE OF CHRIST

*On which side of the body was Our Lord pierced with the lance? I have noticed that on some crucifixes the right side is pierced, though the heart is on the left side.*—K. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

St. John does not tell us on which side of the body of Our Lord the lance entered. This may be the reason for the differences to be seen in crucifixes in regard to the location of this wound. The heart is generally thought to be on the left side of the body, but more properly it is somewhat in the center of the breast, between the two lungs, with the bottom inclining towards the left. If the breast is pierced from the right side the heart can easily be reached, especially if the thrust is received in the front of the breast.

Some of the ancients by word and picture taught that this

wound was on the right side, in fulfilment of the prediction made by the Prophet Ezechiel, "and behold there ran out waters on the right side" (*Ezech. 47:2*). The lance seemed to have entered the right side and to have pierced the pericardium and the heart, the point of the spear coming out on the left side of the breast. It is significant that when St. Francis of Assisi received the stigmata the wound of the lance was on his right side, according to the testimony of St. Bonaventure in his *Life of the former*. St. Bridget of Sweden tells us in her *Revelations* (Book VII, chap. XV) that Christ was pierced on the right side. (*Cornelius a Lapide*, Commentary, John 19:34.)

#### CHRISTIANS IN IRELAND BEFORE ST. PATRICK

*Was all Ireland pagan when St. Patrick entered there? Or were there a few Christians living there?*—A. E. R., BOSTON, MASS.

There were a considerable number of Christians in Ireland before the advent of St. Patrick. Christianity seems to have been introduced into the country through intercourse with Britain and the Continent. In 430 A. D., Pope Celestine sent Palladius, a bishop and native of Britain, "to the Scots (Irish) believing in Christ." Palladius did not accomplish much in the way of conversions and almost immediately returned to Britain. In 432 A. D., the same Pope sent St. Patrick to succeed him. While some of the Irish were Christians at that time, the predominant belief was paganism. St. Patrick's glory is that when he died Christianity supplanted paganism. For this reason he is called the Apostle of the Irish.

#### SEPARATED SOULS WITHOUT NERVOUS SYSTEMS

*A professor of psychology in a secular college told his class that it is impossible to enjoy Heaven or suffer in Hell because the separated soul has no nervous system. A Catholic student told him that Catholics believe in the resurrection of the body. He replied that millions of people die every day and yet we do not see their bodies floating up to Heaven. The student replied that the Resurrection will take place on the last day. Will you please give me an answer to this objection?*—M. C., DELAWARE, O.

In the first place the professor does not appear to know his subject—the soul. He ought to know that it is because of the presence of the spiritual soul in the human body that the latter feels pleasure and pain. The nervous system is, of course, distinct from the soul which vivifies it. But once the soul leaves the body there is no longer any sensation in it, for the animating principle has fled. A corpse does not suffer or feel pleasure, though its nervous system is perfect.

Man is not soul only or body only, but a composite of the two. Whatever belongs to the composite does not remain in the separated soul simply, but only in principle. That is, the powers or principles of sensitive operations remain *radically* in the separated soul, or after the manner that effects exist in their causes, or consequences in their principles. Thus, if a spring is dammed up it will not flow, but the stream remains in the spring in principle. Level the dam and the stream will flow again. So, when the separated soul will be reunited to its body the sensitive powers will again operate, either for pain in the damned, or for pleasure in the saved.

Since the sensitive powers remain in the separated soul in principle, or radically, it is not to be wondered at that the Omnipotent God can inflict sensible pain on it. The pain of sense in Hell is by fire. This is the express declaration of Jesus Christ: "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels." (*Matt. 25:41*.) If material fire can afflict the soul through the medium of the body and its nervous system in this world, why should it be thought impossible that God in punishment for sins should inflict pain on the soul in Hell without the medium of the body? Surely, He can do what secondary causes are able

to accomplish. How the fire torments the soul in Hell is a mystery. Theologians have speculated as to the manner, but there is no satisfactory explanation. If this fire afflicts demons, who are spiritual substances, there is no reason why it cannot afflict souls. Jesus Christ said that the pain of sense was fire. We must take Him at His word, and laugh at the silliness of psychologists.

In Heaven, however, the pleasure of the elect essentially consists in the intuitive vision of God by means of the "light of glory." They see Him face to face. God is absolutely spiritual in His nature. The blessed soul can see Him by the help of the light of glory because the object of the rational appetite, which remains in the separated soul, is the true, the good and the beautiful. In this life these objects are presented under the form of sense impressions, but in themselves they are transcendental. The mind extracts ideas of them by a process of reasoning. In Heaven the Perfect Good, Absolute Truth, and Beauty Itself is presented to the human intelligence. The soul goes out spontaneously to them and in this vision is essentially constituted the happiness of the elect. There is no need of a nervous system here. It is question of an entirely spiritual nature, and in this respect unlike the punishment of the damned by fire. But after the Resurrection, which will take place at the last day, the human body will be joined to the soul. And then the nervous system will participate in the pleasure or the pain of the soul, as the case may be.

If the learned professor will be on hand on the last day he will see souls reunited to their bodies because the Lord Who made the bodies declares that such a reunion will occur. Whether they shall then float about doesn't concern us.

#### ANGELS FINISHING ROSARY: PLACE OF MIXED MARRIAGE: CHARLENE: GOING TO PROTESTANT CHURCH

(1) Is it true that if a Rosary is commenced in bed at night and one falls asleep before its completion, the angels will finish it? (2) Can a Catholic marry a non-Catholic at the altar, or must they be married in the sacristy or rectory? (3) If a Catholic has gone to his own church on a Sunday, might he accompany a non-Catholic friend to a Protestant church, provided he doesn't take part in the services? (4) Is Charlene a Catholic name? (5) Where may I obtain a list of Catholic names for children?—E. C. S., BAYSHORE, N. Y.

(1) This appears to us a bed-time story.

(2) The Canon Law in this matter says that mixed marriages should be celebrated outside the Church (Canon 1109). In this country it is the custom to celebrate marriages of this kind in the pastor's house.

(3) It is forbidden to attend religious services in non-Catholic churches. Catholics have the true manner of worshipping God. It would be tantamount to denying this were a Catholic to take part in non-Catholic Divine services. While it is always strictly forbidden to take active and formal part in such services, it is sometimes allowed for a grave cause to be present at such services in a purely passive manner, when the duties of one's office demand it, and refusing to attend would not be understood and would cause grave difficulty. But the reason you allege is not sufficient.

(4) We have never heard of this name, but think it is a derivative of Charles.

(5) *Baptismal Names* by Rev. Joseph L. Weidenhan may be obtained through THE SIGN. Price \$1.50, postage 15 cents.

#### APPARITIONS AND GHOSTS

*Does not the Church forbid Catholics to maintain belief in ghosts and apparitions, as contrary to the First Commandment? Many of my Catholic friends, who are devout and not too gullible, maintain that there are such things as apparitions.*—J. B. D., BOSTON, MASS.

It is not contrary to the Catholic faith to believe that apparitions of spiritual beings, both good and bad, may occur; nor that departed souls may have intercourse with the living.

Holy Scripture narrates many instances of apparitions of supernatural beings and of the dead. Thus, Moses and Elias appeared together with Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration before the gaze of the Apostles. (Matt. 17:3.) Angels appeared several times to St. Joseph, and also to the holy women on the occasion of Our Lord's Resurrection. Of course, the greatest of all apparitions was that of Christ Himself, Who appeared about eleven times to the Apostles after He had risen from the grave, with the same body which had been crucified.

In ecclesiastical history many apparitions have occurred which have every mark of authenticity. Thus, there is every good reason to believe that the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared about eighteen times to Saint Bernadette at Lourdes.

Departed spirits of men and women may at times communicate with the living. In the lives of the Saints many instances of this kind are recorded which it would be rash to deny. If these souls appear visible to the sight or imagination they might be termed ghosts, or shades of the dead. But whenever a genuine apparition of supernatural beings or of the separated souls of men occurs it is due to the permission of God. Spiritual intelligences and separated human souls can have no commerce with the living except it be allowed them by God.

These remarks suppose cases of unlooked for visitations and communication from beings outside this world, not the phenomena of spiritism, in which there is much fraud. In the latter overt attempts are made to communicate with spirits, contrary not only to Holy Scripture, but also to the explicit condemnation of the Church.

(N. B.) The books listed are not on the Index.

#### NATURE OF SUBSTANCE

*On page 728 of the July, 1933, issue you said that "only the mind can penetrate beneath accidents of bodies to their substance." To me it would appear to follow from this that if mind can penetrate beneath accidents of bodies to their substance the particular mind of this or that scientist could understand just what substance is, and just what changes it might undergo. And, therefore, whether or not it was changed into Our Lord's Body and Blood by Transubstantiation. Will you please explain?*—N. N., VIRGINIA.

It is a postulate of common sense and of right reason that something must lie beneath the accidents or phenomena of matter. Thus, the redness of an apple cannot exist actually in itself. It must exist in something else. That something philosophy calls substance. Substance sustains the accidents which inhere in it. So that the definition of a substance is that which exists in itself and not in something else. Whereas the definition of an accident is that which exists in something else and not in itself. The apple is not the redness nor the shape nor the size. It is something underneath all these accidents. But just what the nature of substance is no one knows. Your difficulty is that you infer that because the mind conceives the idea of substance, it follows that it also knows the nature of substance. This conclusion does not follow. The existence of substance is one thing, its nature is another. In the domain of philosophy the greatest uncertainty reigns even at the present day concerning the nature of matter.

Your fears are unwarranted. First of all Catholics believe in the dogma of Transubstantiation because Christ revealed it, Who can neither deceive nor be deceived. His word never falleth away. Therefore, it will never happen that any scientist will be able to disprove this doctrine. Secondly, there is no likelihood that science will ever be able to determine what substance is in itself. Whatever experiments the physical sciences make is not on substance directly, but on accidents. The substance beneath these accidents can be got at only by a process of reasoning. No matter how small they may reduce the size of a body, it still has accidents. The substance defies analysis.

## VERSION OF BIBLE IN MODERN ENGLISH

(1) *Is there any hope of getting a version of the Holy Scriptures in up-to-date English soon?* (2) *When was the present version translated?*—W. G., St. Louis, Mo.

(1) If you mean in up-to-date language such as Dr. Goodrich of the University of Chicago uses in his modern rendition, we think not. He translated "yea, Lord" into "yes, sir." Such a style may be modern, but it doesn't appeal to us. We think that the old version is better. There is a new Catholic version of the New Testament called the Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures, "translated from the original text, with introduction, critical and explanatory notes, appendices and maps."

(2) The current version of the Bible used among English speaking Catholics is the Douay Version, edited by Bishop Challoner. This version was not published at one time. The New Testament was published at Rheims in 1582, and the Old Testament at Douay in 1609-10.

## FORBIDDEN FRUIT

*What is the meaning of the "forbidden fruit" in the story of the Garden of Eden? Is it true that Eve was the forbidden fruit, and that the story of the apple was only an example?*—E. S. W., CAPE MAY, N. J.

The nature of "the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil," which God forbade Adam and Eve to eat of, under penalty of death, is not known with certainty. The Church, while teaching that the story of the Fall must be held as literal and historical in regard to the substance of it, has not declared authoritatively as to the nature of this fruit. The Jewish and Christian tradition has always held that it was a material fruit of some kind, perhaps of the apple family. Some interpreters have thought that this fruit was called "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil" in anticipation, as it were, of the sin which would follow on the eating of it, in contempt of the express prohibition of the Creator. The forbidden fruit was not Eve, for as soon as she was created she was united in marriage with Adam and commanded to increase and multiply. The fulfilment of that command was enjoined and not forbidden. Moreover, Catholic theology teaches that both Adam and Eve were endowed with the gift of integrity, which accompanied the infusion of sanctifying grace. One quality of this gift was that they were immune from concupiscence; that is, the allurements of sensible goods was not able to get the jump, as it were, on their judgment, as so frequently happens with us. Their reason and will were perfectly coördinated and had complete mastery over the lower passions. Thus, we read that they were both naked and were not ashamed before the commission of sin. But after they sinned they were ashamed of their nakedness and made to themselves aprons in order to cover it. This was because they had lost, together with sanctifying grace, the gift of integrity. The opinion that original sin was of a sensual nature is not new, but very old—as old as Philo the Jew. But such an opinion has never found favor in the Church.

## ST. ROCH: A SAINT'S ONLY PRAYER

(1) *Will you please give me some information about a Saint named Roch?* (2) *What Saint said only the following prayer throughout his life: "Glory be to the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost?"*—G. H., ISLIP, N. Y.

(1) St. Roch was born at Montpellier, France, some time in the fourth century. He was the son of the governor of Montpellier. Left an orphan at the age of twenty, he gave away his patrimony and went on a pilgrimage to Rome. A plague was ravaging Italy at the time and St. Roch nursed the sick in many places, notably Acquapendente, Cesena, Rome, Modena, Mantua, and Parma. At Piacenza he was stricken himself, and not wishing to be a burden to any hospital, dragged himself out into the woods to die. Here he was miraculously

fed by a dog, whose master soon found him and looked after him. When he was cured he returned to Piacenza and continued his works of charity, healing many persons and also cattle by simply making over them the Sign of the Cross. He got back to Montpellier where he was made a prisoner, the city being in a state of war at the moment. He remained in prison till his death, which occurred five years later. When his body was examined he was recognized as the son of the former governor of Montpellier by a cross-shaped birth mark on his breast. He was therefore given a public funeral in atonement for his imprisonment. After his death he continued to perform many miracles. He soon became the Saint to be invoked against pestilence. During the Council of Constance (1414-18) he was said to have stopped an epidemic by his intercession with God, and the Council approved his cult. St. Roch is named in the Roman Martyrology and his feast is kept in many places on August 16th. There is no evidence that he was a Franciscan Tertiary, but the Franciscans venerate him as such and observe his feast on August 17th. (*Butler's Lives of the Saints*, new edition, Thurston-Attwater.)

(2) We have no information about this Saint.

## THANKING GOD IN SICKNESS

*If a Catholic enjoys robust health he is told to thank God for it. If he is afflicted with cancer, however, he is to blame himself or nobody. Does God control the health of the individual? If He does, then the man suffering from cancer is justified in blaming Him. If He does not, then there is no reason why a healthy individual should thank Him. Can you enlighten me as to why Catholics should thank God for good and not blame Him for ill?*—J. O'D., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Holy Scripture declares repeatedly that God governs the world, not only in general but in particular, even to the minutest details. "Wisdom (God) attains from end to end mightily and disposes all things sweetly"; "there is no other God but Thou, Who hast care of all things." (*Wis. 8:1, 12:13.*) But over man God exerts a special providence. Our Lord declared that not a sparrow fell to the ground without the permission of God; then referring to man He said: "the very hairs of your head are numbered; fear not, therefore, you are better than many sparrows." (*Matt. 10:29, et seq.*) Consequently, the temporal well being of man is an object of Divine Providence: "your Father in Heaven knoweth that you have need of all these things."

But it must ever be remembered that man's temporal welfare is not paramount. In God's plan the spiritual perfection of man is the all important object. Everything else must be subjected to that, as the higher must always be preferred to the lower, and eternal things to temporal.

Whatever of good we enjoy is the effect of God's bounty: "what hast thou that thou hast not received, and if thou hast received it, why dost thou glory as if thou receivedst it not?" (*1 Cor. 4:7.*) Therefore, if a man enjoys good health he must thank God for it, for it is a natural good. But when he contracts a disease, it may happen from one of two causes, either because of his own violation of nature's laws, or on account of circumstances beyond his control. If the first, he has no one to blame but himself. If the second, he must not think that the disease is the result of God's neglect. Rather, it is a physical evil which God's permits for His own wise purposes.

Evil as such God never directly wills, since He is both all wise and all good. But He does will physical evils sometimes in what is called an accidental manner, in so far as He permits them for the greater good. If a disease is contracted because of the violation of nature's laws, the patient is given an opportunity to atone for his sins by patiently enduring the disease, and thus make a virtue of necessity. If it is not due to any fault, he can look upon it as an occasion of much spiritual good, in so far as it gives him the opportunity of practicing many virtues which otherwise he might never practice. Be-



sides, disease is also the occasion of many beautiful acts of virtue on the part of others. Thus, the disease of cancer among poor people was the occasion of that great and noble woman Mother Alphonsa Lathrop establishing the Rosary Hill Home at Hawthorne, N. Y.—a cancer hospital for poor patients, where all treatment and facilities are afforded *gratis*.

Bodily diseases in their very origin are the result of original sin. In the beginning God made man right. But through the disobedience of Adam to God's law all kinds of disorder—moral, physical, mental—were brought into the world. This cannot be ascribed to God, but to man. But despite the sinfulness of man God has transformed evil into so many occasions of good. Therein is shown His Providence.

Human life with all its sufferings cannot be understood save in the light of eternal life. This end is to be united with God forever in Heaven. In order to attain this end God permits many things to happen to individuals, which otherwise would seem cruel and unjust. Thus, when the swallow let drop hot dung on the eyes of Tobias while sleeping, thus blinding him, his wife and relatives taunted him, saying, "Where is thy hope for which thou gavest alms and buried the dead." But Tobias rebuked them saying, "Speak not so; for we are the children of the saints, and look for that life which God will give to those that never change their faith in Him." (Tob. 2:16,17.) Here is the answer to your question. Did Tobias thank for his blindness? He did, "giving thanks to God all the days of his life" (Tob. 2:14). Moreover, he lived to have his blindness cured by the extract of a fish's liver. Meanwhile he was an example of beautiful patience and resignation, like holy Job. The latter had the right attitude in temporal calamities: "If we have received good things at the hand of God, why should we not receive evil." (Job 2:10.) We strongly recommend that you read the story of Tobias and Job. There are many lessons of wisdom in them.

A person, therefore, in a sickness which does not seem to be justly merited for his sins, has cause to thank God because by means of it he has an opportunity of increasing his merit and thereby of being made more worthy of eternal life. A Christian must take a long view of this world and its ills. Life on earth is like an episode in the making of a moving picture. If you were to look at the filming of one episode you would think it meaningless. But if you knew the whole story you would see how that scene fitted in with it. So with life's ills. When looked at as a part of God's scheme of salvation, they will have a meaning. Our Savior's life was full of sadness and sorrow, though He was the Sinless One. Yet He thanked God always. And He told us to "take up our cross and follow Him," else we could not enter into eternal life. By looking on Jesus carrying His cross, it will be easier for us to carry our own, and in doing so we will be walking in the road to everlasting happiness. And that is something to thank God for.

#### NUPTIAL MASS NOT STRICTLY OBLIGATORY

(1) *Is it the law of the Catholic Church that Catholics must be married at a High Mass?* (2) *What kind of papers must one have in order to be married?* (3) *Are Catholics free to go to any other local priest to be married, when their own parish priest refuses to marry them in the way they wish to be married?* (4) *Can you recommend a book which gives marriage laws of the Church for the laity?*—N. N.

(1) The Canon Law in the matter is as follows: "The pastor shall take care that the spouses receive the solemn blessing, which may be given them even after a long time of married life, but only during Mass, with due regard to the rubrics, and outside the forbidden times." (Canon 1101.) Therefore, it can hardly be said that there is a strict obligation to receive the nuptial blessing, for otherwise the law would not be phrased as it is given above. Nevertheless, it is the wish of the Church that Catholic spouses receive this precious blessing, in order that they may receive its special benefits for the perfection of their married life. The Code of Canon Law does not specify

anything about the quality of the Nuptial Mass. It may be either a read or a sung Mass.

(2) If the parties were baptized outside the parish where they are to be married, it is necessary to produce a baptismal certificate, and all other papers necessary to prove that they are free from impediments.

(3) Catholics may marry *validly* before any authorized pastor, or his delegate, and at least two witnesses; but they may marry *lawfully* only before the pastor, or his delegate, of the place where they have a canonical domicile or residence. This rule is made for the protection of the rights of pastors in administering the Sacraments.

(4) *This IS Christian Marriage*, published by The Sign Press, Union City, N. J., explains the marriage laws of the Church for the laity. Price \$1.60, postpaid.

#### GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Blessed Lady, G. F., Coldwater, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, M. L., Elmhurst, L. I.; Poor Souls, J. G., St. Louis, Mo.; St. Anthony, T. J. D., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, Miraculous Mother, St. Joseph, Little Flower, C. T. W., Philadelphia, Pa.; Blessed Lady, L. M. H., Freeport, N. Y.; St. Anthony, M. F. B., Smoke Run, Pa.; St. Teresa, M. G. D., E. Brightwater, Mass.; St. Anne, K. M. K., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, Souls in Purgatory, A. F., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Lady, M. C. L., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Poor Souls, K. McD., Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Anthony, M. H., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, M. J., Wyncote, Pa.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, W. A. S., Philadelphia, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, A. G., Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Anthony, S. H., New Rochelle, N. Y.; St. Anthony, L. M., Fort Wayne, Ind.; Blessed Virgin, M. G., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Paul, St. Anne, A. B., Clarks-ville, Tenn.; Sacred Heart, E. D., Chestnut Hill, Mass.; Poor Souls, K. E., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Our Lady, E. R. S., Detroit, Mich.; Blessed Mother, M. N. P. R., Shelbyville, Ind.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Sacred Heart of Mary, St. Joseph, St. Ann, M. P. L. N., Scranton, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, F. J. B., Pitts- ton, Pa.

#### THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

E. S., Patchogue, N. Y.; R. S., Patchogue, N. Y.; M. N. A. H., Baltimore, Md.; A. T. O'D., Portland, Maine; M. H. R., Buffalo, N. Y.; G. F., Coldwater, N. Y.; M. M. S., Gloucester, N. J.; S. P. G., Westernport, Md.; E. R. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. M. J., St. Paul, Minn.; A. D. B., St. Mary's, Kansas; B. K., New York, N. Y.; M. C., Rye, N. J.; C. T. W., Philadelphia, Pa.; R. A. B., Watertown, Mass.; M. F. B., Smoke Run, Pa.; A. L. C., Brighton, Mass.; M. C., St. Joseph's, Missouri; M. H., New York, N. Y.; M. D., Long Island City, N. Y.; M. J., Wyncote, Pa.; W. A. S., Philadelphia, Pa.; I. R. R., Evansville, Ind.; M. W. D., Mount Vernon, N. Y.; E. C. N., Scranton, Pa.; E. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.; P. P., Pawtucket, R. I.; H. A. F., Brockton, Mass.; M. S., New Albany, Ind.; M. J. H., Cambridge, Mass.; E. J. G., Cambridge, Mass.; A. B., Clarksville, Tenn.; E. D., Chestnut Hill, Mass.; E. R. S., Detroit, Mich.; E. D., Hamilton, Bermuda, M. N. P. R., Shelbyville, Ind.; M. F. F., Milwaukee, Wisc.; L. V. G., Flushing, N. Y.; M. M. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. A. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. E. MacN., Philadelphia, Pa.; C. L. B., Cambridge, Mass.; M. D., New York, N. Y.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

*In this issue we are giving ten pages to The Sign-Post to catch up with the matter in hand. While it is gratifying to receive so many questions and letters, our correspondents are reminded that, in consideration of space, their communications should be made as brief as possible.—EDITOR.*

#### MAY'S BOOK ON THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the October number of *THE SIGN* there is a book review of *The Oxford Movement* by J. Lewis May, on page 185. It speaks of Anglicans having "revived the sacramental system." How could they "revive" what never existed? True, they may have one valid Sacrament—that is Baptism. But, as I well remember, there was at least one Anglican minister in Toronto (my former home) who used to state emphatically before he baptized a child, that he did not believe in Baptismal regeneration. Such a man could not even have the proper intention.

What is meant by the reference to the "altar"? Anglicans have no "altar." An altar implies a sacrificing priesthood. (Low church people never use the word—they dislike it.) Anglicans have no priesthood. Why, the very word is hated by them, and the word "priest" was deleted from their ordination service in 1559, and not restored to it till 1662, a gap of 103 years. Kindly explain how a "sacramental system" can exist without Orders. The word "priest" retained in the Anglican Book of Common Prayer is understood in the sense of "presbyter or elder." *Sacerdos* is what the Catholic Church's use of the word implies. Our priests are real priests, not imitation ones.

I was formerly an Anglican and I know that Anglican Orders are not valid. The Anglicans are just a religious body on a par with any other Protestant sect.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

MARY L. VON SZELISKI.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Anglicans are essentially Protestant for they rest on the principle of private judgment. The remark about the revival of the sacramental system may be interpreted as a revival of the "idea" of the same system, not a revival of the sacramental system itself. The Thirty-nine Articles taught but two Sacraments—Baptism and the Eucharist, but the Anglo-Catholic school professes to believe in seven Sacraments. The Anglicans have altars—some very beautiful ones—but they are altars only in the material sense. They have no real priesthood, and therefore cannot administer any Sacrament that requires the power of Orders and jurisdiction. Mr. May, so far as we know, is not a Catholic.

#### DIOCESES TUCSONENSIS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In *THE SIGN* for November J. M. McBurney gave us an excellent exposition of "Why Neo-Eboracensis" and "Where is Xylopolis?" But when he was looking over the catalog of the United States dioceses I wonder if he didn't back up when he came to *Diocesis Tucsonensis*? He may know his Latin, his Greek, his Spanish, his French, but this name for the diocese that is Arizona must have halted him.

*Diocesis Tucsonensis* is the Latin for the Spanish *Stjukson*, which is as near as our alphabet can come to the sound the Papago Indians make when they designate the village at the foot of the Black Mountain. Father Kino, the peer of Jesuit explorers and missionaries in the United States, visited the little Indian village in 1694 and named it San Cosme de Tucson. Two miles further down the Santa Cruz River he founded another village and named it San Agustin de Ouir. Subsequent migrations brought the two neighboring villages together and San Agustin overcame San Cosme on the map. When the Spanish presidio was established at the site of the village, in 1776, it was called El Presidio del Pueblito de Tucson. The soldiers' patron was Nuestra Señora de Guada-

lupe, and the patron of the villagers San Agustin. Today the cathedral church is still under the patronage of St. Augustine of Hippo, and the diocesan coat-of-arms carries the figure of a deer (taken from the Arizona territorial shield) holding aloft a sharp-pointed missionary cross, and standing upon a three-peaked black mountain.

So you see J. M. McBurney can now add a perfectly good Papago Indian name to his litany of languages of the dioceses of the United States.

GLOBE AREA, C. C. C.  
GLOBE, ARIZONA.

(REV.) VICTOR R. STONER,  
AREA CHAPLAIN.

#### A COMMENT ON FATHER GROSS' COMMUNICATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I express my deep regret at the utter lack of good taste, as well as Christian charity, shown by Father Gross in his slur at the good faith of Ernest Hemingway, and my deeper regret that *THE SIGN* should practically nullify its "toast" to Mr. Hemingway by publishing the slur?

Converts have a hard enough time as it is. If there is to be any "shock" to such as Father Gross, it should shock born Catholics to profound humility.

I received a valued part of my education from the Congregation to which Father Gross belongs, and in all fairness it must be said that his crudity is not representative of his confrères whom I know.

In conclusion, I would like to add that we may be sure that Mr. Hemingway will do the same thing "about the Sixth Commandment" that we are justified in supposing that Father Gross does about it, namely, keep it as best he can.

I like *THE SIGN* too, and because I like it, I have written this letter.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

(REV.) CHARLES C. BOLDRICK.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *THE SIGN* did not nullify its toast to Mr. Ernest Hemingway. In printing Father Gross' communication it gave him the same courtesy it now extends to Father Boldrick.

#### TWO RECENT BIOGRAPHIES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Since a well-written biography creates an interest and an attraction all its own, there is a genuine treat in store for those readers who have not yet come in contact with two books to which reference was made in the September issue of *THE SIGN* in these words: "The writer, Helen Grace Smith, is the author of *A Knight of the Cross* (Father Maurice Smith, C. P.) and collaborated with her brother, Walter George Smith, in writing *Fidelis of the Cross*."

No intelligent Catholic, and for that matter no intelligent non-Catholic, can begin to read either book and not become intensely interested. The perusal of these volumes brings its own reward, and in overflowing measure.

They are biographies that open up to us the noble careers of two heroes who were exemplary members of a Religious Order, ideal priests, and most zealous missionaries; who were richly endowed with natural talent which was elevated to a high degree of perfection by the superior education they received; who were adorned with the supernatural virtues and the magnetic personal qualities which render an individual pleasing to God and to man.

Dehon Smith, the future Father Maurice, was a member of a highly cultured and exemplary Catholic family. From the very beginning of his eventful life, tradition and environment and educational facilities were all in his favor. He realized early in life that God had bestowed upon him the privilege of a vocation to the priesthood in a Religious Order. He promptly obeyed the Divine call as soon as it had manifested itself to him, and generously made the sacrifice of separation from his parents, his sisters, and his brothers—all of whom he loved with such tender affection.

From the day he entered the novitiate of the Passionists (that grand army of true soldiers of Christ which has accomplished so much for the glory of God, for the good of the Church, and for the salvation of souls) till the day he breathed forth his beautiful soul into the hands of his Creator, he never lost sight of the sublime ideal placed before his spiritual sons by St. Paul of the Cross.

To be able to follow the life of Father Maurice in all its attractive and edifying manifestations, from his childhood in Torresdale, Philadelphia, to his holy death in Buenos Aires, is certainly a privilege. To meditate upon such a life is bound to prove beneficial to a person in any state in this world. The same remark applies to the life of Father Fidelis.

James Kent Stone, in later life known as Father Fidelis, Passionist, was the son of very respectable and cultured Protestant parents. His father was an Episcopalian minister who received important appointments in his denomination and who, together with his accomplished wife, moved in the higher circles of New England society. James enjoyed from his earliest years the advantages of a fine, liberal education. When he had completed his junior studies he entered Harvard University, and later on Göttingen University. To these academical advantages were added those of foreign travel. In connection with this phase of his early career his experiences on the Alps produce a special fascination.

When his European course of studies had come to an end, he returned to the United States. As the Civil War was then raging, he considered it his duty to enlist for active service. His bravery and ability on the field of battle merited for him promotion to the rank of lieutenant. As soon as his military career came to an end he became professor of Latin in Kenyon College; soon after its President; and later on President of Hobart College.

In the meantime he had become a prominent clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He had also married a member of a family which had the same high social standing and the same religious persuasion as his own. Shortly after the birth of their third child, his devoted and exemplary wife died. Her death took place in February. Doctor Stone continued to perform his duties as President of Hobart College, and a presbyter of the Episcopal Church for some months after the death of his wife, but only for some months, as he resigned the former position in the summer, and the latter in the fall. He entered the Catholic Church December 8.

The account of his conversion, and of the great sacrifice it entailed, is one of the most interesting, most instructive, and most edifying that can be found in any biography.

As Dr. Stone was convinced he had a vocation to the priesthood, he very soon after he had made proper provision for the Catholic education of his children began the necessary course of studies. It did not take him long to acquire the requisite knowledge. He was ordained, and became one of the Paulist Fathers, and very soon one of marked distinction even of this society of zealous and learned priests. He had long felt himself called to a still higher state of life. So, when circumstances necessary for the fulfillment of his cherished desire presented themselves, he joined the Passionists and thenceforth became known as Father Fidelis. His life up to this is one that challenges our powers of appreciation and of admiration. But what language can express the effects produced upon us as we become acquainted with him in his rôle as Passionist throughout the rest of his very long life?

The same elevated, supernatural outlook dominated the lives of Father Maurice and of Father Fidelis. Their characters and their cultured tastes bore a very strong resemblance to each other. It is no wonder, then, that such a firm bond of friendship existed between them. Nor should we be surprised that Dehon Smith, soon after he had been introduced to Father Fidelis, chose the Passionist Order in preference to all others as his own Religious Family of predilection.

Both biographies are assets and ornaments in any library or home. They supply us with precious spiritual reading. They

give us incidentally very valuable information on a variety of subjects. Readers who find a special delight in tales of foreign travel, will be fascinated by what they shall discover in these books. The polished style which is in harmony with the contents of these two very instructive and interesting biographies enhances the pleasure of reading them.

*A Knight of the Cross* can be procured from the Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, and *Fidelis of the Cross* from G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

(REV.) J. J. FITZPATRICK, C. S. SP.

CORNWALL HEIGHTS, PA.

## APOSTOLATE TO ASSIST THE DYING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I read a communication in *THE SIGN* some time past about the Apostolate to Assist the Dying. Having procured a few cards from Father Markham I distributed them among nurses. That was last July.

Today I received a letter from one of the nurses. Allow me to quote: "The patient to whom I gave one of the cards became a Catholic. I was present to see her receive four sacraments. Thank God for such a wonderful gift. She was a non-Catholic and had a terrible fear of death. Now she is longing to die."

Personally, I can not thank God enough that I acted on that communication in your magazine.

Will you find space to print the above as a *follow-up* to the first communication on the Apostolate? To see such a result may encourage others to distribute the cards of the Apostolate.

SCRANTON, PA.

(REV.) VINCENT CONNORS, C. P.

## THE CATHOLIC vs THE SECULAR PRESS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Pressure of editorial duties prevented my reading the November issue of *THE SIGN* until the December issue was ready for press. I am sorry I could not wish my two opponents, Mr. K. I. Irvington and "A Secular Scribe" a Happy Christmas. I wish them instead a Happy New Year. I shall co-ordinate my replies to the two gentlemen and skeletonize the replies.

"A Secular Scribe" says I misunderstood and misinterpreted his article "Priests and Publicity." If I did, so did other Catholic diocesan editors. Some of them who have written to me have been caustic in condemnation of that article. They insist that I gauged "A Secular Scribe's" article correctly. They further insist, contrary to "A Secular Scribe's" reiterated statement, that there is competition between the Secular and Catholic papers in the matter of Catholic news, and maintain that such competition is conducive to the best interests of the Church.

In calling me a sensitive editor, Mr. Irvington speaks the truth, at least I hope he does. All Catholic editors are sensitive to the best interests of the Church. That is why the diocesan editors pursue the policy with which Mr. Irvington and "A Secular Scribe" take issue. In calling such a policy a destructive one, Mr. Irvington shoots wide of the mark. He simply does not know the facts in the case. I realize that his denunciation of me is due to such ignorance and his zeal for the Church.

Let me tell him and "A Secular Scribe" that *The Baltimore Catholic Review*, to which I am attached, has done more to obtain publicity for the Catholic Church in the Archdiocese of Baltimore than practically any other single agency of which I know. It is a Catholic Information Centre for secular papers in the Archdiocese. It furnishes these papers with stories, feature articles, photographs and tips on many stories past, present and future. The secular papers appreciate what *The Review* is doing for them.

Where, in the past, one secular paper used a Catholic story that one of its reporters chanced to hit upon, eight dailies in the cities of Baltimore and Washington are using Catholic



stories obtained accurately and fresh from *The Review*. Such is the case with secular papers in other towns and cities of the Archdiocese. In other words, the Catholic Church in our Archdiocese is getting ten times the publicity it used to receive. The policy pursued by *The Review* and the other Catholic papers has not injured the Church in the publicity line; the Church has benefited.

Catholic editors, the country over, give the secular papers everything they can, even in the way of advanced news. The Catholic editors ask only that they be given a deal fair enough to prevent their being crippled. That is far more generous than "A Secular Scribe's" policy—let the secular editors publish the Catholic news first and let the Catholic papers take the leavings. This policy, as followed by *The Baltimore Catholic Review*, is indorsed by Archbishop Curley, the owner of the paper. This same policy, pursued by other diocesan editors, is indorsed by their respective bishops. These bishops and editors know the superiority of a systematic campaign in behalf of the Church over the hit and miss policy which "A Secular Scribe" advocates. Adopt the latter's suggestion and you will find one paper in a city occasionally using a short story by one of its reporters who has happened to dig up the story. The other papers will carry no publicity whatever on the particular news item.

The policy suggested by "A Secular Scribe" and highly commended by Mr. Irvington has driven more than one Catholic diocesan weekly out of existence as any one familiar with the history of the Catholic Diocesan Press in this country will tell you. Where there is no Catholic diocesan paper you will, as a general rule, get little Catholic news in the secular papers.

In recent years the Press associations have sent out to their subscribing papers in this country many stories and editorials quoted from Catholic papers. This wide-spread publicity so beneficial to the Church is a recent development due in great part to the strength of the Catholic Press. And in recent months the secular Press has taken cognizance of the agitation inaugurated by Catholic papers against the unfair burdens placed upon Catholics for Public School Education. One State Assembly at least has voted on this question of unfair taxation. Other States in recent months have outlawed the use of religious tests for applicants for positions as public school teachers. The Catholic papers have forced the secular papers to recognize the value of such news.

In my article, "Priests and News," in the October issue of *THE SIGN*, I asked "A Secular Scribe" why it was that the secular papers which, he says, are so eager to publish Catholic news remained so damnably silent concerning the persecution of the Church in Mexico, Russia and Spain. I pointed out that the international Press organizations and a number of American newspapers with correspondents in the countries mentioned refused to publish the stories of the persecutions. The Catholic papers, deprived of the advantages enjoyed by these secular papers, did publish the news sent to them by the N. C. W. C. News service and special correspondents. The Catholic papers gave dates, names and locations.

"A Secular Scribe" did not answer that question in his November letter to *THE SIGN*. Instead he suggested that priests preach on the persecution in Mexico, Spain and Russia. He intimates that the papers which refused to publish the red-hot news at the time the news broke, will publish sermons on the persecutions delivered by priests many years after the persecutions were inaugurated and thousands of miles from the scenes of the persecutions. What do the readers of *THE SIGN* think of such a proposal?

I repeat that it is difficult to follow "A Secular Scribe's" wanderings. His arguments are acrobatic. In one paragraph he suggests that priests preach on the Catholic situations in Russia, Spain and Mexico and in another paragraph he makes this statement: "The activities of the Church at home and abroad are not of such universal interest to the readers of the secular paper that the daily can afford to give them the space which they deserve in Catholic papers." How much does "A

Secular Scribe" think secular newspapers should give such articles? The *New York Times* and many other papers have given column after column to the persecutions of the Jews in Germany. I have no objection to that. But what explanation has "A Secular Scribe" to say about the discrimination of many of our papers against the persecutions of Catholics. So that there may be no misunderstanding, I think the *New York Times* and a few other papers are generous in giving us Catholics news of the world. When the *New York Times* published Papal Encyclicals in full every Catholic paper praised the *Times* editorially. Is that jealousy on the part of the Catholic diocesan editors?

I would remind "A Secular Scribe" that Catholic editors do not get their stories out of the air. Their stories are sent in to them by archbishops, bishops, priests, members of religious sisterhoods and brotherhoods and members of the laity. Those who send in the stories must know news when they see it. This is the end of the controversy for me.

BALTIMORE, MD.

VINCENT DE PAUL FITZPATRICK.

### DO NEGRO CHILDREN ALSO CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS?

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

Christmas Day, 1932—4 P.M.—was a revelation for me. I saw happiness amidst dire poverty. I met a few little Negro children bringing their baby brothers and sisters to church to see the Christmas Crib with happy, smiling faces "because it was Christmas Day." Wishing them "A Merry Christmas," I naturally asked, "What did you get for Christmas?" The answer was "Nothing." I first thought they were joking and I continued, "Did you not at least have a piece of candy?" "No, Father," was the response. "What did you have for dinner?" "Potatoes, bread and coffee," was the reply. "Was the Christmas tree decorated beautifully?" "Father, we had none."

I was baffled. After further investigation I discovered that eighty-five per cent of our Negro city children had gotten nothing more. But they had a Christmas gift the next day, for I informed some of our friends of it. One man who had only a quarter to his name sacrificed that, stating that it made him feel like a thousand dollars. (This happened in the church of St. Benedict the Moor, Milwaukee, Wisconsin).

MILWAUKEE, WIS. (REV.) PHILIP STEFFES, O. M. CAP.

### "VOICE OF EXPERIENCE" EXPLAINS

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

A number of your readers who are regular listeners of mine have been kind enough to send me clippings from the August and October issues of *THE SIGN*.

I want to take this opportunity of straightening out in your mind certain garbled statements that have been included in these personal letters, because I know that you are fair enough to want to hear both sides of any question.

Although not a Catholic, I believe that I have had as close contacts with your great religious body as any non-member in the country. I "batched" for a year with Father Buck, who, I believe, is now in charge of the Salem, Oregon, parish, and who at the time that I lived with him was in charge of the parish at Forest Grove, where I was doing my senior work in the University. I played the organ in the Catholic Church and conducted the choir; was intimately associated not only with Father Buck, but also with many of the priests and fraters from Mount Angel, and had the honor and esteemed pleasure of knowing most intimately and admiring wholeheartedly His Grace Archbishop Christie.

Although I was never proselytized, I attended regularly many of the Catholic meetings where only members were present, and was keenly interested in the canonical teachings, the work of the priesthood, the unusual regimen in vogue at Mount Angel, and particularly in the study of the wonderful characters of the men who had consecrated their lives to the priesthood.

Since finishing my academic work and my work in sociology and philosophy, I have been for more than seventeen years on the public platform of Chautauqua Circuits, Lyceum Circuits and in public auditoriums everywhere, and during this time I have had the pleasure of conducting a number of debates with such men as William Jennings Bryan, Judge Ben Lindsey and others.

Those who are acquainted with my educational campaign, if they be truthful, must admit that my whole program has been based on a plea for marital compatibility and reciprocal responsibility in the American home. I have openly fought the inroads of divorce in these homes on the grounds that what we need is not easier egress from marriage, but more education to teach people the responsibilities and ethics of this great institution.

I have broadcast over fifty-four different stations prior to coming to the networks, and a daily coast to coast program, and included among these fifty-four is WOR, of Newark, from which station I broadcast regularly eight times per week for almost a year.

There is not a single listener of mine over any station or over the networks who can truthfully say that I have ever proselytized in any sense of the word. I have assiduously avoided religious controversies, but when I have received letters from those of the Jewish faith, I have urged a closer relationship between my petitioner and his rabbi. Whenever I have handled a letter which I knew hailed from a Catholic family or an individual member of the Church, I have unfailingly pointed them to the confessional and to their priest. I have never once in all of my broadcasts even touched upon the subject of birth control. I never write personal letters of any kind, and I have no pamphlets or form letter dealing with this subject.

I state these things because I want you to understand that although I am serving a vast audience made up of every denominational creed, I can best serve my entire audience by omitting from my broadcasts material which would be concurred in by one group and denounced by another.

I have received thousands of letters from Catholics, and a great many letters from priests. I have my first letter yet to receive from a priest that was not eulogistic in character, and many of these informed me that the writer was a consistent listener to my broadcasts.

The statement made in one of the items in your paper to the effect that I was ordered by authorities to stop using the title "doctor" is absolutely untrue and unfounded.

As to my broadcasts being based on sex, I have a written transcript taken from verbatim stenotype reports of every broadcast given over the Columbia network during the last six months, and over WOR preceding this network contract. We keep exact account of the number and types of problems dealt with. During the past year less than 6% of the problems which I have broadcast have had anything whatsoever to do with sex, *per se*. And I think any fair minded person will have to agree with me that considerably more than 6% of the human problems which befall the ordinary individuals have their inception in this important biological phase of our lives. I have not dodged problems dealing with sex, nor have I aggrandized this side of life. I have simply attempted to give it its rightful place in the scheme of things and always to deal cleanly and wholesomely with any problem of this character submitted to me. Only a libidinous mind could find anything salacious in any of my broadcast programs.

The fact that the oldest and most conservative book companies in America have asked me for the privilege of publishing my works, the invitation which was extended and accepted for me to become Associate Editor, with Samuel Freud, Alfred Adler and others on the staff of the *Modern Psychologist* magazine; the more than eight hundred invitations that I have received to fill pulpits for ministers of almost every Protestant faith; the many invitations extended to me to speak before the leading university fraternal organizations, women's clubs and welfare societies of Greater New York,

are, in my opinion, evidences of the lack of foundation for certain scurrilous statements made against me by self-constituted critics.

I have in my files, Father, a complete record of the charity which we have done in the last year. Our gifts have totalled more than \$50,000.00, one-third of which came from my pocket, and the other two-thirds from small donations sent to me by my friends of the air.

Were I to recite the long list of Catholic organizations and the longer list of Catholic individuals whom I have helped during this depression, it would require several pages of legal cap to carry it.

I am not giving this information from boastfulness nor am I trying in any measure to justify myself. I am seeking no public acclaim. I am satisfied only if given the opportunity to continue what I consider a worthwhile and much-needed service. Of the several thousands whom we have helped, I have seen less than a half a dozen personally. I am not seeking letters of thanks, but I am eagerly and anxiously looking for those who need the type of service that I feel able to render.

Pardon this lengthy epistle, and be assured that I feel a strong friendship for the Catholic Church, for its priesthood and its membership, and I assure you that I shall never knowingly do anything in my broadcasts to reflect either on the teachings of the Church or on the social customs to which the Church has subscribed.

I enclose herewith my check for \$5 to pay for a three-year subscription to *THE SIGN*, which I will appreciate your sending to Post Office Box 400, Times Square Station, New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

#### INFLATION vs. CONTROLLED CURRENCY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have followed the articles of Gerhard Hirschfeld more or less, but his short paper on Inflation was a disappointment.

He does not favor inflation because he has "not been able to bring" himself "to the conclusion that the currency has anything to do with prices any more than it affects the tide of the ocean." While it is evident, as he says later, that one's income is not doubled if he can get only half as much for his money, I do not think that he realizes just what is the aim of this movement. The attempt to restore purchasing power is not in order to "double incomes" but rather to relieve debts. Debt is the great burden today, and newly acquired income of one kind or another does not go into new purchases as it should but into old debts incurred when the purchasing power of the dollar was much smaller than it is now. Those who pay debts now are paying for more than they borrowed, because the money they are handling today is able to buy more than that which they borrowed. Therefore, by having its purchasing power reduced, the dollar will reach its proper level, proper, that is, in relation to its purchasing power at the time when debts were made.

Mr. Hirschfeld's interpretation savors of the old order of "how much is there in it for me?" The present endeavor (not wild uncontrolled "inflation" but controlled currency with purchasing power proportionate to the time debts were incurred) is a sincere attempt of honest men to meet their just debts and face changing conditions in a spirit truly in accord with Christian principles.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WILLIAM E. RYNNE.

#### MR. GWYNN'S ARTICLES: A PROTEST

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Allow me to take exception to articles on Germany by Denis Gwynn in former issues and particularly in the last issue of *THE SIGN*. I think I am a double, or even a triple perpetual member, having paid at least twice \$50.00 that I am sure of, and I like *THE SIGN* very much. However, Mr. Gwynn's articles are offensive to your German-American patrons, be-



cause they are out of harmony with verified truth. Mr. Gwynn is no doubt sincere in his intentions as far as his knowledge and mental vision of facts goes. Yet I am afraid he is basing conclusions on the caricature of the reports of our hostile press subsidized by the Jews. I can hardly think that Mr. Gwynn is getting his information from authentic sources, that he is studying the situation at close range in Germany.

Having spent the last five summers in Germany myself and having only returned recently from there, after studying political and economic conditions and gathering information and facts at the fountain head, I can only coincide with every other American who has investigated unbiasedly for himself true conditions in Germany, namely, that the old Allied paid Press is again at its old propaganda of hate and mendacity, so perverse and false are the mentality of the German people and its new régime pictured to us and that with all the old cunning and hypocritical sophisms practiced during the war.

While as an American I do not agree with all the policies of Hitler, I, nevertheless, have been compelled to revise my estimation of this man. He has done some wonderful constructive work in a political, economic and particularly in an ethical field: the latter of which an undisciplined world is unable to appreciate, and which a hostile Jewish Press considers too insignificant and too worthless to report. Much of this man's doing is blasted to the world as tyrannical and barbarous, which dwindles down, on closer analysis, to a natural historic development, to necessary corrective measures, absolutely patent to Germany, even if it seems incongruous to the outside world. For instance, the burning of certain books, which evoked such a storm of protest from the world, was in its final analysis a highly meritorious, virtuous act. I had opportunity to peruse and inspect many of these books. I found that nearly all were of atheistic and communistic tendencies. Many more were of extreme sexual appeal; books of nude culture, free love, perverse erotics, and sexologies, inciting to sin and carnal degeneracy: all under the name of "esthetics" and euphonic titles of "fine arts." A number of the more harmless books, which our foreign correspondents had on the list of the ban, were not burned at all. Now all of these books were of a nature that any good Jew or Christian ought to burn them.

As to tendencies of war, down from Hitler to the rank and file, there are none. This war cry about Germany is only an artificial phantom, a hypocritical subterfuge of the Allies, and especially of France, to mask disinclination to disarm. In reality it is a pretext of France to keep Germany down and retain a hegemony over Europe. Every man and woman and child in Germany wants peace, and begs for an opportunity to live.

Why does the world shudder as in regarding this man Hitler, whom a hostile Press has metamorphosed into a living devil? I am inclined to regard this man as a personage of destiny. He has put moral order into Germany and is raising its people from the shallow mire of culture, into which a socialistic-communistic, godless culture threatened to submerge it, to clean, healthy, godly ideals. Why identify this man so much with war? Is it because he consistently dares to assert himself for an unjustly down-trodden people, which after fifteen years of enslavement, misery and starvation, which a barbarous treaty, built on mendacity, brought in its wake? Why should all this be associated with bloody war, after countless pleas from Germany to the contrary? Has the sense of justice of the world become so corrupt that human rights for existence can only be gained by a holocaust of human slaughter in our advanced Christian era? It seems most writers on this subject are only influenced by superficial momentary happenings without making survey of historical causes and effects. Any other country, yearning for redemption for fifteen years from suicidal fulfillment of an impossible treaty, would just hail a man like Hitler. For those who have inspected thoroughly disarmed Germany, and inspected the stupendous fortifications along the Rhine and the tremendous army with its hellish implements of war so ubiquitous in France and allied countries,

this war bogie, merged cunningly with Hitler and menacingly juggled before our eyes, becomes absolutely ridiculous. In Europe these things are a truism, but we Americans, four thousand miles away, our foreign correspondents treat as children who can be made to believe fairy tales.

Germany's stand is acknowledged by all unbiased, right-thinking men and even by makers of the treaty. It is as Bernard Shaw said: "The League of Nations is only an organization to keep Germany down."

In conclusion I regret and cannot understand why some of our Catholic Press should chant in with this siren chorus of hatred and misrepresentation, with these odious and sinister comments against Germany. Have not these people suffered enough in an endless litany of misery? Are they supposed to be slandered, cursed and damned every time they make a serious attempt to get rid of the yoke of slavery?

I thank you for any consideration given to this letter and wish your wonderful journal the greatest success, assuring you that I will not forget you in my charity.

McKEESPORT, PA.

PROF. ADOLPH MAYER.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We thank Prof. Mayer for his courteous and dignified communication, which we gladly publish. It is hardly necessary to assure him that in every article we print it is our purpose to approximate the truth as closely as possible. We have every confidence in the accurate knowledge and complete impartiality of Mr. Gwynn, who, as author and journalist, has won for himself an enviable reputation.

Since receiving Prof. Mayer's communication we have had the privilege of a two hours' interview with one of Europe's outstanding correspondents. A native of Germany and a convinced Catholic, he assured us that the American correspondents in Berlin, many of whom he knows personally, are unbiased in their dispatches, which are not written to suit Jewish consumption in the United States. This statement coming from such a source has confirmed us in our estimate of Mr. Gwynn's contributions.

We have no doubt about the cleanliness and frugality of Herr Hitler's private life, and cheerfully admit that the Nazis have done a wonderful job in suppressing immoral literature and wiping out public immoralities, especially in Berlin. At the same time we must protest against the repression of any and all forms of criticism, however sincere and justified they may be. The exclusion from Germany of *Der Wanderer*, a German Catholic paper published in St. Paul, Minn., is a case in point.

We freely admit that certain injustices have been done to the German people by the Treaty of Versailles. It compelled Germany completely to disarm; but it specifically implied that her disarmament was to be the prelude to general disarmament. The other nations have not disarmed, and these nations are largely responsible for making the Hitler revolution possible.

The individual German may not want war, but it seems impossible for the Hitler Government to carry out its professed program without entering upon war. It demands consolidation with Austria, reclamation of the Polish Corridor, the Italian Tyrol and a part of Denmark. If Hitler can get these things without war he will prove himself nothing short of being a miracle man.

What THE SIGN is especially interested in is the welfare of the Church in Germany as in any other place. The Reich-Vatican Concordat is said to be the best that has ever been drawn up—on paper. It is still on paper throughout the Reich, with the possible exception of Baden. What its ultimate consequences may be, no one can foretell. If it is essential, as it seems to be, to the existence of the "Totalitarian State" that all religion and education be under the immediate control of the Government, and if, as seems likely, a vital part of Nazi political philosophy strikes at the whole idea of a supranational allegiance to any authority, spiritual as well as material, then the Church in Hitler's Reich is entering upon dark days unless an unexpected change takes place.





# Geomancers Open a Gate

By Timothy McDermott, C. P.

IT happened about the year 615 B. C. Duke Wen, Lord of the State of Chu, wished to move his residence over into the State of Yih. Urgent reasons may have required this change, but it was a change that could not be undertaken lightly. Much depended on a building site over there in Yih. An error in the choice of a site or the direction in which the building faced would offend the four traditional Guardians of the Celestial Sphere. Such a sacrilege would be punished by misfortune, sickness and possibly death here below, and punishment in one of the Sixteen Dungeons in the Third Court of Hell hereafter. Nor would these punishments be confined to the Duke alone; all the inhabitants of his realm might be liable to them.

Little wonder, then, if the old Duke was losing his appetite, spending sleepless nights, tossing back and forth on his bed in an agony of indecision. At last an idea was born. The Professors of Divination claim to be able to read man's future in the cracks caused in a tortoise-shell by fire. Why, then, can they not decide this matter of a building site? No sooner had the old man conceived the thought than he leaped out of bed. With loud clapping of hands and shouting to attract his servants, shrill orders are given. The servants go scurrying off into the night to summon the Diviners to the aid of their master in deciding this important and vexing question. Thus, so far as recorded history goes, was born that form of Chinese Geomancy (*Feng-shui*) which plays so important a part in the choosing of a site and the erection of buildings thereon here in China.

Whether or not this precipitate summons of the geomancers resulted in the solution of the Duke's difficulties and his removal to Yih, I do not know. This I do know: that superstitious mummery which the old Duke inaugurated that night twenty-five centuries ago has persisted down the ages, even to this day; and that same unreasonable practice was the cause of my own rude awakening from sleep one night last Fall. This is how it came about.

I had gone to bed that night unaware that anything was impending. The clanging of gongs and the beating of kettle drums in the nearby temple, had I been conscious of them, would have informed me that the morrow was either the first or the fifteenth of the moon. As it was, they but served as an effective soporific in their familiar monotony, and I was soon sleeping soundly. About three in the morning I was suddenly startled into trembling wakefulness. Impelled by the sound of what seemed like machine-gun fire, I got out of bed and ran to the open window. My first thought was that

bandits were attacking the city. But once at the window the sound resolved itself into an unusually long and loud burst of exploding firecrackers.

The sound immediately drew my attention to the southern wing of the city wall, plainly visible from the window, for a bright full moon was bathing the whole valley with its pale clear light. One could see almost as distinctly as by daylight. Even without the firecrackers my attention would have been focused on one particular spot on the city wall, by the distant rumble of voices emanating therefrom and the movements of many lighted lanterns and blazing fagots, like so many giant fireflies.

IT all came home to me then. The moon was at the full; the propitious time had arrived. The geomancers had evidently discovered the lucky site for the New South Gate. The fact is, they had done more. They had even discovered which was the first stone to be removed, if luck were to result to the city and its inhabitants. After the proper bowing and scraping on the part of the chief officials of the town, military and civil, as also some of the many gentry and tradesmen gathered there, and after the due quantity of firecrackers had been exploded, the highest military official stepped up to the place indicated by the geomancers. Then with tool in hand he struck the first stone; the masons did the rest. With the removal of the first stone, the all-important task of building a New South Gate had begun and all the assembled throng returned home about a half hour later to resume their interrupted slumbers.

**FATHER TIMOTHY McDERMOTT, C. P.**, has spent much time in investigating the history of geomancy and the local traditions of Yungshun in order to give us the background for his article. The history of the opening of the New South Gate in his town links the present beliefs with a superstitious practice that dates back to the year 615 B. C.



AN ANCIENT COVERED  
BRIDGE AT THE APPROACH  
TO ONE OF THE GATES OF A  
HUNAN CITY. THERE IS  
NO NEW BOULEVARD HERE  
SUCH AS WAS STARTED  
AFTER THE OPENING OF  
YUNGSHUN'S NEW SOUTH  
GATE UNDER THE DIREC-  
TION OF GEOMANCERS

Everyone was cheerful and happy the next day. The people have long awaited this great day; the day when a New South Gate would be started. The city has had its share of the usual calamities that befall Chinese cities in the interior—famine, plague, bandits, Reds. But it would seem that, unlike other cities, all the calamities that befell Yungshun were quickly traced to the one, and only one cause, that is, the Old South Gate. As they were fond of telling, that Old South Gate had never been properly located. The four Symbolic Animals who guarded the four quarters of the Celestial Sphere were assuredly not in their proper positions as regarded the site of the Old South Gate.

It is of the very essence of Chinese Geomancy that these traditional Guardians of the Heavenly Sphere—the Azure Dragon, the Red Bird, the White Tiger, and the Black Tortoise—be in their proper position as regards any edifice, else ill will befall the inhabitants of the whole town or region. To avoid this misfortune, therefore, all edifices should face south and thus have the Tiger to the right, the Dragon to the left, the Tortoise at the back and the Bird at the front.

Were the obligation of facing every edifice to the south taken too literally, it is evident that it would be difficult and often impossible of fulfillment. But the geomancer has a quasi-plenipotentiary power. He can identify some nearby hill or stream with the Dragon or Tiger, and produce a theoretical south at will. Of course, no lay person would ever dare to do such a thing as that. Besides, being more or less a corporation, the geomancers have a good propaganda department. They have convinced the people that dire calamities would befall them if they dared construct a house without their expert advice; and woe to him who dared usurp the office of the geomancer.

It is not to be conceived that the ancient inhabitants of Yungshun dared construct the Old South Gate without professional advice from the geomancers. But, what seemed a good site for the South Gate to the early geomancers of Yungshun has,

these many years, been considered a very unlucky site by the latter school of Yungshun geomancers. Apparently the gate has been giving offense to the Guardians of the Celestial Sphere ever since it was first built, and hence every misfortune that has befallen Yungshun has been attributed to the South Gate's unlucky location.

**W**HETHER this difference among the doctors is due to the two different Schools of Geomancy or not I cannot say for certain. But I am strongly inclined to that opinion, for the following reasons: The two schools take their names from the Provinces of their origin—the Kiangsi School and the Fukien School.

The Kiangsi School bases its operations on the direction of surrounding objects and the physical configuration of the landscape; the different formations in the vicinity of the building site are identified with the Dragon, the Dragon's Den, the alluvial formations and water courses, and these are considered to be the essential groundwork of the Kiangsi School of Geomancy. The Fukien School claimed to lay stress on the constellations. It made great use of the compass and gave only a superficial or secondary consideration to the outlines or formation of the terrain surrounding the site under discussion.

There is little doubt that the geomancers who located the Old South Gate were of the Kiangsi School. Nothing could be more logical, for the inhabitants of Hunan with the exception of the aborigines are, for the most part, immigrants from Kiangsi.

Hence, though the Sinologues say the Fukien School has fallen into disrepute, I'm still strongly tempted to believe the Fukien School flourishes in Yungshun and that it was their propaganda that brought our Old South Gate into disrepute.

I'm further convinced that the old Master of Geomancy, Mr. Wang, whose least advice was followed in the choice of site for the New South Gate is of the Fukien

School. This was evident from the exposition he gave on the subject in our own Mission parlor here, one day last Fall. It was further evident from the fact that an essential part of his procedure, in choosing the site, depended on the full moon (timed to the very hour, according to his own calculations), and the ascendancy of certain planets, therefore the ungodly hour of three o'clock in the morning being chosen for the all important beginning.

My deductions may be wrong, but I have found amusement in making them and my researches into the Chinese Art of Geomancy have been most interesting and instructive.

The all important thing is that geomancy gave us not merely a new South Gate; it did more. The opening of the gate necessitated a new road leading to it. This resulted in the construction of what we termed the Boulevard, a fine new road twelve feet in width and surfaced with gravel. It became the favorite promenade of all the inhabitants in the afternoons and evenings. Possibly I derived more joy and benefit from my daily walks on it than did any other individual. In fact, after the novelty of it had worn off I got the feeling that it was my own private road, as I was the most frequent user of it.

**B**UT that was not all; they continued the roadmaking in all directions and made many improvements, one of the most important being the re-routing of the road to Wangtsun, thereby shortening the distance between the two cities. We began to feel that Yungshun was going modern, with its new roads and other works of public benefit inaugurated at the same time.

But, alas! The dispute among the doctors is not yet finished. A month ago another School of Geomancy got the upper hand; our New South Gate is no more; our Boulevard is fast disintegrating and returning whence it came, into the rice paddies. But that is another story which I hope to tell at a later date.

# Gossip in Wuki

By Joachim Beckes, C. P.

"SO," continued Mrs. Tien, proprietor of a small meatshop, "Mrs. Wang and the two girls are back again. They were brought in yesterday, I understand."

"What about Mrs. Wang?" asked Mrs. Li from across the street, no more than seven feet away, and a main thoroughfare at that.

"Why, don't you know? It's all over the town by now. They ran away but were caught in Wuki, they say."

"You don't mean it!" came the answer or its equivalent in Chinese. "Let's hear about it. . . . Come here, you brat, and get out of that mud." At which a naked lad of four stepped out of the gutter munching a raw cucumber.

"It's this way, so Mrs. Chang told me and she got it from the people next door. Old man Wang's a crank, a slave-driver. He does nothing but mope around; and if he's not doped he's wrangling with that daughter-in-law of his. You know her husband's dead. Remember the fuss there was over it? They couldn't bury him on the twelfth day, so she had to carry on another night. She's been a wretched slave since."

"I don't blame her for skipping, but what about the slaves?" put in Mrs. Li, as she took up her child from the straw cradle to nurse it. "How did they know Mrs. Wang?" she quickly added, sitting on the stone step.

"Well, from what I've heard the Wang House is in pretty bad shape; the wall between them fell down during the last rain storm—it was mud anyway—so Mrs. Wang and the girls became quite friendly." Then to a passing customer, "What's the matter with that meat; I had it only two days. Too lean?—May you die! What do you want for three hundred cash?" Replacing the chicken-wire presumably used to keep away the horseflies, the customer strolled along. "Oh, yes, they got to be good friends. The girls were simply worked to death. I saw them myself. They were nothing but skin and bone. They got desperate. The three of them put their heads together and decided on a trip to Wuki, not far you know."

"To Wuki! Of all places. They say that. . . ." interrupted Mrs. Li trying to keep the conversation from being a monologue, but to no avail. "What's in Wuki anyway—why not Chenki or some place a long way off?"

"No money," resumed Mrs. Tien. "They had to walk. It cost too much by boat and those people want to ask too many questions. Wuki was better; all stragglers go there. With gold mines and whatnot it shelters people from all over.

Anyway they went to Wuki. Mrs. Wang cut her hair like a man's, put on her husband's clothes, and—"

"And the girls?" came meekly from across the street, as the neighbor set her child to the side, letting it wander about at will.

"That was the easy part of it," replied Mrs. Tien. "They dressed the best they could and walked; not a short walk at that, two days or more. I remember going there once myself when my husband's brother died of lung trouble or some such disease. He had worked in the mines. It was a very tiresome journey, mountains and all that, you know."

JUST then the home-guard came marching down the street on their way from drill practice in the hills. There were some hundred or more with two buglers at their head doing the best they could to keep in tune though the result was anything but harmonious. This prevented further conversation for five minutes. In the meantime the meat was fanned to keep off the flies.

When the noise subsided and the rest of the stragglers, peddlers and carriers passed by, the gossip continued.

"What then?" queried Mrs. Li, anxious not to miss the rest of it.

"Old man Wang was frantic when he found it out, and so were the people next

door. They claimed they paid quite a bit of cash to get those two girls. Together they informed the officials and the word was telegraphed to all the nearest towns." Again the old lady interrupted the story to remark, "Look at that big pig over there; all he ever does is order his wife around. She just had her fifth child yesterday." Mrs. Tien finally paused for wind, the temperature being at its usual height of ninety-five.

"Only yesterday he raised the price of rice, saying that many fields have gone under in the flood. He should worry with all he has," sighed Mrs. Li as she threw a bit of shaving on the fire just inside the door. Wiping her face free of perspiration with a piece of cloth, which has household usages, she proceeded to fan herself.

At the same time Mrs. Tien was concluding a bargain. The customer, having weighed the meat on a rather primitive scale, threw on the table the amount of coppers agreed upon, picked up the meat and left. Re-adjusting herself comfortably on a small wooden horse—the Chinese kitchen-chair—she continued the story of the arrest, laughing heartily at what she considered a very good joke. "A soldier caught them."

IT seems they were caught coming to town by one of the local guards who



THERE IS LITTLE DISTINCTION IN MAIN STREET OR SIDE ALLEY IN A CHINESE VILLAGE. BUT IN NEITHER IS THERE ANY SENSE OF STRANGENESS. MAN AND BIRD AND BEAST ARE AT HOME. THE CATTLE IN THIS PICTURE ARE WAITING WHILE THEIR MASTER SHARPENS ONE OF HIS TOOLS



had noticed the peculiar walk of the supposed man. Accosting them, he inquired of them their names and business. "I am a teacher," answered the oldest. "My home is down the street. This is my wife and that is her sister."

It would not require a keen detective to pierce the amateurish disguise, for it was evident that Mrs. Wang's dead husband's clothes did not fit her. His suspicions fully aroused, the soldier tore open her

coat. The exposition, rather embarrassing for the poor widow, banished all doubt in the mind of the guard as to the identity of the people before him. They admitted that they were the vagrants. Turning them about-face, he marched them back to Shenchow.

"And what sorry figures they were. Mrs. Wang had to leave her coat open so everyone could see. Of course, all were out to see them come in. And did they

cry while everybody was making fun of them! Yes, they returned last night. The poor girls surely did get a beating, a terrible one, Mrs. Chang says. Well, they won't try that trick again. Old Wang nearly pulled out the rest of the girls' hair."

The sun had by now put the street in shade; it was soon time for the evening meal and with words to that effect Mrs. Li passed into the house.

## Bridal Tears and a Flood

By The Sisters of Charity

**W**E were still in the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. It was Spring, and we were on our way to see how much lovelier a certain young willow had grown. The quiet of the street was broken by some little girls who were singing:

"I'll give to you the keys of Heaven  
You'll count the angels seven by seven."

Enthralled by so ravishing an offer, we called to the youngster who was making the most noise. "That's a beautiful game. Play it all over again, will you?" She nodded, and they began the tale of the lover who offered successively a paper of pins, a rocking chair, and a horse and buggy to his beloved; but as he followed up each offer with this plea,

"O, Mary, will you walk,  
O, Mary will you talk,  
O, Mary, will you marry me?"

he received for his pains an emphatic

"NO!" Then the eyes of the little ones began to grow dreamy. The lover was offering once more the keys of Heaven, and even before they cried their "YES!" to him, they were seeing a young bride in white and orange blossoms, looking herself like one of the angels she was later to count. With stamping and hand-clapping they finished their game:

"O, Mary has to walk,  
O, Mary has to talk,  
O, Mary has to marry me!"

As we continued towards our young willow, we remarked how artlessly children reflect in their play the lives of their elders. Here was a perfect picture of our marriage customs. There was no mention of parental consent—only of Mary, and of her lover who had to do such insistent coaxing. And when she finally accepted him, there was rejoicing not because a girl had won a husband, but because a young man had won a wife. We were to remember this incident a year

later in China, where they—but let us tell the whole story:

When our Sisters first came to Shenchow, they inherited along with their Mission some orphan girls who had been adopted by the Augustinian Fathers. One of these children was Sabina, espoused in infancy to a cousin of hers. For nearly nine years the Sisters cared for her, watching her develop into a very pretty young woman. Sabina's intelligence wasn't so quick as that of some, but she was such a little lady, according to all the rigid rules of Chinese etiquette, that she was known here as "The Dutchesse." During all these years she had heard nothing of her betrothed. Often we saw her standing alone, staring pensively ahead. Though she admitted nothing to us, the other girls whispered that she was worried, that she had reached twenty, and that it was time for her to be marrying.

**O**N Saturday, June 3, without any warning the young man presented himself at the Shenchow rectory and made arrangements for a Nuptial Mass at 4:00 on the morning of Tuesday, June 6. He then notified Sabina of his plans through a middle-man. Remember now, for twenty years she had been engaged; and then, without any voice in the matter, was given not quite three days in which to prepare for her wedding. Our older girls worked feverishly in her behalf during this short time, but she sobbed continuously. We were really distressed. "Doesn't she want him?" we kept asking the pioneer Sisters, "Why doesn't she say so?" "Hush!" they cautioned, "she must do that. If she doesn't, according to Chinese ideas, she is both immodest and immoral." "Oh!" we exclaimed, silenced by some vague realization that Sabina, having such little notice, must make up for lost time. On Monday, the gifts from the groom arrived on a huge tray—the hired wedding outfit. He had borrowed jewelry which he was too poor to buy; namely, two rings, a pair of ear-rings, a



FATHER NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C. P., POINTS OUT HIS LITTLE MISSION ON THE BANKS OF THE YUAN RIVER TO A NEWCOMER, FATHER SIDNEY TURNER, C. P. THE WHITEWASHED CHURCH THERE STANDS OUT AGAINST THE HILLS AS THE FIRST EASTERN OUTPOST OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONS

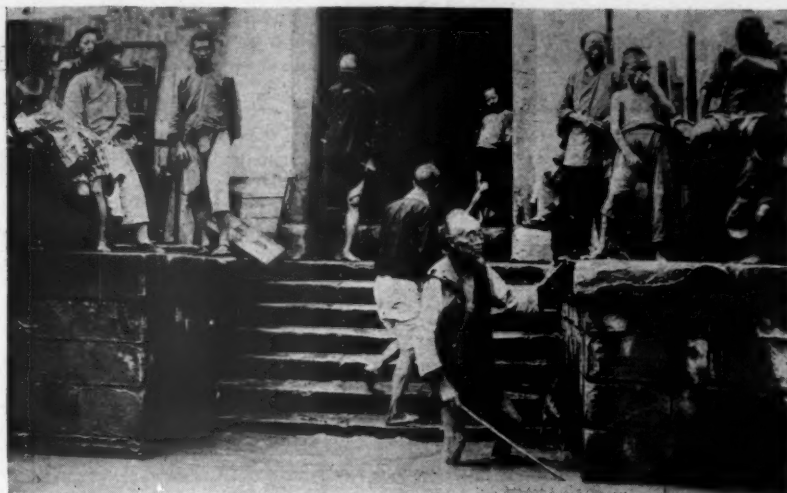
pair of bracelets, and fancy hairpins. There was some money in the smallest denominations so that it would look like a great deal.

AT 3:30 Tuesday morning, we were awakened by loud cries from the girls' building, and a terrific thumping on the door of the compound. We had been warned not to dare open the door until after the fifth thumping, so we held our peace amid these noises and that of firecrackers. Just as the gate was being thrown open, the bride was ushered into the reception room on the back of one of the girls. We watched in amazement while she quickly dropped Sabina behind the door, where the groom couldn't cast his eyes on her. He came in with a party of friends, made his bows to all of us, kept his eyes averted from where he knew Sabina to be hidden, and discreetly took himself alone to the church.

Then Sabina emerged from her retreat, and was carried on the back of her bridesmaid to the waiting chair outside. She was a pathetic little figure in her heavy red ceremonial dress, the beads of the high red crown covering her face, and her shoulders shaken by sobs. All the way up the street she was attended by the groom's party, who industriously shot off firecrackers. When they returned from the Nuptial Mass, we served them breakfast. Now the groom could feast his eyes on the bride all he wished, but she must neither taste a bite, nor raise her eyes to his. At nine o'clock both the ceremonial dress and the borrowed jewelry had been returned, and Sabina was in a junk on the way to Luilinch, the home of her husband's people.

The whole proceeding seemed so gruesome to us—the unearthly hour, the firecrackers, the strange customs, all made more weird by the flickering light of kerosene lanterns—that everyone of us cried with the pioneer Sisters who were genuinely sorry to see the girl go. They knew too well the lot of the average Chinese bride. From the day of her marriage she becomes the property of her husband's family, the servant of all in the house. And in pagan circles, when the husband dies, his parents are free to sell her as a slave.

The rainy season and we arrived simultaneously in Shenchow. During April and May, the rains were so heavy that the natives predicted a flood and, eventually, famine because of ruined rice crops. Every morning we found the clothes that we had laid aside the night before covered with mildew. The dampness even penetrated our trunks and closets, coating our shoes and leather goods with a gray-blue fuzz, and forming a crusty mold on everything else. Then June came in; and though the river continued to rise, people were more optimistic. But when on June 15 and 16 we saw stacks of hay, roofs of houses, large planks that had



SITUATED ALONG RIVERS AND STREAMS, ALMOST EVERY TOWN OF NORTHWESTERN HUNAN EXPERIENCES THE DIFFICULTIES AND SOMETIMES THE DISASTERS OF FLOOD. THESE VILLAGERS ARE SURVEYING THE DAMAGE FROM SAFE GROUND, WHILE AN OLD MAN VENTURES INTO THE WATER TO TEST ITS DEPTH

once been part of some home, and every other kind of debris being carried past Shenchow by the swift current, we knew that there had been some serious trouble up-river.

OUR property extends right down to the beach, and from the embroidery school porch we have an unobstructed view of the river. We even thought that we saw men clinging to some of the debris, but we weren't sure. The next day, however, when we received a letter from Father Jeremiah McNamara, C. P., our fears were confirmed. He wrote that an entire village above his Chenki Mission had been wiped out, and that all that day and night he had been listening to cries for help. On the morning of the eighteenth, the water was just touching the sidewalks, and most of the people on our street were fleeing either to the hills behind us, or to the city wall.

As our compound buildings are quite high, we didn't worry for ourselves. Picture our consternation, then, when at eleven o'clock there was a terrific roar, the bolted door in the wall to the rear of our premises was forced open, and an avalanche of yellow water fully six feet deep began to pour in on us. We found later that the side of a lake had crashed in and caused a landslide, but the last thing we had anticipated was danger from the hills behind us. In less than a minute, our whole first floor was several inches deep in water, the chapel was flooded, and those who happened to be in the yard were wet more than half-way to the knees.

There were two redeeming features to the episode. The first was the way everyone, Sisters and children, fell to work immediately without a thought for themselves; those who weren't bailing out the chapel or clearing obstructions from the drains, were carrying trunks full of goods

to the second floor, while the very little girls knelt of their own accord and prayed aloud. The second was the saving sense of humor that somehow rushed to the fore; everyone laughed at the way everyone else looked; each one thought the caps of the others worse than her own; Sister Sebastian nearly slid down a drain, looked up and laughed, and the rest in relief laughed with her; then a well-meaning youngster snatched a sieve from the kitchen, and offered to help bail out the chapel. After a while the water had spent itself. In about two hours, all danger was over, we had removed as much as possible the traces of it, and were ready for our Sunday dinner.

WHILE we had been working, we had forgotten that other enemy to the front of us. Immediately after dinner then, we went down towards the dispensary, and found that the river had risen more than five feet above the sidewalks. Three families were asking for shelter—one, a woman and her son, was in a boat at our gates, and the other two were our nearest neighbors to the left and right of the compound. These last families removed the beams and tiles from the roof of their homes, climbed through, scrambled along the remaining tiles, and by some feat of dexterity managed to haul themselves across to our embroidery school porch. In China, a family means all the immediate members on the male side, together with their wives and children, so we really had quite a number of guests. While we were busying ourselves with the comfort of these people, the water continued to rise rapidly; and the first thing we knew, the dispensary was flooded to the extent of four feet. That meant that, in all, the water had risen about ten feet above street level.

The now tired older girls waded again



A SAMPAN IN FULL SAIL ON ONE OF HUNAN'S RIVERS. TO TIRED TRACKERS AND BOATMEN A STRETCH OF QUIET WATER AND A BRISK BREEZE AFFORD A BLESSED RELIEF FROM EXACTING LABOR

and again through the water which was almost to their necks, and rescued every bit of medical supplies. No one slept that night. The next morning, the brilliant sunshine marked the end of the rainy season, and the waters receded more rapidly than they had risen. By five o'clock that evening, our guests were preparing to leave us. When we went outside to see how much damage had been done, we were greeted by friendly smiles of welcome.

Already the story had spread through the city that we had housed and well-

treated some flood victims; and we later learned that more would have come had they been sure of accommodation. As it was, many of them had perched in the open on the city walls for the night, and others had lain on the hills under some makeshift shelter. What most astonished us was their cheerfulness. There they were bailing water out of their huts, beating hard against their mud floors, dragging their water-soaked belongings into the sun to dry—yet they were laughing, chatting, and quarreling as though this were part of the daily program. And they're miserably poor! In such a people there must be the makings of good Christians.

Inasmuch as Mary Chang received the religious habit, with the name of Sister Mary Joseph, June was a particularly happy month for us. It was on the feast of the Sacred Heart; and, as some of the Sisters confided to each other, everyone felt that she herself was beginning her religious life over again. Though the heat all month was intense, that day the weather was beautiful. Practically every priest in the Prefecture wrote to tell Mary that he would say Mass for her, and in the afternoon Monsignor Cuthbert O'Gara, C. P., and all the resident and visiting priests in Shenchow came down to offer in person their congratulations. Since she put on the postulant cap, Mary hasn't ceased to smile; but, now that she is wearing the habit, the smile seems more deeply lined than before. She really looks charming. When we asked Sister Mary Thérèse what she thought of Mary's face in the novice cap, she began in English, "Verree round likee the sunshine. . . ." Then she hesitated, at a loss for the right word. After a moment she smiled mischievously, and added in Chinese, *Hao k'an* ("Pretty, or good to see").

Each of our Chinese Sisters has an unusually keen sense of humor. Sister Mary Thérèse once told us that when she first entered she thought the aspiration



SAILING INTO THE SUNSET ON THE YUAN RIVER. SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE WESTERN SKY, THE LOOKOUT ON THE MISSIONARY'S SAMPAN WATCHES FOR SIGNS OF DANGER ALONG THE RIVER BANK

we say at eight o'clock every evening, "Live, Jesus, forever in our hearts!" was "Live, Jesus, forever! Ha! Ha!" She wasn't too steeped in English; and what was more logical than Ha! Ha! at recreation, particularly since Our Lord was living forever and there was nothing to worry about? Then Sister Mary Joseph confessed that she just learned we were accusing ourselves in the Confiteor. She had been saying, "Through my fault, through my fault, through my mosquito's fault!"

### IN HIS NAME: FOR HIS CAUSE

THE Foreign Missions are simply the Church growing. Like the Church itself the Missions know no boundary of time or place or color. In distant, isolated Hunan, on one of those frontiers of God's Kingdom on earth, our Fathers and Sisters are making history. Theirs is not a story of conquest and power—except the conquest of evil and the power of Christ's Cross—but the ineffaceable record of sharing their lives with those who are unwilling strangers to the Truth.

No price can be set upon the tireless labors of the Church's frontiersmen, nor cold figures be listed as payment for their deeds. For who can tell the worth of cultured Sisters dressing with their own hands the forbidding wounds of outcasts, that they may reveal a little of Christ's mercy? Who will say that pennies, dimes or dollars are thrown away when a missionary feeds his famished fellow creatures whose hungry bodies are but faint symbols of their famished souls? Is glittering gold, so widely worshipped and so wildly squandered, wasted when it equips the priest of God to go where he may place souls on the threshold of Heaven?

To take the gnawing hunger from human hearts, to smile away the agony of fear from terror-stricken eyes; to heal, to strengthen, to offer the gift of life eternal—this is the unmatched vocation of the Foreign Missionary. Yet it is a *startling* fact that he is too often pitifully handicapped and a *reproaching* fact that he need not be. His efforts at times are fruitless, his zealous plans still-born, his heroic life in part wasted because we in the homeland do not always realize his dire need.

There are none who read these lines, were they to spend one day in any of our Passionist Missions, but would share until they knew the strange, sweet joy of painful sacrifice. May vision be given to all to read between the modest lines of our missionaries' letters the stirring deeds that are being done for Christ, and the soul-searching appeal which is made in His Name and for His Cause.





## BY THE MESSAGE OF AN ANGEL

IT all happened long ago in France, in the days before the Revolution and subsequent spasms of irreligion had swept the houses of the monks and nuns off the face of the countryside. The one best calculated to tell the story would be the cracked bell which hangs up over Pierre Manton's factory to call the hands to work. Pierre came by it when he took over the outbuildings of the old convent, and it served his purpose well enough; but the old bell speaks a language of its own not ordinarily understood.

It was Elise who came nearest to understanding the words spoken by Gabriel, which was the name given to the Angelus bell which hung in the little belfry in the chapel porch and rang out the angel's message for the benefit of the nuns and their pupils. Three times a day it rang. Early in the morning, at mid-day, and again in the evening after Vespers. Elise, who went to school to the nuns, loved Gabriel. Somehow the bell was identified in her mind with the archangel whose name it bore. Gabriel's "dong, dong!"—for all that it was induced by Sister Marguerite pulling a rope—was to Elise the voice of the angel delivering his message. Whilst she said her "Hail Mary" with the rest she listened to the three resonant notes and prayed in unison with St. Gabriel making his salutation.

It was to her school friend, Marcel, that Elise confided her notions concerning Gabriel. The nuns kept school for boys and girls alike. Elise singled out Marcel for her confidant. She had brothers and Marcel was often at their house. She had no feminine preference for boys but Marcel happened to share her rather peculiar ideas of things—or else to contradict them in rather an interesting way.

Marcel was clever at drawing and his drawings were not always pictures of

things seen; moreover, they were queer pictures. If Marcel had lived a few hundred years before he might have been responsible for some of the weird chimerical creatures that look down on the French cities from the roof of church or cathedral. His mind twisted awry towards the grotesque whilst that of Elise followed the straight-up trend of spiritual intuition. Boy-like, Marcel controverted her fancies concerning the voice of Gabriel. Already he was beginning to have a restricted use for angels when the Curé of a neighboring parish discovered that the boy possessed brains as well as talent and undertook to have him educated in one of the colleges which are to be found in big cities.

So Elise was left to talk to herself about St. Gabriel and his message. The mystery of the Incarnation gripped her soul. The story of the angel's promise and of Mary's joy—such it was to her in those early days, yet a mystery of mysteries, the promise of the Christmas wonder, and Mary's promise to be the mother of all men as well as of one tiny Babe.

Elise loved to stand by and watch Sister Marguerite as she pulled the rope that roused Gabriel to utterance. She loved to respond, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," as though she, herself, were Mary of Nazareth. She felt that she, too, was making a promise to do something, but what that something required of her was she could not guess. The whole intercourse with Gabriel was wrapped in mystery. That added to its wonder. Some day it would be made understandable.

EVERY year Marcel came home for a short holiday. He and she still remained comrades. He brought stories of the wonders of Paris, and pictures of the chimères which are perched on the roof

of Notre Dame. They interested him more than the pieties. He was enthusiastic still over the great palace at Versailles where the King lived. Marcel loved splendor and gaiety. He was getting on well with his studies. Elise was still learning to sew and say her prayers from the good nuns who shook their heads over Marcel and his unholy delight in things that savored of the devil. The faces on the gargoyles on Notre Dame were intended for a warning to the people. Marcel regarded them as works of art!

SO Elise grew up into maidenhood and dreamed maidenhood's dreams, until one day, when she was out in the fields calling the cattle home at the hour of the evening Angelus, she heard Gabriel's voice ring out, and suddenly she realized the meaning of his message for her. It was not exactly a new thing, but it came with a sudden, new force. She had often thought of the religious life in connection with herself, and hitherto she had not given the thought a very willing harborage. But, now, something seemed to have passed from the region of "might be" into that of "shall be" over a very wide rubicon. Elise, her heart on fire, bent her head and made reply:

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done to me according to thy word."

"And the Word became flesh," rang out Gabriel. But Marcel would have to be told, the next time he came home. What would Marcel say to it? Marcel had grown so—sophisticated would have been the word if Elise had known of its existence. The gay world in which he moved had no great idea of monks and nuns. Marcel would be vexed—perhaps very vexed indeed.

Marcel, when he came home to see his parents, always made haste to find out

his old play-fellow. He was now of an age to marry and among all the beautiful women in the gay city he had seen none whose beauty matched that of Elise. Moreover, Elise was—Elise. She would know how to make him happy. Religion was certainly a good thing for women. It made them domesticated and content with what a husband had to give them.

Marcel met Elise coming out of the convent gate on the very day of his return to the old home. She was looking, if possible, more lovely than ever. Elise, on her side, recognized—perhaps it was for the first time—that Marcel had grown into the very image of the prince in their children's fairy stories. They strolled along the road together and, then and there, Elise told Marcel of her decision to enter the convent.

The effect on Marcel was far worse than she could have imagined. This was treachery! Was she not pledged to him? Then there were some terrible utterances about nuns and convents—the waste of human life. And whilst Marcel was speaking the voice of Gabriel rang out for the mid-day Angelus.

IT rang out challengingly. Elise dropped her eyes and made response. Marcel was silenced for the moment. He stood there, erect, grim. And he had not uncovered his head. Again Gabriel rang out: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done to me according to thy word." Elise murmured her "Hail Mary." Gabriel was ringing for a third time. She glanced at Marcel as she bent her knee. He was still standing erect and his head was still covered. Gabriel was repeating the prayer. Elise was praying as she had never prayed before: "Pour forth, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy grace into our hearts."

But there was no grace in the heart of Marcel. He had formally refused the call to do homage to the greatest mystery of the Faith. At the end he simply turned on his heel and walked away.

After that Elise saw no more of Marcel. Why should a famous Parisian artist, visiting his old home, trouble himself about a village girl with whom he had played as a child? Paris was no longer taking messages from angels. What was an angel but a chimera—a winged human being? A thing with no more reality than the hooded and beaked creations of the medieval mind.

But for Marcel there was no getting away from Elise's prayers. "Whenever you hear the Angelus," was her message to him, sent on the day that she made her vows, "you will know that I am praying for you. And I will pray you back onto your knees."

For many a year after that Elise was unable to respond to Gabriel's call without the tall figure of the youth with the grim and haggard face, standing with covered head and stubborn knee, rising

before her eyes. "Dong, dong, dong." Gabriel would do his part, and she would pray, yet once again: "Pour forth, O Lord, Thy grace into our hearts (his and hers) that we to whom the Incarnation of Christ Thy Son was made known by an angel's message, may by His Passion and Cross be brought to the glory of His Resurrection."

WHEN Elise entered the convent they allowed her to choose her name in religion and she became Sister Gabrielle of the Incarnation.

There was plenty of work found for Sister Gabrielle. All sorts of odd jobs fell to her lot and she accepted all with the same alacrity. There was only one task that she really coveted, and that was the ringing of the Angelus bell. Sister Gabrielle crushed the desire sternly in her heart for she was out for perfection, and the only means at her disposal were the tiny opportunities of daily life. Three times a day she knelt for the Angelus, kneeling as was the convent custom, except during paschal-tide when the *Regina Cali* took its place, and all else was swallowed up in the joy of Christ's Resurrection.

Sister Gabrielle sometimes got a scruple that the termination of Paschal-tide should bring her joy—the joy of the returning Angelus with Gabriel's message. She had tried to visualize him seated by the empty tomb, and again had a scruple, for the Gospel does not say that the young man in a white garment was Gabriel, neither does Holy Church. M. le Curé had disposed of the notion as an idle fancy, and it had reminded Sister Gabrielle of Marcel's strictures of angelic beings. Poor Marcel! Never did she forget to pray for him. He had understood her dreams, even when he ruled them out by virtue of his man-intelligence.

Ever and anon news reached the convent of Marcel, through his relatives. Marcel had become very rich and famous. He had even been invited to stay with the King at the great château of Versailles. But, alack! Marcel had lost his faith, and only the message of an angel, so M. le Curé told the nuns, could restore his belief in the doctrines of Holy Church. Sister Gabrielle listened to him with a bitter pain in her heart. Yes, only an angel. But an angel's message might do it. St. Gabriel of the Incarnation was a great wonderworker.

Sister Gabrielle, having yielded her heart's desire into the hands of the Giver of Gifts, received it back again, as is apt to be the case if people only knew it. Sister Marguerite waxed feeble and Sister Gabrielle was told off to ring the Angelus in her place. She knelt in the chapel and said, "Thank You." And after that the ringing of the nuns' Angelus became the great joy of her life.

In the early morning she made Gab-

riel's voice heard by the community in the blackness of the winter or the golden dawn of a summer day. Gabriel hung in a corner of the outer porch of the chapel. Never once in the long years during which she held the charge did Sister Gabrielle forget to sound the Angelus at the right moment. It was wonderful to be speaking in unison with Gabriel—with St. Gabriel the Archangel. The world was growing more and more wicked. There were many stubborn knees which remained unbent when "the angel of the Lord declared unto Mary," even in the village near-by.

So the years went on and Sister Gabrielle in her turn waxed old and infirm. The world by this time had become appallingly wicked. Wickedness reigned in high places. In the Church itself luxury and callousness found a place. The suffering poor formed a sullen mob only waiting for a leader. Fewer than ever were the knees that bent at the behest of the Angelus. People said that the day was coming when the Angelus would not sound at all.

NO news of Marcel had come along for many a day. His parents were dead and the new Curé had never even heard of a connection between the great artist whose bizarre pictures were so much sought after and the little red house in the village. If he were still alive he would be very old—as old as Sister Gabrielle, and she was turned eighty.

About this time the village underwent a change. The old church, the church where Elise and Marcel had made their First Communion, was falling to pieces. The new Curé elected to build a new one at the other end of the village, quite near the convent. It was a better position, and convenient in bad weather for serving the nuns. Mother Marie-Anastasie, the superior, was quite pleased with the arrangement. For one thing, the ringing of the nuns' own Angelus would no longer be necessary for that of the parish church would be fully audible. Mother Marie-Anastasie was terribly short-handed. Sister Gabrielle was past doing the job, and the young ones would be sure to forget as often as not, besides the nuisance of having to take their hands out of the soap-suds, or leave some other important work. Mother Marie-Anastasie was of the new school of thought. Besides, the belfry was in a very unsafe condition.

So when the new church was completed and the Angelus rang out with a loud and wholly adequate clang, Mother Anastasie sought out old Sister Gabrielle where she was sitting in her chair, knitting, and told her that there would be no need for her to ring the Angelus any more.

Her words fell like a hammer blow on the old Sister's heart. It was as though an iron tongue had struck her on the inside of her head. Silence Gabriel! That sounded something like sacrilege. But

it must be God's voice speaking through her superior. The Mother was His messenger—she had learnt that as a novice. Mother Anastasie explained with exemplary patience how the Angelus would ring just the same. Sister Gabrielle could not explain her point. It was the voice to which she and Marcel had listened as children which would be stilled. St. Gabriel himself, white and shining and glorious, had been there when the bell bearing his name sounded.

But all that could not be said to dear Reverend Mother—kind, bustling Mother Marie-Anastasie who kept the old ones in bed when they had a cold in their heads and permitted them to miss Mass. To miss Mass! So Sister Gabrielle took her instructions quietly and without comment.

**A**NOTHER decade of years passed on. Sister Gabrielle was still in the land of the living; feeble, both in body and mind, but still able to get about and say her prayers. Her mind had penetrated deeply into the mystery which was her special devotion. Perhaps some might say that the removal of Gabriel had purged it of the idle fancies induced by the imagination and purified her spiritual vision. It may have been so. As for Gabriel, he still rested in the corner of the out-building where the nuns scrapped their rubbish. Being blessed, not to say baptized, they had a scruple about selling him to the smelting works. Gabriel kept company with a headless statue of St. Joseph—for once the resourcefulness of Mother Anastasie had failed her and she had not thought to utilize it as a representation of St. Denis—and the ox and ass who only emerged at Christmas-time.

Sometimes old Sister Gabrielle would be found sitting in the out-house. She liked to make her meditation there. Was she not one of the articles which had been scrapped? There was no bitterness in the thought. People—Jean the odd man, for instance—had been known to wonder why the good nuns kept all these useless articles instead of having them removed. God had His reasons, no doubt, for having His hoard of things that were no longer of any apparent use.

But by the end of ten years Sister Gabrielle had ceased to think philosophically. She just said her prayers, mostly "Hail Mary's," and kept her rule with amazing accuracy. One thing alone troubled her mind. Marcel would be coming home to see his parents. It would be very dreadful if she forgot to ring the Angelus bell on that day, for if he were to hear the Angelus his faith might return to him, even as it had left him. She had prayed so hard for him. Once or twice the nuns found her in the porch fumbling for the rope. She had forgotten that the bell was no longer there. They would lead her away, and she seemed content to let it go at that.

So Sister Gabrielle lived on until the day came when she touched her ninetieth year. She now remained entirely in her cell. The Sisters loved to visit her, especially the young ones, and to listen to her stories of the long-distant past—that time of peace and tranquillity when the dreadful atheism of the present day was practically unheard of. Sister Gab-

heavenly name-sake had paid her a visit. A beautiful white and shining Gabriel. She woke up suddenly. It was pitch dark and very cold, being mid-winter. A great stab went through her heart. She had overslept herself and it would be past the time to ring the first Angelus! She made no attempt to verify this suspicion, and at that moment the moon came out from



"BE IT DONE UNTO ME, ACCORDING TO THY WORD"

rielle loved to tell them how she had always rung the Angelus bell three times a day and, thanks be to God, she had never once forgotten it or been late.

"It would have been a terrible thing to have forgotten to ring the Angelus," one very intense little novice said, clasping her hands and casting her eyes heavenward. Sister Gabrielle assented. "It would be—terrible," she said, "terrible!"

That night Sister Gabrielle had a strange dream. She thought that her

behind a cloud and shone brightly into the room.

Sister Gabrielle was out of bed as quickly as her stiff old limbs would allow. Perhaps this might be the very hour when Marcel would be returning home. He had a way of arriving very early in the morning. If he did not hear Gabriel calling how could he be brought to bend the knee to God in the great mystery of the Incarnation?

Sister Gabrielle was out of her cell and



down the corridor. She went at her utmost pace regardless of stiffened joints and the infirmity of her ninety years. She found her way to the chapel and through it to the porch where Gabriel had hung. She felt for the bell-rope. There was no bell-rope. Someone must have cut it away. Sister Gabrielle's hands went up to her head. No, she remembered now; Gabriel had been taken away to the out-house. The out-house was just across the courtyard beside the dairy and farm buildings. She fumbled and turned the key in the porch door; she crossed the courtyard and pushed the door of the asylum for unwanted objects. It was not locked. There was nothing there worth stealing. Sister Gabrielle crept in.

It would have been a terrible thing to have forgotten to ring Gabriel. It would most certainly have proved to be the very day when Marcel passed that way, as well as a very grave offence against holy obedience. She laid hold of the handle of the big, dusty bell. Gabriel was very heavy. It was much easier to ring him by pulling a rope. How was she to ring him without a rope? But strength is largely a matter of mental energy. She managed to turn the bell over onto its side and then lifting the iron tongue she dropped it onto the resounding metal.

"Dong, dong, dong!" said Gabriel. He said it in a curiously feeble voice, but he said it. Sister Gabrielle, conveniently on her knees, recited the versicle and the accompanying "Hail Mary." Surely St. Gabriel himself was there, white and shining, helping her with her hard task. She repeated the effort. It was harder this time. Her old arm had got cramp in it.

"*Ecce ancilla Domini*," she said. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

OUT on the roadside a man was passing the convent; staggering along as though overcome by sheer weariness. He was a horrifying object. Tall, but with bent shoulders, and with tattered garments covering what was almost a skeleton form. His thin white hair hung in long streaks and blew across his face which was unshaven and seared with the wear and tear of years and suffering. An object for pity as complete, and not unlike, that which men had brought forth from the dungeons of the Bastille not many years back.

The keepers of the prisons of the new Republic had no luxuries to offer the man who had been a court favorite and the avowed opponent of the new régime. They had taken no pity on his advanced years and a dure imprisonment had been the lot of the man who was now at large again, destitute and sick unto death. He had not consciously sought out his native place, but here he was, ready to lie down and die, it might be on the grave of his parents. They had believed in a hereafter. Death had given them the lie,

only they would not have known it. Annihilation is a hard thing to visualize when you come to meditate on it. Oblivion? He was taking oblivion on faith.

IT was at that moment that a sound struck his ear in the intense silence of the night. "Dong, dong, dong." He looked round him. The out-buildings which he was passing belonged to the convent. He remembered that quite well. This was about the spot where he had seen Elise for the last time. Never since had he seen a woman to match Elise.

"Dong, dong, dong." The strange, faint sound rang out again, after the space of a "Hail Mary," or so. What on earth was the meaning of it? It came from the old out-house where he remembered the nuns used to store their broken images. He even remembered the little gate which was never locked through which he could get at the out-buildings. He found it—open—and passing through found the out-house door likewise ajar.

Sister Gabrielle was feeling very, very exhausted. She had come to the end of her strength. St. Gabriel, white and shining, had deserted her and in his place she seemed to see a dark figure, terrible to look upon. A wild dream-figure—a nightmare, like Marcel's queer drawings which he had shown her when he teased her about the angels.

But it was alive. As she made her third and last attempt to ring the bell a hand took it from her. The intruder was ringing it for her. He stood up straight and swung it to and fro.

"Dong, dong, dong."

Sister Gabrielle, still on her knees, repeated the sublime words: "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." Then, as she said her "Hail Mary," she glanced up.

The ringer of the bell was on his knees, too. The weight of it had been too much for him but he had held on. Sister Gabrielle gazed at him with wide, glistening eyes. How handsome Marcel had become! He didn't look a day older; and it must be some years now since she had

seen him. And he was on his knees. The good God was indeed good!

Gabriel took no part in the prayer that followed, but up in Heaven a myriad of the angelic host must have been watching and rejoicing. . . . "that we to whom the Incarnation of Thy Son was made known by the message of an angel may by His Passion and Cross be brought to the glory of His Resurrection."

Sister Gabrielle had got onto her feet. She smiled radiantly at the crumpled man, still on his knees, and in silence, for the great Silence does not end until after Mass, she passed on her way. The Angelus had not been forgotten. And Marcel had been there.

Mother Marie-Anastasie, waking up in the middle of the night thought that she heard a bell ringing, but of course it must have been imagination. Next morning, however, it was explained, for a miserable old tramp was found lying unconscious in the out-house where it appeared he had been making an attempt to carry off the old Angelus bell.

The good nuns' hearts were set at rest for the poor fellow recovered his senses and asked to see a priest, so he did not die with the sin of theft on his conscience. They laid him to rest in the cemetery next, so it happened, to the grave of the parents of Marcel, Sister Gabrielle's old playmate.

They told Sister Gabrielle all about it. But a great change had come over her and she was not capable of taking much of it in. They had found her lying in a strange exhausted state in her bed on the same morning that they had discovered the poor man. She appeared to have had a stroke during the night and it had affected her mind as well as her body.

Sister Gabrielle smiled at them all and said nothing—she had that look of deep happiness on her face that she used to have when she was in the chapel thinking on the mystery of the Incarnation, or when she said the Angelus. They were funny—these dear Sisters of hers—they were talking of a poor miserable old sinner, and all the time it had been—Marcel!

## Forest People

By Earl Lawson Sydnor

THE sunset paints a poem on the trees;  
And swaying gently in the rhythmic breeze,  
They dole a symphony of melodies.

Now, as the sleepy rays begin to nod  
And leave a stain of purple with the sod,  
Tall trees point golden finger tips to God.

Long mantled clouds hang low to kiss the sun,  
As amber ribbons deepen one by one  
To warn these oaken souls that day is done.

# MY ROAD TO ROME

*"I Can Imagine No Better Training for the Church than to Spend, as I did, a Year Arguing the Case Against Catholicism with a Catholic, and a Second Year in Defending the Catholic Position Against an Agnostic."*

By Arnold Lunn

**S**HORTLY after I was received into the Church I was warned that Catholics are apt to criticize newly joined converts who inflict their spiritual autobiographies on the public. As far as the general public is concerned I am impenitent. My book, *Solution*, which will shortly appear, is written not for Catholics, but for non-Catholics in general and for my own non-Catholic friends in particular. I should regard it as a grave dereliction if I made no effort to persuade others to take the step which I have taken myself. Moreover, I, a writer, who has devoted so much time to attacking the Catholic Church, and who has received so many compliments from Protestants for the effectiveness of his attacks, may be forgiven if he tries to prove that his conversion cannot be explained solely by softening of the brain. But, though I make no apology for trying to explain my conversion in a book intended for the non-Catholic public, I should certainly not have inflicted my views on the Catholic readers of a Catholic magazine had not the Editor invited me so to do.

**I** WAS born in 1888, in India, where my father was serving as a Methodist missionary. My father, like John Wesley, is also a confirmed member of the Church of England, perhaps the only confirmed member of the Church of England who still retains his status as a Methodist lay preacher. My mother was the daughter of Canon Moore, of the Church of Ireland. Canon Moore, incidentally, was George Tyrrell's headmaster. I was brought up as an Anglican and confirmed while at Harrow.

As a boy my emotional life began and ended in the mountains. The long intervals between mountain holidays were endured rather than enjoyed. It was natural that I should read Leslie Stephen's *Playground of Europe*, and no less natural that I should read the other works by this High Priest of Mountain-worship. It was Leslie Stephen's *Agnostic's Apology* which made me a definite agnostic at the age of eighteen.

I have been described more than once in the Press as a convert from Nonconformity. I became a Nonconformist for the first time when Father Knox received

me into the Catholic Church. For a Nonconformist is, I take it, one who does not conform to the established religion of the country. "In fact we are," wrote Cardinal Manning, "Dissenters and the chief of Nonconformists."

**F**ROM Harrow I went to Oxford, and it was in my first year at Oxford that I read *The Path to Rome*. This book made a profound impression upon me, not only because it is the best of all travel books, but because it presented Catholicism not as the religion of the queer minority, but as the religion of Europe. I began dimly to see that Catholicism is an integral part of our European culture.

My mother's passionate devotion to Ireland reinforced these Catholic suasions. She comes of Anglo-Irish stock, and her sympathies throughout her life have been with genuine Irish Catholics. As a child she used to steal away to the nuns' convent at Middleton and even enter the Catholic chapel—an unprecedented act for the daughter of a Protestant clergyman. English people have no conception of the uncompromising vigor of Irish Protestantism. I remember on one occasion my grandfather's congregation signed a protest against the red carpet which he had put down, on the ground that it imparted a popish flavor into the church.

My youthful sympathies with Catholicism were sentimental rather than intelligent. I knew little of Catholic doctrine, and what little I did know repelled me. I took my views on Catholicism from Tyrrell, Loisy and the Modernists. They convinced me that no intelligent man need waste five minutes' thought on unreformed and unmodernized Catholicism.

It was at Oxford that I first read Mr. Chesterton's *Orthodoxy* and *Heretics*. I read these books with lively interest. I discovered that, whatever might be the case with Mr. Chesterton's "likes," I certainly shared his "dislikes." I was intrigued but not convinced by his defence of Catholic Christianity, and I was delighted by his attack on the solemn secularism of the period. Cheerful hedonists who are frankly bored by religion never irritate me, but the religious atheist is a type which I find very tedious. The pul-

pit was the natural home of the earnest Victorian rationalist; it was the accident of fate which decided whether they should preach puritanism of the religious or the irreligious variety. It was characteristic of that humorless period that Huxley should have published a volume of essays under the titles of *Lay Sermons*. These people seemed determined to retain those restrictions which the Christian accepts with resignation as the price which must be paid for the rewards which these dour puritans rejected. Secularism in a surplice has always bored me, perhaps because I have no sympathy with people "who have not got the faith, and will not have the fun."

William James reinforced these Catholic suasions. I read every line that he wrote, and I still consider that he has received far less than his due from Catholic writers. No man did more to stem the tide of pure materialism in philosophy. His *Varieties of Religious Experience* is one of the classics of religious literature.

By the time I left Oxford I considered myself fairly well informed so far as theology was concerned. Actually I was extremely ignorant. It is true that I could have argued Pragmatism backwards, that I was well posted in Modernism, English and Continental, but I could not have begun to outline the arguments for Catholicism. I was ignorant not only of doctrine, but of the most elementary facts about my own Church and the Catholic Church. I did not, for instance, know that there was any connection between the Mass and the Anglican Communion service. Until I had passed my thirtieth birthday I had never been inside an Anglo-Catholic church, and I did not know that Anglo-Catholics substituted High Mass for Matins as the chief service on Sunday morning. I thought of Anglo-Catholics as people who were very interested in ritual and in ceremonial, and of Catholics as people who exalted faith and emotion at the expense of reason and of history.

**S**HORTLY after my thirtieth birthday, I happened, by accident, to discover in Mr. Coolidge's library at Grindelwald two books which made a great impression upon me. The first was

Bishop Lightfoot's *Rejoinder* to a book called *Supernatural Religion*. I opened Bishop Lightfoot's book strongly prejudiced against his thesis, but before I had finished it I was convinced that he had won all along the line. He had certainly demolished his opponent, even if he had failed to convince me. This impression was confirmed by reading Professor Salmon's *Introduction to the New Testament*. Salmon proved conclusively that the evidence for the traditional authorship of the Gospels is extremely strong, and that the refusal to accept this evidence is inspired by the realization that, if once the traditional authorship is admitted, it is extremely difficult to purge the Gospels of the supernatural element.

I BEGAN to realize that there was a very strong case indeed for the Resurrection of Christ, but I was quite content to leave it at that. It was pleasant to discover that the universe was a more exciting and a more interesting place than the materialists were prepared to admit. I was quite glad that Christ very probably rose again on the third day, provided that this particular fact was not allowed to affect my own life. The last thing that I wanted was to let myself in for church-going, praying and similar activities.

And, though I was prepared to concede that Christ probably did rise from the dead, I was not prepared to admit that Christ was necessarily God. The Deity of Christ is a belief which I have accepted reluctantly under the pressure of the evidence. For many years I refused to consider the case for orthodox Christianity, because I felt that the Gospels lost all their romance if Christ were promoted from the human to the Divine. I knew nothing of the Catholic doctrine of the two natures in Christ, the Divine and the human. Actually I was in revolt not against the orthodox Christology of Catholicism, but against a heresy very similar to Docetism—the heresy that Christ only “appeared” or “seemed” to be a man. I preferred to think of Christ as a Saint with marvelous psychical powers, a super-medium unique among men, not only for His sinlessness, but for His power over material forces, accessible through prayer to those who prayed to Him, One Who occupied the highest position in the hierarchy of spirits, a position infinitely below that of God Himself. In brief, I was an Arian or semi-Arian.

My first real approach to the Church coincided with the sudden realization that, in religion as in other matters, subjective prejudice is not an infallible guide to objective truth. I was wasting my time in a search for a Christ Whose teaching I could conscientiously preface with the words: “*Nihil obstat*, Arnold Lunn.”

Subjectivism is indeed the greatest of all hindrances to the faith. The non-Catholic unconsciously lays down the conditions which God or Christ must

satisfy before he will consent to fall down and worship. I began by assuming, unconsciously perhaps, that a revelation could not be true if it conflicted with my most cherished prejudices as to how God should behave. Before long I began to feel that a revelation which fitted all my prejudices would inevitably be false. A Divine revelation which is for all men must inevitably override the prejudices of individual minds.

But the influence of William James was still very strong. I was in search of a Deity very different from the God of Catholic theology. I disliked the conception of an omniscient God, because I could not see how omniscience is to be reconciled with free will.

Some time before I was received my wife said to me: “I can't think how you can become a Catholic without finding an answer to the points you put in your letter to Father Knox about omniscience and free will.” To this I replied: “If God came into this room and said to you ‘I am omniscient and you've got free will,’ you would have to believe both statements.” “No, I shouldn't,” said my wife, “I should assume that I hadn't heard Him correctly.”

The reader will be convinced by this magnificent retort that it is not easy to emerge victorious from a religious argument with my wife.

“I hadn't heard Him correctly” seems to me to sum up in one pregnant sentence the whole essence of Protestantism as a religion.

In 1924 I began to write *Roman Converts*, a study of five eminent converts to the Catholic Church, including Father Ronald Knox, who was later to receive me into the Church. The book was flatteringly reviewed in the non-Catholic Press. Catholics were naturally irritated by the patronizing tone which I had adopted, but the more far-seeing Catholic critics realized, as was indeed obvious from the preface, that I was greatly attracted to Catholicism. There are two types of anti-Catholic writers: the first for whom, humanly speaking, nothing can be hoped, and the second who display evidences of latent sympathy for the Church. Defenders of the Faith should, I think, be careful to distinguish between these two types of anti-Catholic writers.

I KNOW that in my own case the angry comments of the less discerning critics only convinced me that my attack had gone home, but the friendly, discerning, and effective replies of Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shane Leslie had the very opposite effect. I was naturally flattered that the *Dublin Review* should devote thirty-four pages to my book, and still more flattered that Catholics so eminent as Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shane Leslie should think it worth while to reply at some length to what I had written. The chief impression left on my mind after

reading their reviews was that my attack had misfired.

In 1928 my friend Douglas Jerrold, the brilliant Editor of the *English Review*, suggested that I should write a book attacking the dogmas of popular science. The book appeared in 1930, under the title of *The Flight From Reason*. In the course of my preliminary studies I read certain works by St. Thomas Aquinas, and was much impressed by his objectivity, by his respect for human reason and for logic. The contrast between the impersonal, unemotional objectivism of St. Aquinas and the sentimental subjectivism of our modern prophets was the main theme of the book.

SHORTLY after *The Flight From Reason* appeared I made the acquaintance of Douglas Woodruff. No man has done more to bring me into the Church.

In 1930 I wrote to Father Knox and suggested that we should collaborate in a series of letters on the Catholic claims. My Anglican friends were convinced that the book would never see the light of day unless it ended with my submission to Rome.

I began the book with a regretful feeling that Catholicism was far too vulnerable to attack. It was a pity that Catholicism was not true, for the Catholic philosophy was so attractive and so sane. By the time I had written my last letter I was beginning to feel that it was a pity that Catholicism was true, for it was so much nicer to be *pro-Catholic* than to be *a Catholic*. I did not mind Catholicism being true, provided that I could defend it from outside the Church. The Church, I felt, ought to accept Associate Members, who were in general sympathy with her aims, but who were not prepared to pay the full subscription.

The process of becoming a Catholic might be summed up as a process in the course of which suasions gradually neutralized dissuasions, leaving the mind free to consider the objective evidence on its merits. Suasions are the subject of a long chapter in my forthcoming book. Dissuasions were many and potent. I have always been irritated by the attitude of certain Catholic writers to non-Catholic Christians. I read with lively interest all Father Hugh Benson's novels; but the attractive picture which he paints of Catholicism, and in particular of the Catholicism of the missionary priest, was largely counteracted by the irritation provoked by his attitude to Anglicanism. Anglican clergymen in his novels are always represented in a disagreeable light. Father Benson enjoyed unusual opportunities for seeing the Church of England at its best, and his novels would have gained in persuasiveness if he had occasionally drawn a sympathetic study of an Anglican clergyman. As a novelist he was, of course, entitled to describe all



types of Anglicans, good and bad; but by concentrating solely on the bad and on the ridiculous he irritated many readers who might otherwise have been influenced.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie's trilogy describing the gradual progress of an Anglican from Anglo-Catholicism to Catholicism is, on the other hand, effective, precisely because of his sympathetic treatment of a character based on that great Anglo-Catholic, Father Dolling.

Few books in recent years have produced a greater effect on non-Catholics than Professor Karl Adam's *Spirit of Catholicism*. His generous tribute to the piety of the best Protestants, so far from encouraging Protestants to stay where they are, renders still more persuasive his uncompromising defence of the absolute claims of the Catholic Church.

The controversialist who concedes all that can fairly be conceded to his opponent is usually more effective than the controversialist who irritates everybody by refusing to concede positions which can clearly not be defended. St. Augustine's *Diligite homines, interficite errores* ("Love men but kill their errors") is not only sound Christian morality, but is also the secret of successful debate.

THE convert from non-Catholic Christianity has fewer dissuasions to overcome than the convert from agnosticism. It is difficult for a man who has ceased to say his prayers at eighteen to resume the habit at forty-five. Indeed, it was not until I had written to Father Knox, asking him to receive me, that I made any effort so to do. Queer school-boy prejudices against anything which schoolboys label "pi" still linger irrationally in one's mind. Here, as in other things, faith and reason are allied against emotion and doubt. The difficulty is increased for the Catholic convert with an Anglican background because he has to learn a new devotional language. The first Catholic prayer-book which I opened gave me rather a shock. I contrasted it regretfully with the Anglican Prayer Book, in which beautiful Catholic prayers are rendered into noble English prose. It is a thousand pities that Newman was never encouraged to do for our generation what Cranmer did for our forefathers.

Those who stress the æsthetic appeal of Catholicism should read Father Martindale's confessions. "I will waste no time," he writes, "in underlining my mere æsthetic recoil from the exterior side of Catholicism as the level of English taste then offered it to me."

It was not liking for Catholicism but disliking for secularism which first set my feet on the Romeward road. It is time that the converts who owe their conversion to Haeckel and Bradlaugh should lay a wreath on the tombs of these great

allies of the Church, for many of us have been driven back on the truth in our attempts to put as much ground as possible between ourselves and the modern prophets. In our own day Mr. H. G. Wells and Professor Julian Huxley are carrying on the good work.

THE situation today is less confused than in the Victorian age. The puritan atheist living on the capital of Christian tradition is a disappearing type. We shall soon see a straight fight between Christians who accept the creed and code of Christianity and anti-Christians who reject both creed and code. The sentimental humanism of the nineties, which hoped great things from the substitution of science for religion, is dead, and Brave New World is its epitaph. The disillusioned modern of today is beginning to respect Catholicism, but he has nothing but mocking contempt for the Utopianism of the nineties. The Victorian secularists were "Dawnists," to borrow Hugh Kingsmill's admirable term. Mr. Wells, for instance, never tired of prophesying the rosy dawn which would dispel the shadows of superstition. But the Dawnists are a diminishing sect today, for the world is ceasing to believe in the inevitability of progress or in the automatic beneficence of evolution.

One of the things which first drew me to the Church was the fact that the Church was uninfected by sentimental dawnism. Whatever might be the case with Protestants, the Catholic Church remained serenely contemptuous of these modern prophets. It was all the more regrettable, I felt, that a Church which was so unerring in its verdict on bosh should be so insistent in upholding doctrines which struck me as not only irrational but unattractive. I was prepared to echo with enthusiasm the Church's contempt for materialism, but her positive doctrines did not attract me. I could make nothing of the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity. I disliked her Natural Theology. I hated Catholic tracts about Hell. I should have preferred an Arian to the orthodox Christology. I disliked the doctrine of penance, and never passed a confession box without metaphorically touching wood, for the bare prospect that I might one day find myself inside one seemed both ridiculous and repulsive.

But though the doctrines of the Church did not attract me, I was impressed by the Church's massive witness to the supernatural. Other churches spoke with hesitating voice, but there was a ring of unshaken confidence in that voice which still speaks as man never spake. I was uneasily conscious of an uncomfortable parallel. And I began to ask myself whether this Church, which was so manifestly sane in its general attitude, was really as irrational as I had supposed in its individual doctrines. I decided to examine the doctrines, and I discovered, of

course, that much of my prejudice was due to ignorance and misunderstanding. So far as Catholic Christology is concerned, Father Knox helped to clear my mind. My views changed from one letter to the next, a fact which did not escape his attention (see *Difficulties*, page 190, paragraph 3).

An agnostic who has reached this position can hardly stop short of Rome. Though it may be easy for an orthodox Christian to remain an Anglican, it is not easy for an outsider to become an Anglican. If one has come to the conclusion that Christ is true God and true man, it is natural to prefer the Church which has taught this doctrine from the first, and which still teaches it, to the Churches which permit their priests to proclaim doctrines which are indistinguishable from Unitarianism.

One does not become a Catholic merely because one is dissatisfied with Anglicanism, but one may be driven into the Church by the conviction that no other religious body can resist the universal disintegration of doctrine and of moral standards. Against the confused and shifting background of the modern world Catholic order alone can resist the erosion of modern chaos. Where others are content to express opinions, this impatient old Church still thunders, with all her old confidence, *ex cathedra* denunciations of sin and error. In religion, as in politics, we are witnessing a swing back to authoritarianism. Freedom can only be safeguarded by authority. Exaggerated individualism leads, as in Luther's country, to complete suppression of private judgment.

SUCH, then, were the considerations which urged me towards the Church. My correspondence with Father Knox had helped to clear my mind. I spent the next year defending against Mr. Joad the position which I had previously attacked. I was only seriously embarrassed when I was attempting to defend Christianity in general rather than Catholicism in particular.

Impersonal argument may produce, as it produced in my case, the reasoned conviction that Catholicism is properly true, but something more is needed to provide the final impulse which sends a man across the threshold into the sanctuary. And that final impulse was provided by the study of Catholicism in action. Father Martindale's book, *What Are Saints?* is the best shillings-worth that I know. The lives which he described with such power are, perhaps, the best of all arguments for the Catholic faith.

I do not think I shall be accused of depreciating the value of controversy, but controversy alone is not enough. One of those who did more than most people to bring me into the Church never, so far as I can remember, argued and never tried to force the pace. In a controversial

argument the appeal to religious experience is dangerous, but religious experience is undoubtedly effective—when it is silent. It is certainly communicable. "One loving soul," says St. Augustine, "sets another on fire." Christianity can sometimes be caught no less than taught. The glow of lives lit by the sacred fire is apparent even to the least spiritual of people. When I think of those who have helped me, I always remember with gratitude a priest whose acute mind solved many of my intellectual difficulties, but who helped me even more by his radiant and infectious faith.

**C**ATHOLICISM is a social religion, and few converts would struggle into the Church by their own unaided efforts. My own conversion, humanly speaking, is due partly to my Catholic friends and partly to a long, detailed and patient examination of the arguments for and against the Faith. The method of controversy which I had adopted with Father Knox and Mr. Joad forced this examination on me. It is easy enough to skim lightly over the difficulties of one's position and to shirk the strong points in one's opponent's position when one is writing an *ex parte* book or preaching from a pulpit. Every word must be weighed and every argument tested if one is writing for publication a letter to be dissected by an opponent. I can imagine no better training for the Church than to spend, as I did, a year arguing the case against Catholicism with a Catholic, and a second year in defending the Catholic position against an agnostic.

An Anglo-Catholic who was very complimentary about my letters to Father Knox was seriously perturbed when he heard that I had joined the Church. Indeed, he doubted my good faith. Those who are prepared to concede that I am sincere must at least admit that I have walked into the Church with my eyes open.

It is not easy to become a Catholic. Emotion puts up a hard fight against reason. In the recurring moods of emotional reaction against the sharp outlines of truth, I should have fallen on my knees and prayed for faith, if I had regarded the Church as a harbor in storm-tossed seas. But I was not anxious to label myself a Catholic, so long as there was any decent excuse for remaining where I was. And so, instead of praying for faith, I have spent many a half-hour in the early hours of the morning systematically reviewing the arguments for and against Catholicism, beginning with the five proofs for the existence of God and ending with the Resurrection. Ending, I say, for I have long realized with regret that once I wholeheartedly accepted the Deity of Christ, I should find it impossible to remain outside the Church.

Meanwhile I could plead St. Augustine as an excuse for delay: "*Statui ergo tam-*

*diu esse catechumenus in catholica ecclesia donec aliquid certi eluceret quo cursum dirigerem.*" ("I determined therefore to be a catechumen in the Catholic Church until something certain should dawn upon me by which I might steer my course.") I too could wait, like him for a "clear sign," before asking to be received. Secretly I sometimes hoped that the "clear sign" would not be given too soon. Father Martindale has summed up this phase, a phase through which many converts pass, in the following confession:

"I could have hung on for ever" (he writes) "round the magnet of Faith and that of sweet regretful Unbelief—yet no;

### ARNOLD LUNN SAYS:

**I** SHOULD regard it as a grave dereliction if I made no effort to persuade others to take the step which I have taken myself. ¶ My youthful sympathies with Catholicism were sentimental rather than intelligent. I knew little of Catholic doctrine, and the little I did know repelled me. ¶ The last thing I wanted was to let myself in for church-going, praying and similar activities. ¶ My first real approach to the Church coincided with the sudden realization that, in religion as in other matters, subjective prejudice is not an infallible guide to objective truth. ¶ I was wasting my time in search for a Christ Whose teaching I could conscientiously preface with the words: *Nihil obstat*, Arnold Lunn. ¶ I began by assuming, unconsciously perhaps, that a revelation could not be true if it conflicted with my most cherished prejudices as to how God should behave. ¶ The Church, I felt, ought to accept Associate Members, who were in general sympathy with her aims but who were not prepared to pay the full subscription. ¶ We shall soon see a straight fight between Christians who accept the creed and code of Christianity and anti-Christians who reject both creed and code. ¶ I disliked the doctrine of penance, and never passed a confession box without metaphorically touching wood, for the bare prospect that one day I might find myself inside one seemed both ridiculous and repulsive. ¶ Though the doctrines of the Church did not attract me, I was impressed by the Church's massive witness to the supernatural. ¶ Against the confused and shifting background of the modern world Catholic order alone can resist the erosion of modern chaos. ¶ Where others are content to express opinions, the impenitent old Church still thunders, with all her old confidence, *ex cathedra* denunciations of sin and error. ¶ Christianity can sometimes be caught no less than taught.

for had the call of God not intensified itself, it would have weakened; it could not have stayed immutable; I should have fallen into that practical materialism which is the easy resource of the indolent. Hence I became a Catholic, hating it: full of the horror of the irrevocable, which marked that period, I struggled hard against that self-commitment which is involved in 'this or that is true, this or that is right.' It was my first great lesson that rejoicing in a thing is far from being the same thing as liking it."

"Hence I became a Catholic, hating it. . . ." Exactly. How one hates the uncompromising hard edges of Catholicism!

"The Catholic Church," as Mr. Belloc says, "will permit no comforts. . . By the Lord; I began to think this intimate religion is as tragic as great love. Yet, certainly religion is as tragic as first love and drags us out into the void away from our dear homes."

*Odi et amo.* ("I have hated and I love.") Catholicism attracted one side of me, and repelled the Voltairean side. Both sides are genuine. Fewer accusations of hypocrisy would be made if generally the very real phenomenon of double personality were more understood. When I find myself with convinced Catholics I know that Catholicism is the one thing that matters. When I find myself with a near Saint virtue goes out of him, and I know that sanctity is the most impressive and the most beautiful thing in the world. And this belief is none the less sincere, because I find it only too easy to tune into the cheerful Rabelaisianism of the completely unspiritual. So mood succeeds mood, suasions are neutralized by dissuasions. Had I waited for St. Augustine's *aliquid certi* (something certain) I should be waiting still; but I was determined to avoid Mallock's fate—a fate which was held up to me more than once as a warning by Father Knox. Mallock saw the truth, but did not follow it. It was only on his deathbed that a semi-conscious movement was charitably interpreted by the waiting priest as a conscious sign of acquiescence. A chance remark of Newman's finally decided me:

"You must make a venture," he wrote, "faith is a venture before a man is a Catholic. You approach the Church in the way of reason, you enter it in the light of the spirit."

**S***ERO te amavi, pulchritudo tam antiqua et tam nova!* The convert who comes to the Church in middle life must inevitably echo St. Augustine's "Too late have I loved thee, thou beauty ever old and ever new." But better late than never. *Sero te amavi* may be on our lips as we cross the threshold, but echoing down the centuries we can still hear St. Augustine's joyous cry of deliverance from the chain of heresy: "Thou has broken my bonds; to Thee will I offer a sacrifice of praise."

# THE FINAL SACRIFICE

## *The Last of Twelve Chapters in a New Life of Saint Bernadette*

By

Aileen Mary Clegg

WHEN Bernadette Soubirous left Lourdes for Nevers on July 4, 1866, her mother was already ill. She died on December 8, in the same year. Though Bernadette had known her malady to be a serious one and therefore that there was practically no hope of recovery, she fainted when she heard the news. When she came to herself again she was heard to whisper, "O my God, this is Thy will. I accept the chalice Thou hast sent me. May Thy Holy Name be blessed!"

It must have been the greatest comfort to her in her grief to realize that God had summoned her mother on a feast specially dear to lovers of Our Lady, the splendid feast of the Immaculate Conception, which now, in course of years, was to be the feast of Bernadette's own canonization. (How little the young nun could then have imagined what the future was to hold!)

François Soubirous died on another feast, March 4, 1871, the thirteenth anniversary of the last Apparition in the series of fifteen Mary had specially asked his daughter to be present at. Both husband and wife died the death of the just.

On the day the tidings of this new sorrow came to Nevers one of the Sisters found Bernadette weeping in the infirmary. She was standing by the mantelpiece, leaning with her head on her hands. She turned when the Sister spoke to her.

"I have just heard my poor father is dead," she said. "He died on Saturday. O Sister, always have a great devotion to the Agonizing Heart of Jesus, because it is a comfort, when our dear ones are gone and we are far away from them, to think we were praying for them. I did that on Saturday evening without a second thought, but when I prayed for the dying I was praying for my poor father who, at that very moment, was going to eternity."



A PHOTOGRAPH OF BLESSED BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS, TAKEN AT NEVERS 30 YEARS AFTER HER DEATH. THE BODY IS STILL INCORRUPT

Death had only one more blow to deal her. That was when she lost her faithful friend, Monseigneur Peyramale, parish priest of Lourdes. He too died on a great feast of Our Lady, for he went to God on Mary's birthday, September 8, 1877.

"Our Lady came to fetch our good Father on her birthday," wrote Sister Mary Bernard to her old confessor at the Lourdes Hospice, "to reward him for the sacrifices and hard trials he had accepted and suffered for love of her. I know well, Father, what your sorrow must be at the early and sudden death of our noble and revered pastor. Only the thought that we have a new protector in Heaven can lessen our grief."

IN another passage in the same letter: "What a terrible loss for the people of Lourdes! They would be ungrateful indeed if they did not realize that our dear good pastor was killed by his too great zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls. It would seem that the disappointment he felt about his new church had a big part in his death. I should not be surprised if it were so, he had so much at heart the work he had begun so well! . . ." And again: "It would be impossible to tell you, Father, what I have suffered [at the news of Monseigneur Peyramale's death]." She took refuge at the feet of Our Lord in the convent chapel. Here she hid her tears as she prayed for the repose of the soul of the staunchest friend she had known.

When he went, all her dearest ones had preceded her along the road she too

was only too-anxious to traverse. There remained others dear to her, it is true, for there were still her brothers and her sister. She had always taken the greatest interest in everything that affected them. She prayed for them constantly. She comforted them. She gave them advice. There were even occasions when she reprimanded them frankly.

"I have been told that Joseph was thinking of starting Pierre [her youngest brother] in some sort of shop, if he takes him away from Garaison," she wrote to her sister. (Joseph was her brother-in-law). "Tell him from me that I absolutely forbid it. It is not fitting and God would be displeased."

She wrote to Pierre himself: "I am told that perhaps you will not go back to school at Garaison. If you are sure God is not calling you to the religious life, I strongly urge you to make up your mind to learn a trade. If you love work you will always be able to make a living and pay your way."

"I beseech you, dear brother, to think these things over well in the presence of Our Lord. I would not fear for the world if you became a priest with the idea of making a position in the world for yourself. No, *I would prefer you to sell rags and bones.*"

Perhaps in this last phrase she was reminding him of their humble origins, lest he should be tempted to pride by the new fame of their name.

SIX weeks later she was writing to them again: "I am really worried about Pierre who has not written to me



for a long time. I assure you he is always in my mind. I wonder often if he is at home. What is he working at? I beg you, tell me if he is behaving properly and what he does with his time. Dear sister I beg you, send me news as soon as you possibly can. Be very generous in making the sacrifices God asks of you through your children. Let us adore and submit to the holy will of God."

**T**O the same sister 'Toinette, she who had been present with her at the first Apparation: "I was very glad to hear you are well, and your little daughter as well. I pray Our Lord and the most holy Virgin to let us keep this dear child I love so much. Yet I would a thousand times prefer to hear she was dead than to know later she was a bad Catholic. You see what care you should take to bring up this dear child well. As soon as she is able to understand, teach her to know and love God and the most holy Virgin, and to revere you. Inspire in her a great horror of sin. Do not forget that God will call you to account for this dear soul one day."

There were other calls on her prayers. France was invaded. Paris was besieged. The days of the Commune followed. The blood of martyrs was spilled. In Italy the Pope was made a prisoner and the Papal States seized by impious hands.

"I believe the Prussians are doing what they were sent to do," she wrote to her father, meaning that the French were suffering a just punishment for their public disloyalty to God. "God needs victims," she used to say.

She was offering her own prayers and sufferings for the imprisoned and the dying, for all those in the hands of brutal enemies, especially for priests, and it is a curious fact that two priests who escaped death during the Commune became Bishops of Tarbes and, guardians of the sanctuaries at Lourdes.

The Nevers Sisters had remained in the Paris convents throughout the troubles. They had refused to leave the city without express orders from their Superior. Some, dying of smallpox and typhus, gave their lives for the poor soldiers they had worn themselves out to succour. Bernadette suffered and prayed for all of these. Especially she suffered.

"Always to do what costs me most," she resolved.

Her confessor was at hand to encourage her on the hard road to perfection.

"Always keep close to Our Blessed Lord in the Tabernacle. Bury yourself there with Him and never come out. See this good Master. He suffers silently. He Who is able to reduce the world to nothing does not even move.

"Often think of what Our Lady said to you . . . Penance, penance! You must be the first to practise it. To do this you must suffer everything in silence, so that Jesus and Mary may be glorified."

"Yes," wrote Sister Mary Bernard in her private note book, "I will carry the Cross hidden in my heart courageously and generously, like Jesus, and for Jesus' sake. Ah! yes, Jesus, from now onwards be my life and my all. I will follow wherever Thou leadest."

And again: "How stupid it is to turn in on oneself when Our Lord asks us for our hand to nail it. In future the more I am crucified the happier I will be. O God, give me, I beseech Thee, love of the cross."

Bernadette's religious life was opening deep wounds in her heart through which the love of God was pouring in on her. Nevers, the scene of the martyrdom of her affections, was the scene of a long physical martyrdom too. To the distress of her asthma were added, from time to time, other tortures. She took them as they came, using them to purchase heavenly treasure. Thus, in 1870 she wrote to the Mother General: "As for me, I caught cold. An abscess which gave me great pain formed in my mouth. I am up again though with my mouth a little one-sided. I do not forget to offer every little pain and sacrifice God sends me for your intention, so that Our Lord and the most blessed Virgin may bless and answer the petitions formed by your motherly heart for the greater glory of God and the sanctification of the souls in your care."

"Often, very often," says Lasserre, "Sister Mary Bernard was ill and forced to take to her bed, a prey to cruel suffering. Her patience was angelic. And yet her frail body was enduring intolerable torture. It looks as though suffering was the culminating point of her vocation, so readily did she find in it the means of developing all the spiritual riches with which her soul was filled. 'It would be impossible to suffer more, or better.' That is the way one of her companions puts it.

"Physical sufferings did not in the least lessen her natural activities. Whether she was in bed or sitting in her arm-chair she was always praying or working, and spreading round her the light of her innocent gaiety."

**W**HEN she was kept wakeful by pain, and sleep seemed far from her, she said her rosary, uniting herself in thought and intention with whatever Masses were being offered at the moment in whatever part of the earth. A picture at the foot of her bed gave her great comfort during these long watches. It showed, in a series of little scenes, the different phases of the Mass. It was

delightfully characteristic of her that she said of this picture, "The bad little altar boy never moves and never rings his bell. Sometimes I feel I should like to shake him!"

One day the Superior from another convent was brought to the Infirmary to see her. She looked down at her, lying still in bed and said teasingly, "Little lazy one, what are you doing there?"

"I'm doing my work, Reverend Mother."

"What work?"

"Being ill."

**I**N 1870 she wrote to the Lourdes convent: "What can I tell you about myself? I am still in my white chapel. Still, the last three weeks I have been able to get to Mass. I go back to bed afterwards. I have completely lost the use of my legs. I have to submit to the humiliation of being carried in an armchair, but the Sisters do it so willingly. I am always afraid they will hurt themselves; but when I tell them so they begin to laugh, assuring me they could carry four people of my size."

In the winter of 1877 she had a new illness which caused her appalling suffering. An abscess which had formed in her right knee developed into an enormous tumor and the agonizing pain of it gave her no respite, day or night. At the same time she was tormented by her asthma which was so much worse that she was having hemorrhages and could hardly breathe. She tried her best to bear her sufferings bravely. If a moan escaped her she would beg for forgiveness.

"O my God, I offer it to you. My God, I love you," she would repeat. "O Mary, tender Mother," she prayed. "Look down on me. I can go on no longer. See my need and above all my soul's distress. Have pity on me. Grant that one day I may be in Heaven with you." "Heaven! Heaven!" she cried. "They say there are Saints who didn't go straight there because they did not long for it enough. That will not be the case with me!"

A big crucifix that had been sent her was one of her greatest consolations. "I longed for a big crucifix to have by my bed," she wrote to the donor. "How can I express my gratitude to you for sending it to me? So I exclaimed, while I held it tight and kissed it, that my dear other Sophie had been well inspired. They have let me keep it. I am happier in my bed with my crucifix than a Queen on her throne."

As life went on and she grew frailer and the end drew nearer, her generous love for Christ and Him Crucified became ever greater. "O Jesus!" she prayed. "Give me, I beg You, the bread of patience to endure the pain

my heart is enduring. O Jesus, You want me crucified . . . *Fiat!*"

And at another time: "O Jesus, keep me under the standard of the cross. May the crucifix remain, not only under my eyes, on my breast, but in my heart, living within me. May I become a living crucifix, changed into Him by union in the Blessed Eucharist, by meditation on His life, on the deepest feelings of His heart, drawing souls not to me but to Him, from the summit of this cross where, still living, my love nails me for ever."

**T**WENTY years after her visions of the Blessed Mother, twelve years after she came to Nevers, eleven years after her clothing, she made her solemn vows. The joy she experienced on this occasion deepened and widened her love for her crucified Lord.

"Utter resignation, love and loyalty to Jesus until death," she wrote in her note-book. "O Cross, you are the altar on which I long to sacrifice myself by dying with Jesus!" "The Heart of Jesus with all its treasures is my portion. I will live there, I will die in peace there in the midst of pain." "How long it seems to the end!"

The year went round with its increasing treasures of penance for her. She had loved to celebrate the Feast of Saint Joseph by visiting the chapel dedicated to him in the convent garden, but in 1879 she was chained to her bed by the weakness and torture of her ever progressing malady. Praying to him fervently in her bed she begged him to obtain the grace of a happy death for her. She certainly seems to have realized that it was now close. Once in the preceding autumn, when she had noticed how anxious her nurse was looking, she had rallied her gently. "Don't be so upset! You think I'm going to die but I've six more months yet."

Another time, when a novice asked her if she were afraid to die and she answered No, the nun persisted, with curious lack of tact, "All the same, you have to struggle for breath so, you might very well not get better." "Nonsense!" answered Bernadette. "It's you who'll die the first." The novice looked so splendidly healthful that no one took her seriously. Yet it was not long before her words proved to have been prophetic.

On March 28, she was so ill that it was suggested she should receive the Last Sacraments. Even then, as Blessed Thomas More might have done in the same circumstances, she made a little jest. She had received them three times already, she protested. They had always cured her. She really did want to get to Heaven as soon as possible. Let them be certain, this time, that the last moment had come.

Before she received the Holy Viati-

cum she begged the Mother Superior and the Sisters to forgive her "for her want of faithfulness to the rule, for the bad example she had set, above all for her sins of pride."

They must have wept to hear her, she the humblest, the gayest, the most affectionate, the most generous. No one but she herself could ever have dreamt of accusing her of these things; not her Confessor who knew her soul well, not the Reverend Mother, though she had treated her so unsympathetically, not the Novice Mistress, though she had never understood her.

In Holy Week she suffered a veritable passion. When Holy Saturday came at last the nuns tried to comfort her. "After Passion time comes Easter," they said as the bells were heard gladly ringing. "Everything takes on new life again and you will recover too." "My passion will go on till I die," Bernadette answered them.

On the night of Easter Monday a curious incident occurred. An agony seemed to seize on her and she was heard to cry out several times, "Away from me, Satan!" Then the crisis passed, but next day she told the chaplain the devil had tried to frighten her. When she had invoked the name of Jesus he had gone.

The chaplain thereupon suggested that it would be well for her to renew the sacrifice of her life. "What sacrifice!" she retorted, with a flash of her old humor. "It's no sacrifice to leave this poor world where we find it so difficult to serve God." Saint John Vianney might have made that retort.

Some one exclaimed on seeing her, "How you suffer!" "It'll help me to Heaven," she said. When they offered to pray that she might be comforted, "No, no," she besought them. "No comfort. Just strength and patience . . ."

All these days, when her poor worn-out body was suffering the final pangs of dissolution, her soul shone more clearly through the marvellous beauty of her eyes. Her eyes had always been beautiful. They had been beautiful before ever they had gazed on Mary's beauty. Now her gaze, long purified in the fires of generous suffering, seemed filled with heavenly light, as though reflecting something of the beauty she had so long sighed after.

**T**OWARDS eleven o'clock in the morning of the Wednesday in Easter week, the twenty-first anniversary of the miracle of the candle, she asked to be lifted out of bed. She was placed in her arm-chair near the fire. Suddenly, as the clock struck, she remembered it was the dinner-hour and that care for her was depriving some of the Sisters of their meal. Though she was dying then, the thought troubled her.

At one o'clock they summoned the

chaplain for it seemed impossible she could live much longer. He said the prayers for the dying once again. She followed them fervently. Then, remembering Pope Pius IX had sent her a special blessing for the hour of death, she asked for the brief to be put in her hands, thinking this necessary. They reassured her, explaining that she had only to invoke the name of Jesus, which she did.

**A**S long as her failing fingers were able to hold it she had kept her beloved crucifix in her hands. Now, fearing lest she should lose it, she begged them to tie it to her breast. It was her only treasure and she had only one anxiety—lest she should be separated from it.

Mother Eleonore Cassagnes, her chief friend among the Nevers Sisters, realizing how few moments now were left to them on earth, bent over her. She spoke a word of heroic love and strength. "Dear Sister! Now you lie on the Cross." Bernadette understood her. She opened her arms wide as though offering them to the torturers. "Jesus! O, I love You so!" she said, with heart-felt conviction.

The nuns were saying invocations so that her little strength might still suffice her to pray with them. Her voice was feeble but clear. From time to time her closed eyes opened to look with love and supplication to the crucifix.

At three o'clock, the hour of Our Lord's own death, she realized the Sisters were missing the Litany of the Blessed Sacrament in the convent chapel. She begged them to leave her, therefore, and as she seemed a little easier, they did as she wished. She was thus alone but for the two nursing Sisters.

Almost as soon as the rest had gone, however, she fell into a new agony. As though she knew the end had come, her dying fingers groped for her crucifix. When she found it at last she managed to raise it to her lips. Then she kissed the five dear wounds of Our Lord slowly, with an overwhelming reverence and tenderness.

Meantime the Assistant Superior had felt a call in her heart to hasten back to the Infirmary. Bernadette held her arms out to her as she entered the door. "Forgive me and pray for me," she begged.

Once Sister Mary Bernard cried out as though she were suffering the pangs of a great desolation. She spoke, too, of thirst and they held a cup to her lips. Even then she would not drink in that supreme hour without first signing herself with the supreme gesture. Slowly she made her magnificent Sign of the Cross. Then she spoke, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me, a poor sinner . . . a poor sinner . . ." Her head

dropped gently. Mary was holding her before the throne of God.

THE news of her death spread through the town and surrounding districts rapidly. Next day the chapel where they had placed her was besieged by an immense crowd. They had ransacked the shops to find objects of piety to touch on her body. When they could find no more crosses or rosaries or medals they brought anything they could lay their hands on, especially their tools.

So great were the numbers pressing up to pay their homage that four

Sisters were kept perpetually at work about the body, satisfying the demands of the crowd. The funeral had to be postponed for an extra day.

It was on Saturday, April 19, that they carried her to her resting place. The Bishop of Nevers presided at the burial ceremonies. The Superior of the Chaplains of the Grotto and the chaplain of the Hospice had come from Lourdes.

They confided her to Saint Joseph in the chapel in the garden where she had so dearly loved to visit him. Saint Augustine, with the *Civitas Dei* in his hands, and Saint Dominic with his

rosary watch over her. Her face was rosy as in life, her fingers supple still when they sealed her in her coffin for burial. When they saw her again thirty years later her body was still incorrupt. So you may still see her. Her head rests gently on her pillow, her hands are clasped about her rosary, her face is peaceful as though she were asleep, today, in her shrine at Nevers.

DEAR SAINT BERNADETTE, pray to Our Lady, Blessed Mary of Lourdes, to remember the poor writer of these articles and all her dear ones.

# The Call of Israel

*The Larger the Opportunity, the More Pressing is the Strict Obligation of Catholics to Further the Conversion of the Jews*

By David Goldstein

HEarken! Once more the Divine call of the Messiah has gone forth: "Go to the lost sheep of the house of Israel," tell them that "the Kingdom of God is at hand." This time the call comes to us through the Messiah's Vicar, Pope Pius XI, in his New Year intention—"the Conversion of the Jews." Will this call be in vain? Are our ears stopped, our eyes held, our hearts hardened to the plea that we bring His own unto Him?

God is calling directly to Catholics, the chosen children of the New Dispensation, to make this Holy Year a twelve-month of rallying the lost sheep for the Good Shepherd. At the same time He seems to be calling indirectly for His favored children of the Old Dispensation by permitting them to be pressed through persecution into introspection, into a realization of the enormity of their denial of the Anointed One Who waits appealingly with outstretched arms to take them under His protection as the hen doth her little ones.

Here is our opportunity, for America leads all countries in the total number of Jews within her borders—about thirty per cent of the fifteen millions in the world. Here is our responsibility, for the call commands that Catholics in America bring relatively a greater number of the lost sheep into the Fold of the Good Shepherd than the Catholics of any other nation.

Are we who have the Temple, Priesthood and Sacrifice that superseded the

Jewish Temple, Priesthood and Sacrifice to be outdone in bringing Jews to their Messiah by those outside the Temple who are utterly devoid of a Priesthood or a Sacrifice? Not if we hearken to the call of Pope Pius XI. Protestant churches in the United States claim to have over twenty thousand converted Jews within their various denominations and it is estimated that about eighty thousand or more have joined the Christian Science Church. Besides that, an untold number are to be found in the spiritualist camp as well as among Theosophists, Rosicrucians and other cults. How many are there in the Catholic Church, the Messiah-made Kingdom, to which they rightly belong? Surely not more than one half of one per cent of the number in the sects and cults. Either lack of zeal or improper method of approach or both must be the cause of Catholic failure to make headway among Jews, for the Catholic Church has the principles, practices and historic background for a soul-stirring appeal to the children of Israel to come in and enjoy the religious inheritance that awaits them and which was foretold long centuries ago in the inspired words of Moses, the patriarchs and prophets.

When, in the history of modern times, has the order to "go to the lost sheep of the house of Israel" held out a better opportunity for Catholics than today? The leaders among the Jews are bemoaning their lack of unity, though they fail

to realize that it is due to their departure from and denial of the faith of their fathers, a faith that no one among them teaches with any authority or can define to the satisfaction of any group of Jews of fair sized proportions. Rabbi David Max Eichon of the Sinai Temple, Springfield, Mass., said recently that present day Judaism "is unable to unite on any single issue." And I heard Rabbi Landman of New York (Editor of *The American Hebrew*) say at the Harvard University Seminar of the Calvert Associates in a genial manner, though seriously, that "there is only one thing that two Jews can agree upon. And that is how much the third Jew should give for charity." The Rabbi was speaking of religious as well as secular unity, for he was trying to make plain that no one can speak with authority for any group of Jews. The apparent unity one witnesses at large mass meetings or in written protests are Hebraic rather than Jewish, that is racial rather than religious, and it manifests itself in times of persecution chiefly.

THE Jews have a right to our protection. They are the living witnesses of the Christian Faith. Christians should not exterminate or oppress them, *because they have not lost the knowledge of the law*," said Pope Innocent III in the twelfth century when he came to the defense of the Jews though, as he said, they fail to "acknowledge Christ through the



hardness of their hearts." Unfortunately those twelfth century words that I have italicized can only be said of a diminishing fraction of the Jews of our twentieth century times. Smaller and smaller are becoming the number of Jews of whom it can be said "they have not lost the knowledge of the Law," a diminishing number are they who can utter today the pathetic act of faith of Maininides: "I believe with a perfect faith in the coming of the Messiah, and though he tarry I will wait daily for his coming." Among those who still take pride in calling themselves Jews this heart-rending plea for the coming of the Messiah is giving way to belief in an abstraction termed the "Messianic Age."

**A**ERICAN-BORN Hebrews with synagogue affiliations join Reform rather than Orthodox congregations. They have a resentful feeling towards the hirsute, dietary and supplicating customs and practices of the Orthodox that is only witnessed among anti-Semites who sometimes falsely term themselves Christians. Commenting on Orthodox Judaism in *The Reflex*, Dr. S. M. Malamed says that "all the oppression of all the anti-Semitic governments combined cannot equal the oppression of rabbinic Judaism in the destruction of the Jewish soul and mind. Rabbinic Judaism is choking the Jews to death intellectually and spiritually." Dr. Solomon Goldman in his book, *A Rabbi Takes Stock*, says that "the end of almost a century of religious conflict in Jewry finds neither Orthodoxy nor Reform with any victory to record: both so impoverished in spiritual and intellectual resources that neither can hope to meet the new challenges of our own day." And Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, who seems to speak the loudest for Judaism as he knows it, says in *The Agony of Israel*: "Religion! Are we not becoming its destroyers rather than its guardians? There is something which calls itself religion current in certain smug circles of Jewish life here and in other lands. For the most part it is nothing more than a poor pulseless imitation or simulation of a decorously unvital mysticism. And save for this there is little, if any, so-called religion in the household of Israel, Orthodoxy being almost as dead as Reform."

Along with this wholesale departure from Judaism of old there has developed an attempt to claim Jesus as the greatest Jew that ever lived "minus the theology of Jesus," which is being termed Paulinism. Rabbi Ernest R. Trattner in his *As a Jew Sees Jesus* contends that "the silence of the Jews on Jesus through the ages has been not so much a conspiracy on their part as a feeling of strangeness with the Christ set in the trappings of the Christian religion. With the tearing away of the myths that grew up about Jesus, intelligent Jews are beginning to

recognize the Jew Jesus, in proportion as the Christians are turning away from their conception of Jesus the Son of God, and consequently immortal." Unsound though this denial of "the Emanuel, God with us" may be, it carries with it an opportunity never afforded to Catholics in the ages that have passed. It enables Reform Jews to be approached with Catholic claims that the bitterness in the hearts of Orthodox Jews towards Jesus made almost impossible.

Jews, speaking in the broad, are intellectual and when, in good spirit, they claim Jesus as their own there is hope of leading them to a proper concept of Jesus as the Jew of Jews—their Messiah. Much of the opposition to Jews is caused by their being greatly talented but all too often using their talents in a non-religious if not an anti-religious way. Along

## Prayer

### FOR THE CONVERSION OF ISRAEL

**G**OD of goodness, Father of mercies, I beseech Thee by the immaculate Heart of Mary, and through the intercession of the Patriarchs and Holy Apostles to cast a look of compassion upon the Children of Israel, that they may be brought to the knowledge of their only Savior Jesus Christ, and that they may partake of the precious fruits of the Redemption. Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.

with their talents they have an intense projective quality and ambition that causes their number in the professions, commerce, finance and extreme radicalism to be greatly above the percentage of the population they represent. These talents elevated and this admirable projective quality tempered through what awaits them in the Catholic Church intellectually, esthetically, mystically and sacramentally would lead them to glorious achievements that they are unable to attain so long as they stand against the Law as Moses, the patriarchs and prophets intended it to be understood and its fulfillment to be realized.

So long as Jews can be approached with things Catholic so long is there an opportunity to win them and so long is there a responsibility on the part of Catholics to respond to the call to con-

vert them. First, they must be sympathetically induced to study the Old Testament in the light of Catholic teachings. Secondly, they must be shown that the acceptance of the prophecies and their fulfilment as understood by the Catholic Church is not a denial of the faith of their fathers; that, on the contrary, it means upholding belief in the Judaism of the Old Testament and the realization of its Divine promises which were intended first for the children of Israel. Thirdly, there must be brought to the mind of Jews the historically established fact that their dispersion, their inability to restore the Temple and the consequent failure to reinstitute the old Jewish sacrifice offered to God therein; that the abolition of their priesthood of Aaron which functioned by Divine sanction, as well as their continual persecution, are exhortations, so to speak, of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob for them to accept the new Priesthood and Sacrifice the Messiah instituted at the Passover service on the night before He made the supreme sacrifice that atoned for the sin of our first parents. Present afflictions must be shown to be a renewal of the exhortation by the great Jewish Prophet Isaiah, in the first chapter of his Divinely inspired book, wherein he complains of the sins of Juda and Jerusalem. This should be stressed, for there is no doubt but that the Son of David is exhorting them through persecution to become part of His mystical body, the Catholic Church, which He established for all nations including the lost sheep of Israelitic national origin.

**L**ET us bring joy to the kinsmen of Our Lord; let us bring joy to our Holy Father; Let us bring joy to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Messiah, by responding to the New Year call for the conversion of the Jews. The Jews of today hold an annual feast called Purim which is celebrated in commemoration of their deliverance, through Esther, from the plot laid by Haman to destroy them. The Jews of today celebrate Passover annually in faithful remembrance of their emancipation from Egyptian bondage. If Catholics would only respond to the call of Christ through His Vicar; if Catholics throughout the land would join with the Confraternity of Prayer for the Conversion of Israel; if Catholics would carry the message of salvation to the Jews with whom they associate, the children of Israel would have the sublime privilege of adding another feast to their Purim and Passover remembrances. It would be a feast such as they never before enjoyed, the feast that their Messiah instituted at the Passover gathering with His Jewish Disciples in the Upper Room in Jerusalem where He turned the unleavened bread and the juice of the vine into His Body and Blood for their spiritual upbuilding and their abidance in His eternal abode.

# WOMAN TO WOMAN

MARGARET AYERS BARNES, who won a Pulitzer prize a while ago, and who writes not only entertainingly but sensibly, spoke a very bad half truth recently when in an interview she said that the depression was having a marvelous effect on children. "They are going to be a wonderful generation—these youngsters who are growing up now." Perhaps those of her own household and her friends' are, but has she realized that not all the nation's children can, as she puts it, "now find their amusement in the home," and that she speaks almost nonsense when she says that the "three-car standard is now abolished"? Does she realize how many of the nation's children have now no home in which to amuse themselves? That for one sad group the three-car ideal has become the box-car idea? She does not mean to be unkind or narrow, of course, but she speaks too happily a conclusion that tells only part of the truth. Over a half million children will be homeless this winter and dependent on charity—this is too many for Mrs. Barnes to have forgotten to speak about.

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IT is interesting to note one newspaper account of how the news of recognition of Russia affected individual groups there. In the manner of an inquiring reporter an American correspondent went gunning for opinions about it in Moscow. He found them: beaming joy on the part of the political element, loud happiness among the buyers in the Soviet temple; but most interesting was the reaction of the women he spoke to. He addressed himself to a group of sweeping women, in broken shoes or with feet tied up in rags, in old clothes that did not keep them warm as they toiled for a few kopeks in the icy streets. They were terribly excited. "Now," they said, "the rich American will send us food. Now the children will have something to eat." The first reaction, you see, of the poor limited female brain—"something to eat for the children." Not world trade or anything big like that, but just that the big, rich American nation will feed the children.

As a side item, please note also that insistence on our being rich. And because of that richness it seems we may do a most curious thing: first we will lend Russia money and then they will use that money to buy things from us—a fascinating Wonderland sort of business that in the end is supposed to net us all, as Mr. Dooley used to put it, "happiness and a cottage organ."

By  
Katherine Burton

"We'll have better times now," they said to the correspondent, "because you are all so rich." Well, Santa Claus is a swell rôle to play, but we understand from Alexander Wolcott, a hefty gentleman himself, that fat people are objects of derision in Russia. So maybe we'd better break one tradition at least when we go there. Not the one that we are Santa Claus. But let's make the saint thin. And it wouldn't be all illusion at that!

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AND have any of you read the marvelous bedtime story of the professor in the sunny South who is flipping pennies to see whether heads or tails come up oftener? Now there is something really worth while in these days when women are accused of playing too much bridge, isn't there? So far he has flipped only fifty thousand pennies and to make the experiment really worth while he is going to flip twice that amount. Half-way on this dauntless trail, and one certainly never blazed before, he has discovered that the result is fifty-fifty, but he feels that it is too soon for him to issue any ultimate Q.E.D. So often newspapers print only the first half of such interesting facts as this, and we sincerely hope that when the professor has triumphantly flipped the final coin the papers will push aside such news as war and peace and racketeering and people shooting themselves through financial despair, and will play up well the momentous result of the professor's experiment. And we hope that while he is at it he will find a way of making pennies flip into the pockets of the unemployed.

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THERE is a new biography out, written by Mary Borden, and the subject is Our Lady. I have not read it, but I have read the review of it in the New York *Herald Tribune*, written by John Haynes Holmes. He says that Miss Borden has been wise not to "set loose her imagination among the fragmentary verses of the New Testament." She has not even "asked which of the recorded facts are more reliable than the others. 'I am not qualified to do that,' she says modestly." She has, however, used Saint John "freely." She is "little interested in miracles—the

birth stories do not appear at all." But she does write fully about Mary's "bewilderment at what her son was doing, her agony of conviction that he is beside himself" and she makes "futile efforts to bring him home and save him from the consequences of his madness." Dr. Holmes adds that in the midnight of the Cross the story ends with no mention of the Resurrection and after.

Now since she uses Saint John as "freely as the Synoptics," and has taken the text as she found it—why not mention the Birth and the Resurrection? They are there, and just as free as the other material. Yet her reviewer refers to her "scrupulous fidelity to the record and rejoices at her quiet but none the less drastic avoidance of mythological and theological encumbrances." Just how she selected which was record and which was encumbrance is not made clear. The one thing one gathers from it all is that Jesus should have spared His mother's feelings and not have worried her with these outlandish ideas of His.

The book is rightly called *Mary of Nazareth*. She has ignored Mary of Bethlehem and Mary of the Upper Room, perhaps because there might be some "mythological" encumbrances there to spoil her story. And she has not mentioned that other Mary—the Mystical Rose, the Queen of Peace, the Mary of Heaven. And of Mary of Heaven suppose we ask prayers for a deeper understanding of the interdependence of the human and the Divine on the part of this author who bears Our Lady's name.

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DR. JOHNSON—the Boswell one—objected to the education of women. "Suppose," he argued, one day with a colleague who thought a bit of learning would do no harm to a woman, "suppose a wife be of studious or argumentative turn, it would be very troublesome; for instance, if a woman should continually dwell upon the subject of the Arian heresy." Well, some of us are pretty much educated nowadays, but I doubt if even the most advanced clubwoman uses that topic for table talk at home.

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A MAN we know whose wife is always pursuing some new Eastern cult, whereof the swamis and yogis get paid in stout Western dollars, says he is absolutely certain that the East has a message for the West. What he objects to is that it is always delivered C.O.D.

# DEATH *in the* NEWS

*A Cheerful Little Messenger of Disaster  
Arrives With My Morning Mail*

By Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

THE morning mail proved particularly uninteresting. The usual routine queries and problems. The usual advertisements that make a priest's mail so thoroughly monotonous. (First parenthesis: Why are priests supposed to be perpetually interested in travelling cases, wild cat stocks, imported cigars from domestic tobacco, and every new encyclopedia?)

I pushed it all aside with a practised hand and snapped open the Chicago paper that reaches me, by one of the miracles of modern journalism, three hundred miles from Chicago on the same morning on which it is supposed to be printed. (Second parenthesis: I subscribe not so much because it brings me a breath from the home town, but because it is full of human interest stories that stimulate an editor's rather battered mind. (Parenthesis inside of parenthesis: After an editor has read manuscript for a few years, he reaches the point of sheer boredom at which he would growl in cynical dissent if Milton rose from the tomb to offer him another L'Allegro, or O. Henry appeared with a second "Municipal Report," or Napoleon mailed him personal recollections of the retreat from Moscow. Close both parentheses.))

Normally any well conducted morning paper brings that really intelligent section known as the comic page in which all great cosmic problems are settled with a single flip of a brick. Happy world of the comic artists! It usually carries blood-stirring news of orange festivals in Florida and grapefruit carnivals in California, of the near release of the most stupendous super-super special that thus far has convulsed the giant brains and perلucid profiles of Hollywood's greatest and grandest, and the glad tidings of business pickup noted in the fact that banks are considering the return to starving depositors of part of the money those depositors had left with the bankers (a favor, Heaven knows!), and wistful reports of men biffing balls on baseball diamonds and polo fields and golf links and tennis courts and handball alleys.

It brings the paralyzing news that Gloria van Loon, new cinema import

from Yugoslavia, who changed her name and her nationality three times between Dover and the Statue of Liberty, has taken to wearing overalls, and that Max Wolf, new aspirant for heavyweight crown, is considering the taking to himself of a new wife, lately graduated from the late Mr. Ziegfeld's famous college, and that Bleareyed Mike O'Spiloni, racketeer de luxe, has a terrible cold that is so badly impairing his vision that he has not as yet revenged the slaying of his third assistant bodyguard by the Sullivan gang. (Final and ultimate parenthesis: The country holds its breath till the cold is cured sufficiently to permit his return to duty.)

But on this particular morning, it was a lovely day in April, I found the paper suddenly less routinist and more startling. Of course most newspapers thrive on the glad tidings of death. Death, despite its inevitability, is always news. Whether it is a delightful ax murder that causes the blood pressure of city editors and the circulation of metropolitan journals to rise to giddy heights, or the sudden death, preferably by suicide and under questionable circumstances, of a prominent senator or millionaire or actor, all newspapers deal gleefully in death.

But today, with no trunk or torch murder to enliven the front page and the most prominent citizens of the world of politics and sport annoyingly sound

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WHAT a piker and primitive De Quincey would feel if he could study, in our modern newspapers, Murder as a Fine Art. His stuff was so absurdly simple. But, then, he did not do so badly since he had no reporters and photographers to guide his stumbling steps between the body of the victim, the X that marks the scene of the murder, and the blunt instrument thrown, by the escaping murderers, behind the water cooler. Besides, he lived in the days before homicide had become an avocation and a trade, almost a revered profession.

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in wind and limb, the paper still seemed in most gruesome fashion to reek of death.

Perhaps I should not have noticed it had my eye failed to be caught by a bit of bragging. One of the Insurance companies in a bold advertisement insisted that modern science had prolonged the human span of life by fifteen years.

I read this announcement with warm complacency, and then glanced into the news columns. And it seemed as if the makeup men with deliberate irony had packed about that proud boast of prolonged life the most insistent and repeated recitals of quick and sudden death. The advertisement's proud boast of life was suddenly drowned in the news columns' lament of death.

OF course, all men know that some day they will die. Knowing that irrefutable fact, each man promptly and definitely decides that while the fact is true for all the rest of humanity, it really is not possibly true for him. Before his time comes, a modern Ponce de Leon will find the Fountain of Youth and build a hotel, a dance hall, a gambling casino, a race track, and a golf course around it. Or progressive science will strike that singularly obsolete scythe from the hands of the grim reaper (sorry, but I find I need another parenthesis: If you object to that trite "grim reaper," it's death to you—please, please, not so fast; that's a statement not a curse) and from the laboratory will come the glad tidings that henceforth anyone using radium instead of gold as fillings for his molar or eating spinach mixed with a new carbon compound that tastes exactly as sand has always tasted, will laugh gaily at the idea of death.

Everybody's going to die except me. That is what we all really feel, and that's why the paper was so sharply disturbing.

For while the insurance company bragged of life, I glanced through the news to find the most astonishing varieties of ways in which and by which a modern man can die. Our age suddenly seemed as ingenious in bumping a man off as it was supposed to be in



keeping a man safely fixed in his accustomed walks and habitats.

Naturally there was a gangland murder. But that hardly deserved a news item. A bullet for a gangster is simply what a fatal germ is for the rest of mankind. And, anyway, we've seen so many gangsters killed with such expert finesse in the movies that the bark of a gat and the fall of its victim trouble us less than the fall of a glass of strawberry jam from the pantry shelf.

**T**HE obituary column was surprisingly long. But its records were of natural deaths, tragic to the mourners but matter-of-fact to the rest of the world.

It was the other deaths that gripped me, deaths sufficiently startling and newsworthy and important and different to deserve at least a stick of type and a heading.

I read and realized that the hand of man has not as yet succeeded in holding back the "acts of God." Man's triumph over nature had not prevented a small earthquake in South America that had wiped out twenty millions in property and a half hundred lives. A storm off Korea had whipped up the seas about a fleet of fishing craft and had drowned a hundred and more sailors. Poor little pagans; Korean widows probably watched the storm-lashed waters with eyes as troubled as those of any fisher folk whose men go down to the sea in ships.

An epidemic of meningitis was sweeping central Europe in a fashion that suggested the forward march of the Black Death, and scientists and doctors struggled vainly to hold it back.

But in all these episodes, death had come as death had always come. From that point, the paper offered death with modern frills and improvements. A sort of 1933 model of death. Two mountain climbers, on a bet that they would be the first to reach the top of a peak in the Rockies, lost their bet—and their lives—when they slipped and disappeared in the soft snow that filled a hidden valley. Because modern speed and rush had jangled his nerves so that he could not sleep, an engineer took too much sleeping powder and died. By way of sharp modern contrast, a lady teacher had finally died from sleeping sickness also induced by jangled and exhausted nerves.

What a piker and a primitive DeQuincey would feel if he could study, in our modern newspapers, Murder as a Fine Art. His stuff was so absurdly simple. But then, he did not do so badly since he had no reporters and newspaper photographers to guide his stumbling steps between the body of the victim, the X that marks the scene of the murder, and the blunt instrument thrown by the escaping murderers behind the water cooler. Besides, he

lived in the days before homicide had become an avocation and a trade, almost a revered profession.

The paper this morning was particularly rich in murders. Nothing spectacular, you understand; but good, sound murders done with a nice technique. There was the double murder exasperating to the heart of the circulation manager because the man in the case after slaying his lady love had had the bad taste to kill himself, thus cheating the young prosecuting attorney of much practice and the paper of much circulation.

A football player in a less playful moment shot a policeman. Any referee would certainly have been justified in penalizing his team fifteen yards for that. An auto thief felt that the owner of a Packard was unreasonably attached to his own car, so naturally he shot him. After all, automobile thieves have a right to the decent exercise of their profession.

A graduate of a famous woman's college confessed killing a spinster over what the rewrite man termed, in the happy phrase of the day, "a love cult." Oh, with what practised speed do reporters write and composers set into type the dear, beloved combinations: "love cult" and "love nest."

The day's suicides were surprisingly few, due no doubt to a run of rather sunny weather. The sparsity was compensated for, however, by the fact that a minister accused of theft had taken his own life. In fact with a proper sense of the dramatic, he climbed Lookout Mountain, and did the deed for all the world to see.

Of course there were deaths at sea, and not the ordinary deaths by drowning. A motorcraft crashed headlong into a yacht, and took a little toll of some thirty lives, which would have been an excellent score for a much larger and more experienced boat.

Then other modern inventions got in their toll. An explosion in a factory widowed five women of their mechanic husbands. The unhappy conjunction of a railroad train and a coupé resulted in the death of the coupé's two occupants and a deepened impression on readers that it is frivolous to argue with a locomotive from the less advantageous position in a tin car.

**Y**OU may be sure that the automobile had been going systematically about its duty. The famous French field artillery seems almost a mild and beneficent force compared with the automobile when it has the wrong sort of nut on the steering wheel. Two motor trucks stayed within their own weight class for a change and banged into each other. Usually the motor truck weighing ten tons picks on a light half ton sedan. These two behemoths came

to grips and neither driver lived to claim the victory.

As usual, an automobile tried to climb a telegraph pole. Probably the driver had thought he was going between two poles. At least it was judged from the number of empty bottles that he had used more alcohol than gasoline during that particular trip.

But can we fairly call automobile deaths other than natural? They are to our race what falling off a horse was to our ancestors. And that, once on a time was quite a natural way to enter the next world.

**T**HE airplanes had an excellent day and handed in good cards. A student flyer in an eastern college crashed on his first solo flight. A plane decided not to wait for the prosaic landing field and elected to settle down in the middle of a city street. Graciously it left intact the mother and her children who sat on a nearby porch. It was not so gracious to its pilot and passenger.

Gaily the young married couple mounted the plane for their honeymoon cruise. As their relatives waved farewell and hurled rice and old shoes upward after the rising plane, it dipped abruptly, swerved to the side, and crashed into a neighboring barn. The wedded life of the young couple had a swift and vivid course.

Now this is really a bright and happy little paper, isn't it? I frankly admit that I'm guilty of harrowing your nerves more than a bit. But if that newspaper tried to spoil my day by spreading quick and unprovided death before me, it at least made me realize that modern life has not, despite the insurance company's proud boast, pushed death out of our range. And I hugged to my heart the happy thought that if death to the pagan remains inevitable and terrifying, death to the Catholic remains inevitable but beautifully reassuring. For whether we die safely in our beds or are snatched by the newest and most abrupt of modern inventions out of our complex civilization into the dimly seen future, death, for us who know and love Christ is the blessed transition from shadow to light, from preparation to promise, from a life that is always dying to a life that can never die, from the embrace of earth's fascinations to the welcoming arms of Christ.

It is sure, certain, yet wonderfully sweet, and . . .

Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot that one of the most interesting items came from Kansas. Within its proud State boundaries, fourteen people had been killed by horse-drawn vehicles. Let the horses of the nation hold up their heads in pride. That's news! Unless, possibly, it's just a final and feeble piece of bragging.

# THE EIGHTH STATION

## *The Tenth of a Series of Devotional Papers on the Stations of the Cross*

By Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D.

TO me the Eighth Station is one of the saddest and most thrilling of all. It is no mere making of poetry to imagine that one of the woes that accompanied Jesus all the dolorous way was the thought that His own chosen people had rejected Him, that they had called down His blood upon them and upon their children, and that their terrible punishment for blindness and hardness of heart was even now in the offing.

He had begun that Holy Week with a flood of tears over His beloved Jerusalem. "And seeing the city He wept over it." Step by step He plodded on His last journey, and that journey was taking Him forever out of Jerusalem. The edict of banishment had been pronounced. He was on His way to exile. When at length He passed through the last gate and left the city behind, the thought of all that it meant to His people was enough, apart from all cuts and bruises, apart from the excruciating pains of body, to send Him crashing to the ground.

It was all ended. Jerusalem had cast aside the last chance. Already it was lying there in the dirt with Him, not a stone upon a stone. And Jerusalem had thrown Him out upon the dunghill. He could see the woe soon to come upon the Jews. But they in their pride had no thought of such a vision. All they could see was blood and vengeance. They saw red. They saw this man, who claimed to be the Son of God, as an enemy of their nation, of their material aspirations. They saw Him as a criminal, condemned to the most degrading of deaths.

And just now, as He lay in the dirt, moaning as a wounded animal, they saw Him as threatening to evade their final vengeance. A poor, weak Victim, Who seemed ready to die before they were ready for Him to die. He was down again, was He? They stopped in their course. What right had He to fall? He was bluffing. That's right, give Him



JESUS SPEAKS TO THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM

a kick. If I was near, I'd give Him another. I wish I had the lance of one of those soldiers, I'd soon make Him get up. If this keeps up, this falling and falling, we'll never get Him nailed to the Cross, we'll never get the job done, we'll never get home, we'll never be able to do our religious duties! There, the soldiers are prodding Him. Good! Now, we'll see. He's dead! No! There's life in Him; He's moving. The soldiers are lifting Him up. He's on His feet! He's kind of wobbly. But He'll make it, all right. There, He's walking again. Why don't they push Him and make Him go faster? Come on, let's go. That job of the lance taught Him a lesson. He won't sham it again. And the plod, plod, and the thud, thud, began again.

From the Judicial Gate, through which Jesus had just passed, three roads led, one to the north and one to the south, both skirting the walls of the city, and one directly west. Both the south road and the west road could be taken to reach Calvary. But the tradi-

tion is that the dolorous way was over the south road. The procession had gone about four hundred feet from the gate and had reached the bottom of the hill. A steep ascent faced Jesus. Already the greater part of the mob had hurried on before, clambering up the hill so as to be sure to get a good grandstand seat. They were not going to miss anything of this show. They did not mind the climb; they had not been scourged and almost flayed alive; they were strong, the smell of blood had given them strength.

IT was different with Jesus. He had been scarcely able to plod along over the stones and now the steep ascent made Him falter. He stood still. He was ready to fall again. There is, indeed, an old tradition that He did fall. But as He stood there and sadly looked about He noticed a group of women quite close to Him. There came from them the sound of sobbing. In their eyes were tears. They tried to stifle their sobs, tried to hide the tears which

they furtively wiped away with their veils. They were not eager to publish their grief, they were, indeed, afraid to be caught at it, for the Law forbade any one to show signs of sympathy for condemned criminals.

**T**HE Great Council could do no wrong. Hence when it approved of the execution of a prisoner, that settled it. No one should be so presumptuous as to question the justice of it by lamentation; especially by loud unseemly wailing. The inhumanity of the custom went even farther, it demanded hypocrisy, for the closest relatives of the man to be executed were obliged to salute the judges and the witnesses, as an indication that they were perfectly satisfied with the sentence and as promise that they would harbor no grudge. So far did the inhumanity of the Roman tyrants go that even the parents were compelled to be present at the execution of their children without so much as dropping a tear. It was pagan brutality. Hence if parents were forbidden to give vent to their natural grief and were obliged to violate all sense of decency in pretending to approve a thing that was breaking their hearts, it is easy to understand that a manifestation of sympathy from mere onlookers would not be tolerated.

Who these women were it is impossible now to discover. Imagination has been busy in identifying them. Some have thought that Jane, the wife of Herod's steward, Chusa, was one of them. We might even ask if Claudia was also one. Not an impossibility, for it was a custom among the Jews to choose a certain group of women to act as a band of angels of mercy when a criminal was to be executed. It was their work to prepare the wine of myrrh, which was given to the criminal before execution, to act as an opiate and thus deaden the pain of crucifixion. So honorable a task was it considered that the leading women of society were chosen for it. Besides providing the wine they went after the execution to console the family of the dead man. It may have been a group of such leading matrons of the city that now poured out their sympathy upon Jesus. Hardly could it have been the holy women who had been His followers, for very likely they were a bit in the rear in the procession, by the side of His Mother. Again, it is impossible to say who they were. They were only "daughters of Jerusalem."

Here they were, gathered in the square, just a few of the curiosity-seekers in that vast mob. They had come out to see the show. Jesus was just a notorious criminal to them, nothing more. They had laughed, and carried on, perhaps, while waiting for the procession to come along. It was all a lot of fun, a big joke. And then they

saw Jesus coming, plodding along and scarcely able to keep upright. He was a pitiful spectacle covered with blood and dirt. The sight stilled their laughter. Their tender hearts were touched by this spectacle of woe. Perhaps they saw the woman whom they judged to be His Mother following close behind. It was a solemn moment for them and they beat their hearts and wept.

It was no supernatural sorrow yet it must have touched the heart of Jesus to see these women heroic enough and womanly enough to weep over Him, even against all hypocritical prohibition of the Law. He was not ungrateful for their sympathy. But after all He knew that He did not need their sympathy as much as they themselves needed His sympathy and their own sympathy. Oh, if they only knew what the future had in store for them! And so He gave to them His sympathy as well as a warning: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children. For behold the days shall come wherein they will say: Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that have not borne, and the paps that have not given suck. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains: Fall upon us: and to the hills: Cover us. For if in the green wood they do these things, what shall be done in the dry?"

**I**T was the same old motif that ran all through that Holy Week—the coming destruction of Jerusalem. Jerusalem had rejected God; Jerusalem would be punished by its own blindness and hardness of heart; that was the theme. It was a clear thought in the mind of Jesus; already He visioned the horrors of the siege of Jerusalem forty years in the future. But to these mourning women the reply of Jesus was strange. They could not grasp its meaning. Six days before, Jesus had prophesied the destruction of Jerusalem. But nobody could grasp that. This mighty city and its gorgeous Temple to be destroyed? Impossible!

Whether or not these women had heard the previous prophecy, it was all strange to them. So they must have looked at one another in amazement at His words. He did not want sympathy. He said they were the ones who need sympathy. They needed sympathy more than He and He was already in sight of the hill where He was to be crucified. Oh, well, poor fellow, He scarcely knows what He is saying. And can you blame Him? How could anyone in such pain be expected to talk straight? He must be delirious. He's seeing things—oh well, we'll weep for Him just the same. The world never saw such a terrible sight. It's a shame to put Him to death. He does look so gentle, so innocent. The tears fell again, the restrained moaning was renewed,

and Jesus plodded on again, up the hill.

But if they only knew it, they had reason to weep for themselves and their children. In forty years' time the prophecy was to be fulfilled. Very likely some of these "daughters of Jerusalem" who were weeping for Jesus were still alive at the time of the destruction of the city by the army of Titus. The younger ones especially would still be alive in the ordinary course of events. Even if they themselves did not live to see it, the children whom they now held by the hand or suckled at their breasts were to be participants in one of the most tragic disasters of all time.

**T**O read the story of the siege of Jerusalem as told by Josephus is to sound the depths of man's degradation, and man's inhumanity to man. No wonder he wrote, "That neither did any other city ever suffer such miseries nor did any age ever breed a generation more fruitful in wickedness than this was from the beginning of the world." During the siege the starvation was so terrible that children grabbed the food actually out of their father's mouth, mothers even grabbed the food from the mouths of their children. No one hesitated about grabbing the last bit or swallowing the last drop, even though it meant the death of others. Scraps of food were treasured, hidden, and men and women were put to the torture to make them disclose where they had concealed the remnants.

No wonder the victims faced certain death at the hands of the Roman soldiers in the effort to get away from such horrors. It was either death by starvation or death by excruciating punishment. As to those who were caught trying to escape, Josephus writes, "So the soldiers, out of the wrath and hatred they bore the Jews, nailed those they caught, one after one way, and another after another, to the crosses, by way of jest; when their multitude was so great, that room was wanting for the crosses, and crosses wanting for bodies." A pretty jest, in truth.

In two weeks' time nearly one hundred and sixteen thousand dead bodies were carried out through one gate. Six hundred thousand bodies of the poor were thrown out the gates, and then when the Jews could carry no more they piled the corpses up in the houses. So great was the multitude of corpses piled up that the pestilential odor was unbearable. Meanwhile those who still held a breath of life searched the sewers for scraps of food, and even ate the dung of cattle!

"Moreover," says Josephus, "their hunger was so intolerable that it obliged them to chew everything, while they gathered such things as the most sordid animals would not touch, and endure to eat them; nor did they at length abstain



from girdles and shoes; and the very leather which belonged to their shields they pulled off and gnawed; the very wisps of old hay became food to some, and some gathered up fibres and sold a very small weight of them for four Attic drachmæ."

But the most heart-rending thing in all the siege is the history of one Mary, the daughter of Eleazor. She was eminent for her family and wealth. She had come to Jerusalem, and was caught in the siege. There she was robbed of her money and her food. "And it was now become impossible for her any way to find any more food, while the famine pierced through her very bowels and marrow, when also her passion was fired to a degree beyond the famine itself; nor did she consult with anything but with her passion and the necessity she was in. She then attempted a most unnatural thing; and snatching up her son, who was a child sucking at her breast, she said, "O thou miserable infant! for whom shall I preserve thee in this war, this famine or this sedition? As to the war with the Romans, if they preserved our lives, we must be slaves!

This famine also will destroy us, even before that slavery comes upon us; yet are these seditious rogues more terrible than both the other. Come on; be thou my food, and be thou a fury to these seditious varlets and a by-word to the world, which is all that is now wanting to complete the calamities of the Jews." As soon as she had said this, she slew her son; and then roasted him and ate the one half of him, and kept the other half by her concealed.

The seditious Jews smelt the food, threatened to cut her throat if she did not show them the food she had hidden. She showed them what was left of her own dead child! "This is mine own son," she said; "and what hath been done was mine own doing! Come, eat of this food, for I have eaten of it myself!" The men, even though they were starving, were horrified and hurriedly left the woman who had done such a heinous deed. The city soon learned of the crime and was stunned by the horror of it, and Josephus ends: "Those already dead were esteemed happy because they had not lived long enough either to hear or see such miseries."

Titus took the city. He slew the aged and the sick. The young men were driven into the Temple and imprisoned in the court of the women. The rebels and the robbers were put to death, and the tallest and handsomest of the men were kept to grace the triumphal return of Titus to Rome. The rest, if they were more than seventeen, were sent to work in the Egyptian mines, while a great number were sent to the province to be destroyed by the sword and by beasts in the amphitheatres. Those boys who were under seventeen were sold as slaves. While the disposition of all these men was being made, eleven thousand of them died of starvation. Over a million perished in the siege.

These details are gruesome. The devastation wrought by the siege is horrible to contemplate. But the account is necessary if one would understand somewhat the sadness of the Eighth Station and know how the heart of Jesus must have broken as He foresaw in all their brutality the woes to come upon these women and their children who in the kindness of their souls wept for Him tears of sympathy.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

**CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF ENGLAND.** By Hilaire Belloc. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$4.00.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Belloc's statement that today "all Christendom is hungry for monarchy," as "the best secured form of human society," all readers of this study of the last reigning King of England will agree that he has given a vivid presentation of the character of Charles I, the troubled episodes of his reign, and the revolutionary changes in the English kingship which were sealed in the tragic death of the unfortunate monarch.

Born in 1600, Charles Stuart was a sickly and backward child. He suffered throughout his life from a sense of inferiority resulting from a consciousness of his physical weakness. Becoming the heir-apparent to the throne after the death of his brother Henry, it was imperative that he should marry, with a limited choice of a Spanish or French princess if the marriage were to add to the prestige of England. Spain and France were Catholic, whereas England was Protestant, and Charles had an unconcealed hatred of Catholicism. His marriage with Henrietta of France, Mr. Belloc thinks, could have been better managed if he

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had known how to prevaricate, since "human negotiation is based upon falsehood."

Charles came to the throne in a transition period. For the fifty years preceding a great change had been tak-

ing place. His predecessors had been Edward VI, a "weak and diseased" child; Mary, "an elderly woman, also diseased, isolated and out of touch with her time," and Elizabeth, "abnormal in physique" and "repeatedly sickening." During their reigns the exercise of power had gradually been concentrated in the hands of ministers, and the weakness of the sovereigns "laid open the royal revenue to filching by powerful subjects."

While Mr. Belloc does not add substantially to the knowledge of Charles' reign, his narrative is distinguished for its clear setting forth of the leading episodes, for its emphasis on the declining power of the Crown, and especially for the character sketches of the chief characters in the tragedy. His bitterest scorn is for Cromwell, whose decision to have Charles killed "came early in the business" and "there is not one man acting throughout that is not his." For the Scots, too, he has nothing but contempt. They "handed him over for money," and if it had not been "for the money he would not have been handed over."

As portrayed by Mr. Belloc, King Charles was no weakling. He was too honest to plot or lie; nor could he even conceal his own motives. He emerges from this biography as an upright personality as much as the victim of his

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own virtues as of hostile circumstances and intriguing ministers. As is usual in all the writings of this distinguished historian, this latest work of his makes his characters live and move, palpitating with reality.

**THE BIG TREE OF BUNLAHY.**  
By Padraic Colum. Illustrated.  
The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.25.

In this collection of folklore stories the author presents a scene from his boyhood memories. On a stone seat under the great elm that stands in the green of an Irish village sit three old men—Martin the Weaver, Patch the Tailor, and Simon the Huntsman—who tell tales of mystery and wonder to all who will listen. The outstanding tales are "Our Hen," "King Cormac's Golden Cup," "Two Youths Whose Father Lived Under the Sea," and "Nannie's Shoes." All the tales are written with the musical charm which Irish poets seem preëminently to possess. To appreciate them fully the tales should be read aloud. Jack Yeats has illustrated the volume with characteristic drawings.

**AMERICA SELF-CONTAINED.**  
By Samuel Crowther. Doubleday,  
Doran & Co., New York. \$2.00.

This is a timely and provocative volume, in which a well-known publicist contends that economic aloofness is a worthy goal for the United States. With a multitude of statistics at his pen's end, he reviews our economic and financial history, and finds that through recent discoveries in chemical science we are in a position to become practically a self-sustaining nation. "Our chemists, now that they have contrived rubber, have written the charter of our freedom. If we take tea and coffee substitutes and go lightly for a while on sugar, the powers of the world could throw a cordon around us and, as far as our daily lives are concerned, we should scarcely notice the difference." In support of this argument Mr. Crowther furnishes an abundant quantity of factual material dealing with War debts, foreign trade, international banking and tariffs.

**WAYS AND CROSSWAYS.** By  
Paul Claudel. Sheed & Ward,  
New York. \$2.00.

Paul Claudel came back to the Church through the "literary" route, and began his career as a Catholic by a public pronouncement in a literary magazine. The present volume is made up of a variety of prose pieces written during the past twenty years. Besides two longer essays which are chiefly apologetic, the book contains some occasional papers, brief

lectures, personal letters addressed to friends needing spiritual help, two excellent papers on Christian art, two commentaries on Scripture, and the preface to Riviere's *A la Trace de Dieu*. In his prose as in his verse it is always the heart of the author that is revealed. "The heart has its reasons which the reason knows nothing about." To an intelligent man with an understanding heart *Ways and Crossways* will make an especial appeal.

**THE PROSELYTE.** By Susan  
Ertz. The Appleton-Century Co.,  
New York. \$2.50.

This is a story of the early days of Mormonism. The chief characters are Joseph Hewitt, an American elder of the church sent to convert the gentiles in England, and Zillah Purdy, whom he converted and married. The first part of the book, decidedly the better, takes the reader into the home of a plain English family, and then on the long pilgrimage with the converts to Utah. Zillah is so devoted to her husband that her own personality is lost in his. He is a sincere, unaffected man on fire with an impassioned zeal for his mission. The first shadow that came between them was Zillah's fear of the Mormon doctrine of polygamy, but it was swiftly dissipated by their mutual agreement never to mention the subject. Zion reached, the couple struggled bravely for years against the difficulties of an untamed country. Hewitt finally succumbs to the practice of plural wives, and is murdered in jealousy by one Witter. Zillah returns to England, and then plans to return to Zion, her faith reborn. Around this story of a great love the author has painted a large canvas on which are depicted the aspirations, the failures and heroisms of early Mormonism.

**SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS.** Edited by Joseph M. Vosburgh, O.S.M.  
The Servite Fathers, Granville, Wis.  
\$1.00.

This is an anthology of verse by Servite Scholastics to commemorate the septucentennial celebration of the Order of Mary. The fifty-one poems are quite naturally of uneven merit in content and artistic finish, but all are pervaded with an exquisite spirit of devotion.

**A MAP OF LIFE.** By F. J. Shee J.  
Sheed & Ward, New York. \$1.25.

This is a book by a layman, for laymen, and as much for the layman in the Church as outside of it. In the solidity of its learning and the clarity of its expression it carries a unique persuasiveness. While the author says that maps "do not prove, but only state," his method throughout is both offensive and defen-

sive; he clearly defines each section of the territory before him and surveys the obstacles to be met and removed. In fourteen brief chapters there is summarized the totality of Catholic doctrine as an *organic* system in which the interrelations and interdependence of the various doctrines are shown, and as a *living* system through which the individual sees and serves God.

**THE BOOK OF TALBOT.** By Violet Clifton. Harcourt, Brace Co., New York. \$3.50.

This is the sort of book that grows on the reader. It is the thrilling story of an aristocrat whose wealth permitted him to indulge the driving energies of an intense character in a constant round of travels that invariably evolved into adventures. Before his twentieth year he had twice traveled around the world. In Peru, where his father was the British Minister, he met his future wife, who writes this unusual history of a most unusual man whose one great aim, it seems, was to live life dangerously in out of the way places. The narrative is based largely on the traveler's own diary. It reveals the soul of a man determined to make his body the slave of his will. Forty of his sixty years were spent off the beaten track of civilization, and the gathered record of them presented in this volume furnishes abundant matter for the study of anthropology and the philosophy of life. Terribly beautiful is the lengthy description of his death, the last sentences being: "Kneeling in front of Talbot, Violet saw the face of her husband with awe. She seemed to be ministering to a divine stranger. The victory of his will over his suffering was his investiture; was the crowning of his life's attitude towards his body."

**DUCHESS LAURA; Further Days of Her Life.** By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.00.

Our first introduction to the Duchess was made in *The Duchess Intervenes*. She is still a kind of Lady Bountiful, preserving enough of her original wit to keep her philosophy of good works from running into sentimentality. Being of the Edwardian period, she has a full measure of the Edwardian spirit, and though she has lived on into our time, the characters that dominate the book were formed under the pre-War days of peaceful and decorous England. The Duchess believes that there is a husband for every girl, and a great deal of her time and energies are devoted to saving the right people from the wrong, and throwing all the right people together. Her remarkable technique and sane advice give a piquant tang to these love stories which always find happy endings.

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A note that is reminiscent of Mrs. Lowndes, as a writer of mystery stories, is the introduction of a lonely old aunt who is found dying slowly of "arsenical" poison. As the charming Dutchess is now only sixty years old, and young at that, we may expect to read still further days of her benevolent life.

**JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.** By J. Elliot Ross. W. W. Norton & Co., New York. \$2.75.

A man whose vision was too wide for his time, and whose high purposes were misunderstood, misrepresented and thwarted, but whose vision has been caught, and whose purposes have been brought to fruition by other hands, is the character presented by Father Ross in this latest study of the great English Cardinal. Every cause which he headed and into which he threw himself with all the energy at his command was apparently doomed to failure. Chief among these were the Oxford Movement of his Anglican days, the Catholic University of Ireland, the English Translation of the Bible, the *Rambler*, as a high class medium for the presentation of Catholicism, and the Catholic Centre at Oxford. In our day the Oxford Movement, whose centenary was celebrated last July, is more alive than ever before as a Catholicizing influence in Protestant England and among the High Church element of American Episcopalianism; the *Dublin Review* is carrying on the contemplated mission of the *Rambler*; the National University of the Irish Free State is practically Catholic; the Westminster Version of the New Testament is approaching completion; and Oxford has a larger and more intense Catholic Centre than Newman dare project.

Newman was the victim of his own greatness. His contemporaries, especially the Churchmen, whose official greatness was shadowed by his personal greatness, were not big enough to understand him or else so small as to misrepresent him. In view of the tremendous things they did for the Church in England seventy-five years ago it is hard to weigh justly the motives which animated them in their treatment of Newman. That they afforded him the opportunity for attaining heights of self-renunciation, there can be no doubt. Father Ross reveals the Cardinal no less great in his sanctity than in his intellect. His book might be appropriately regarded as a supplement to Edmund Sheridan Purcell's *Life of Manning*.

**ERASMUS.** By Christopher Hollis. Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. \$2.25.

In this exceptionally interesting volume we have a high-light and deep-

shadow portrait of an undoubted genius whose personality was warped by his duplicity and petty nature. His own writings instead of revealing him hide him, so that they are the least trustworthy source of information from which an adequate study of him could be made. Into the making of this remarkable man went all the conflicting elements which characterized the moral, intellectual and religious upheaval of the Renaissance and the Reformation. He was a combination of pride and piety, greed and scorn, flattery and prevarication, a great scholar wearing the habit of a humble monk. Professing obedience, he never obeyed; in his humility he always found his superiors to be in the wrong. He pitted authority against authority, himself escaping all restraint. A man of towering intellect, he had all the peevishness of a spoiled child. Despite the difficulty of his subject, Christopher Hollis has succeeded in writing a biography that is as full and impartial as verified fact will warrant.

**KAPOOT: The Narrative of a Journey from Leningrad to Mount Ararat in Search of Noah's Ark.** By Carveth Wells. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. \$2.50.

The author did not find the Ark, but he found something more interesting to us—the Real Russia. And that Russia is *kapoot* ("on the blink"). Entering the land of the Soviets, Mr. Wells and his wife had not a shred of prejudice against the Government or its people. They were anxious to make an impartial study of life as lived under the Five Year Plan. As Intourist tourists they put up at the swank Hotel Metropole, rode about in brand-new Lincolns, and lived on the proverbial fat of the land. When they broke away from the Intourist and went on their own they discovered that the luxury of their first experience had been mere window-dressing. *Kapoot* tells the story. The author's conclusion is worthy of being quoted in full.

"For fifteen years I have been a public lecturer in the United States, always speaking on travel and exploration, and during the whole of that time I do not believe that I have made a really dangerous enemy!

"When I went to Russia, I was seeking a new travel lecture and I certainly succeeded in finding one, but ever since I began lecturing on Russia I have acquired a host of bitter enemies, especially the Friends of the Soviet Union who are determined to destroy me if they can.

"In spite of the fact that the Soviet authorities developed my motion pictures, censored them severely and returned the residue to me as harmless, the moment I was ready to distribute my talking picture *Russia Today* there was—and still is—an organized attempt on

the part of these Friends of the Soviet Union to have this picture banned from the American theater. Not content with writing protests, these good American friends of Communism have filled their letters with atrocious lies about a picture they have never seen, and the distributor, Mr. Sol Lesser, has been threatened with a boycott of all his pictures if he dares to distribute *Russia Today*.

"At my public lectures I have had to seek the protection of the police because I dare to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth to my audiences, instead of showing a lot of propaganda handouts depicting the huge success of the Five-Year Plan and how carefully Russia takes care of her babies!

"Russia is a big country; she has big ideas and always has had.

"She made the largest bell in the world, but it won't ring—it's *kapoot*. She made the largest cannon in the world, but it won't shoot—it's *kapoot*. And last summer she had the largest collectivized farm in the world with three thousand cows, and no bulls—so that was *kapoot*!

"If America decides to give the 'forgotten man' a new deal by turning to Communism, then I suppose I shall end my days in jail or before the firing squad, but until America does become one of the United States of Socialist Soviet Republics, I shall continue to tell exactly what I saw in *Russia Today*, and in my humble way debunk Communism, and a country whose avowed object is the overthrow of the existing form of government in the United States."

**COMMODORE JOHN BARRY:** Father of the American Navy. By Joseph Gurn. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. \$3.50.

The American Catholic public is indebted to Mr. Gurn for painstaking researches into the history of national events and personalities. He has considerably enlarged that debt by writing this life of Commodore Barry. Convinced that knowledge of Barry's career is neither so well-known or readily available as it should be, he has set himself the task of offsetting the work of "persons actuated by enthusiasm for his fame rather than by accurate historical knowledge of his deeds and service." From his study Barry emerges not only as the founder of the American navy, and as its ranking officer during the Revolution, but also as one of the prominent founders of the Republic. Throughout the book the author makes frequent reference to *The Story of Commodore John Barry* by Martin I. J. Griffin, who so laboriously pioneered in the uncultivated field of American Catholic history. Mr. Gurn's book is a valuable addition to our rapidly growing list of worthwhile historical works.

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## WORTHWHILE BOOKS

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**SAINTS FOR SINNERS.** By Archbishop Goodier. (\$1.60.) Character studies of the Saints who were first sinners or failures—how their sanctity was developed on this foundation.

**THE NEW PSYCHOLOGIES.** By Rudolph Allers. (\$1.60.) A valuable criticism of this new "science" by a Catholic Adlerian—an examination of psychoanalysis, etc.

**AFRICAN ANGELUS.** By C. C. Martindale. (\$2.10.) The unveiling of a world, bringing home the ambition to "christen a continent" with the author's own beauty of style and energy of purpose.

**THE SECRET OF THE CURÉ D'ARS.** By Henri Gheon. (\$1.60.) The high adventure of a parish priest in a little French village—with the values of eternity—makes these values the reader's own as far as a book can.

**THE MODERN DILEMMA.** By Christopher Dawson. (\$1.10.) Is our civilization now breaking up? What are the dangers and the possibilities of modern trends? These questions are discussed by the foremost Christian Sociologist of the day.

**THE QUEEN OF SEVEN SWORDS.** By G. K. Chesterton. (\$1.10.) An act of homage in poetry to Our Lady, by the best known Catholic English writer, inspires poetry with the truth of the theology, theology with the beauty of poetry.

**THE NATURE OF SANCTITY.** By Ida Coudenove. (\$1.10.) How can anyone become a saint without ceasing to be human? The Leader of the Youth Movement in Germany defends humanity and sanctity.

**IN DEFENCE OF PURITY.** By Dietrich von Hildebrand. (\$1.60.) An analysis and explanation of the Catholic ideals of purity and virginity—a Catholic mind on this subject is an absolute necessity today.

**SANCTIONS.** By Ronald Knox. (\$1.60.) A house party discusses its own and other people's problems—how we do argue with our non-Catholic friends, and how we might do so, on the Ideal Man, the State, Education, as they are defined around a tea-table.

## ENID DINNIS' BOOKS

|                                   |        |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| MR. COLEMAN, GENT . . . . .       | \$2.00 |
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# Gemma's League of Prayer

**GEMMA'S LEAGUE** is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

**The Object:** To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

**The Methods:** No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

**Membership:** The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League, but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

**Obligations:** It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual society*. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are

generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

**The Reward:** One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle "for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy."

**The Patron:** Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Recently she has been beatified and we hope soon to call her Saint Gemma.

**Headquarters:** All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.



GEMMA GALGANI

## SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

|                                 |           |
|---------------------------------|-----------|
| Masses said .....               | 13        |
| Masses heard .....              | 21,326    |
| Holy Communions .....           | 15,520    |
| Visits to B. Sacrament .....    | 21,620    |
| Spiritual Communions .....      | 27,226    |
| Benediction Services .....      | 7,502     |
| Sacrifices, Sufferings .....    | 28,024    |
| Stations of the Cross .....     | 6,563     |
| Visits to the Crucifix .....    | 14,446    |
| Beads of the Five Wounds .....  | 3,718     |
| Offerings of PP. Blood .....    | 43,109    |
| Visits to Our Lady .....        | 12,260    |
| Rosaries .....                  | 23,220    |
| Beads of the Seven Dolors ..... | 2,755     |
| Ejaculatory Prayers .....       | 1,745,522 |
| Hours of Study, Reading .....   | 20,336    |
| Hours of Labor .....            | 22,657    |
| Acts of Kindness, Charity ..... | 17,793    |
| Acts of Zeal .....              | 26,269    |
| Prayers, Devotions .....        | 129,599   |
| Hours of Silence .....          | 13,322    |
| Various Works .....             | 73,573    |
| Holy Hours .....                | 85        |

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

**KINDLY** remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

RT. REV. EDWARD T. SHEEHAN, C. M.  
 RT. REV. GEORGE WALSH  
 REV. ANDREW J. KENNEDY  
 REV. JOHN L. LINDSMAN, S. T. B.  
 REV. FERDINAND ZUMBUSCH  
 REV. MARTIN M. RYAN  
 REV. GEORGE W. WELCH  
 SR. M. JULIANA  
 SR. M. OF THE ASSUMPTION  
 SR. M. EULALIA CONRAD  
 SR. M. TERESA  
 MARY LEAHY DOOLEY  
 ALICE CUNNINGHAM  
 ANDREW BOSEN  
 MARY E. BENJAMIN  
 EDWARD J. WYNNE  
 MARTHA E. COYLE  
 ELIZABETH GRADY  
 GERALD BARRY  
 EDWARD J. LUCAS  
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 MRS. T. SHANLEY  
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 CATHERINE CROWLEY  
 JOHN J. RYAN  
 WILLIAM ELSWOOD CHAFFEY  
 CAROLINE CHAFFEY  
 GEORGE JORDAN  
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 MARY C. CROSTON  
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 MRS. JOHN P. BUCKLEY  
 REBECCA LONG  
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 ANNA KELLY  
 MARY A. CARLTON  
 FRANCES HAWKINS  
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 MRS. A. L. MCCAFFREY  
 AUGUST BROGGER  
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 MRS. E. DUNNIGAN  
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 MARGARET CUNNINGHAM  
 J. O. SHERIDAN  
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 ANNA MCNULTY DWYER  
 EDWARD J. DONOVAN  
 MARY E. FLYNN  
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AGNES EULBERG  
 MRS. PETER LUCAS  
 JULIA MCKENZIE  
 ANNA O'CONNOR  
 JOHN MCCONVILLE  
 MARGARET HALL  
 MRS. JOHN HUGHES  
 ANNA M. CUNNINGHAM  
 MRS. JOHN MCKENZIE  
 MARY B. ERSEM  
 MRS. J. REDDING  
 OLIVER LANGAN  
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 C. DUGAN  
 J. J. HUGHES  
 JOHN P. TIGHE  
 MARGARET DUGO  
 PATRICK GRADY  
 MARY J. WRIGHT  
 MARGARET DUGREY  
 JULIA E. HANLEY  
 ADELAIDE CALLAIS  
 SARAH JANE KIMMICH  
 MARGARET VALE  
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 MR. MCNEOUGH  
 MARY ALICE WARREN  
 MRS. THOMAS POWERS  
 TERESA HARDINGER

**MAY** their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

# Who Will Die Tonight?—

**T**HOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

## LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

*I hereby give and bequeath to **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of ..... (\$.....) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**, taking his receipt therefor within..... months after my demise.*



*In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this ..... day of ....., 19*

*Signed..... Witness.....  
Witness..... Witness.....*

# Painless Giving ♦ ♦ ♦



**GOOD THING** to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You may have both, if you wish.

Address: **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.**

*Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!*

*Please write or print Name and Address very plain.*

# FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE:

## ≡ 3 SUGGESTIONS ≡

### MISSION NEEDS



### STUDENT BURSES



### YOUR LAST WILL



**1** Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

**2** Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

**3** It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

*I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of ..... (\$ ..... ) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.*

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

## YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., UNION CITY, N. J.



# Where Put Your Money?

## GET A LIFE INCOME

### What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

• • •

### What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

• • •

### What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

• • •

### When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

• • •

### When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

• • •

### If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

• • •

### What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

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### Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

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### Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

You can't take it  
with you!

—

Will you hoard it  
or spend it?

—

Give it away or  
make a Will?

—

Why not buy Life  
Annuities?

## HELP CHRIST'S CAUSE

### How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

• • •

### What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

• • •

### What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the

Faith through home and foreign missions.

• • •

### What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. PERMANENCE: An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. ABUNDANT YIELD: The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. SECURITY: Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. FREEDOM FROM WORRY: Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. ECONOMY: There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. STEADY INCOME: The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST: An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., *Care of The Sign*, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

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